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THE CITY OF ANTWERP.

ANTWERP, the chief seaport of Belgium, has much that is interesting for the curious visitor, and still more for the student of history.

Its unique situation and surroundings; its magnificent wall and fortifications; its extensive zoological gardens, unsurpassed by any in Europe; its Royal Academy of Fine Arts, the resort of pupils from all parts of Europe and America; its museum of paintings, containing the masterpieces of Matsys, Rubens, Vandyck, and others of the Flemish school; its old public buildings, remarkable alike as relics of antiquity and for the thrilling events that have occurred in and around them; the grim old Steen, that horrid prison-house of the Inquisition, whose dark, damp, dismal walls have echoed the groans and witnessed the dying struggles of so many victims; the Van Liere house, the palace of the ancient burgomasier whose name it bears, which Albert Dürer describes as the most splendid private house he had ever seen, and where Charles V. had his residence in 1521—now used as a military hospital; the old Hanseatic house, an immense rectangular edifice, built by the Hanse towns of Germany in 1568 as a factory for their once extensive commerce with this port, now used for storing goods, for public offices, and three of its best rooms by the American Seamen's Friend Society, and British and Foreign Sailors' Society, conjointly, for a chapel and reading-room for sailors;* its many famous churches, St. Jacques's, where the remains of Rubens and his family are interred, St. Andrew's, St. Charles's,

St. Peter's, and St. Paul's, and others, with their paintings, sculptures, and elaborate ornamentation, and especially the world-renowned cathedral, with its sweet carillon of bells, its lofty spire—the highest but one in Europe, and equaled by none in grandeur, grace, and beauty, nor in the enchanting view afforded from its pinnacle; the quaint old Dutch and Spanish houses, with their gable fronts and iron-grated windows; its narrow, crooked streets, with an image of the Virgin at all the principal corners, and on all the public pumps in the open spaces at their crossing, with the pendent lantern burning perpetually in silent homage to the patron goddess of the city; the bi-weekly street markets in the middle of the thoroughfare, taking full possession of it for half of the day, at which all sorts of merchandise are exposed for sale, principally by women dressed in the unique costume of the olden time, with their rude wooden shoes, their funny old straw bonnets, and white lace caps with broad, flowing lappels dropping down to their shoulders, underneath which are faintly seen immense masses of gold and silver jewelry; the numerous dog-carts of the butcher, the baker, the milk-woman, each drawn by one large dog, or in case of heavier loads by half a dozen or more; the superb, elephantine horses of the draymen, and the simple, awkward gear by which they are attached to their ponderous trucks; the capacious docks and entrepôts for the accommodation of the shipping; the quays along the city-front, shaded by trees; the high embankments along the river, throughout its whole course of sixty miles to its mouth, by which the meadows or *polders*, far below the surface-level of the tide, are protected from the overflow of its waters; and the Scheldt itself, a river deep enough for the largest vessels, and broad enough for a whole fleet at once, where float the flags of all nations—all these, and many other objects, will be in-

* Since writing the above, we learn that this building—now more than three hundred years old—is soon to be demolished to make way for modern improvements, and that the American and English seamen who have, by the liberality of the Belgian Government, had their quarters here for the last ten years free of charge, have recently removed to a new building provided expressly for them by their friends.

teresting to the curious visitor. But this old city is chiefly interesting for its checkered history and vicissitudes of fortune.

Perhaps there is no city in Christendom that has seen more changes, that has had more masters, and has been the theatre of more stirring scenes, than the city of Antwerp.

From its position at the principal northern doorway to the continent, and midway between the contending forces of Eastern and Western Europe, it has been more or less involved in all their conflicts, and has been the scene of frequent carnage, and the very object of strife in many a bloody battle. Kings and emperors have led their advancing or retreating armies through its streets, and fought desperate battles within its gates, and encamped around its walls.

Edward III., of England, spent a whole year here in mustering his forces, and in waging war with France. Here the peerless Prince of Orange, William of Nassau, the indomitable leader of the rebellion against Papal and Spanish tyranny—which finally gave liberty to seven of the Netherlands provinces, and should have given it to the whole seventeen—had his headquarters. It was here, with a price set on his head, and the blessing of the Pope guaranteed to the murderer, that the first attempt on his life was made, which proved so nearly fatal, and which, after being four times repeated within two years, at last succeeded in depriving the cause of civil and religious liberty of one of its noblest heroes and defenders.

Here the Reformation, under Luther, numbered its first martyrs, Henry Voes and John Esch; and after them comes a long catalogue of others, who were butchered in the streets, burned in the public squares, smothered in the slimy caves of the Steen, buried alive, drowned in the Scheldt inclosed in sacks or tied back to back, two or four or half a dozen in a bunch, whose names, though not found in the pages of history, are recorded on high among the heroes of whom the world was not worthy. Here John Rogers, the famous English martyr, preached to his countrymen, though the honor of *crowning* him belongs to his countrymen at home. It was here also that William Tyndale defied the power of Henry VIII., and foiled the espionage of Wolsey, by printing his English Bible and smuggling it into England, and here he was treacherously arrested and led to prison, from which he was brought out only to be burned at the stake, in the neighboring town of Vilvorde.

The city has been frequently besieged, several times bombarded, and more than once has it been sacked and burned, and its inhabitants given over to outrage and slaughter.

It was swept by three great *furies*, so called,

in the sixteenth century, besides many lesser furies that can not be mentioned, viz., the Iconoclastic fury at the hands of a fanatical mob goaded to madness by persecution, in which the great cathedral and other churches were despoiled of their pictures and images; the Spanish fury, at the hands of the unpaid soldiery of Philip II.; and the French fury by the followers of the treacherous Duke of Anjou. And, more than all, it suffered all the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, which was here in operation through a long series of years. In short, it has passed through the whole gamut of changes, from an insignificant *bourg* to the highest pinnacle of commercial splendor, and down again to the position of a poor provincial town, lying like a captive with hands and feet bound for nearly two centuries; and now again, released, it is seen coming forward to the front rank and claiming to be one of the leading commercial cities of the continent.

The early history of Antwerp is veiled in obscurity and lost in fable. Tradition, ambitious of antiquity, carries us back to a remote age, long before the Christian era, and tells us of a giant called Antigon, who had his castle on the banks of the Scheldt, where the city now stands, and levied tribute upon all who sailed up the river, and cut off the right hands of all who refused payment. Hence the name of the city *Handwerpen*, and by contraction, Antwerp. There was another giant called Brabo, who conquered him, and threw him into the river; from him the national appellation Brabant is derived. These fabulous traditions have their origin, no doubt, in the early conflicts of the rude people inhabiting this region; and they are kept alive by the occasional exhibition of monstrous images of these giants, and other mythical monsters, drawn through the streets of the city on fête-days, to the amazement of the superstitious and half-credulous crowd of beholders.

Coming down to the historic times of Julius Cæsar, we find the Menapians, a warlike tribe, whom he calls "the rudest and bravest of the Gauls," occupying this particular locality. They long resisted his efforts to conquer them. But after many bloody battles, in which he suffered severely, they finally fell before the superior power of his disciplined troops, and were incorporated into his universal empire, and followed its fortunes for a few generations.

At length this heterogeneous empire is overwhelmed and broken up. Wild hordes of Goths and Huns and Vandals come rushing down from their northern reservoirs, like waters that have burst their barriers, carrying desolation in their path. The whole continent is thrown into disorder. Fragmentary masses of men are seen

moving to and fro in every direction; the Frisians, the Saxons, the Sarmatians, the Slavonians, the Allemanians, the Franks, the Suevi, Quadi, Heruli, and other clans, led on by their warrior chiefs, crossing each other's track, invading each other's territory, eager for blood and booty; now engaging in fierce conflicts with each other, now uniting their forces against a common enemy, and now mingling in inexplicable confusion, till at last Charlemagne, in the beginning of the ninth century, rises out of the chaos to restore order, and reform the Empire of the West. Born in the immediate vicinity of this city, and crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, a few leagues distant, where he had his northern capital, the influence of his master mind was here especially felt.

At this period the bourg of Antwerp is seen boldly rising from the lagoons and marshes of the Scheldt, and fortifying itself by embankments and high walls against the incursions of the desolating flood of waters on the one side and of human foes on the other, while the inhabitants peaceably and securely pursue their own affairs within.

Charlemagne dies, and again the empire is broken into fragments, and is divided among his contending successors, none of whom are wise enough or strong enough, in that rude age, to organize a stable government.

Now comes the Norman invasion. The Scandinavians overflow this whole region, and hold the inhabitants in terror for half a century. They sail up the river and take forcible possession of this fortified bourg. It is pillaged and burned. At length, after a most bloody conflict, they are driven off, and Antwerp is again built on a more extensive scale, and is more strongly fortified. The process of disintegration goes on throughout all Central and Western Europe. There is no commanding mind that is able to seize upon these fragmentary forces and unite and control them.

The feudal system springs up. The territory over which Charlemagne had held sway, and which had been divided among his successors, is again divided and subdivided, like an immense farm among the many heirs of its deceased proprietor, and falls under the government of numerous chiefs, called dukes, earls, marquises, counts, etc. Each one of them is a liege lord in his own petty realm, while he in turn owes allegiance, more or less explicit, to some superior sovereign. These estates become hereditary in the families of the nobles who hold them, while the people under them are but serfs or slaves, possessing only such immunities as they can extort from their rulers. Under this arrangement Antwerp becomes a marquise. Among its early

titulary rulers was the famous Godfrey de Bouillon, a leader in the first Crusade, and afterward the King of Jerusalem.

We have come now to the midnight of the dark ages. The Papacy is in the zenith of its power. The Pope sits on his throne in the Eternal City, as God's viceroy on earth. He holds both the temporal and spiritual destiny of kings and people in his hands. His favor is life; his frown is death. Ignorance, superstition, and blind devotion pervade all minds. The dark pall of spiritual death rests upon the whole of *Christendom*—so called. There is only here and there a glimmering light, which but serves to make the darkness visible. Some mighty convulsion is needed to rouse the people from their lethargy, and move them to thought and action. This was found in that movement or series of movements, running through nearly two centuries, which swept like a whirlwind over all Europe, taking possession of every mind, and stirring society to its lowest depths—called the *Crusades*.

The Mohammedan Turks had taken possession of the holy city of Jerusalem. The sepulchre of our Lord was in their infidel hands. Christian pilgrims were exposed to insult and outrage. This is a shame that can not be endured. The sacred city and the tomb of our Lord must be rescued from their power at all hazards. Peter the Hermit, commissioned by the Pope, like a messenger from the other world, gaunt and pale with austerity and fasting, his body covered with sackcloth, his head and feet bare, with an earnest heart and an eloquent tongue, and with fire in his eyes, holding aloft the cross, goes from kingdom to kingdom, from city to city, from hamlet to hamlet, entering palaces and hovels alike, accosting every one he meets, rallying the people, young and old, men, women, and children everywhere to the rescue.

The Pope promises full absolution and plenary indulgence to all who will engage in the enterprise. A wild frenzy seizes upon all minds; multitudes of both sexes and of all ages flock to the standard of the cross, as it is carried through the land, and in swelling crowds advance toward the far-off Holy Land. But here is no place to describe these mad expeditions, and the deluded multitudes that engaged in them, nor to tell of their wanderings, their sufferings, their conflicts, and of the few who lived to return.

Among the chief leaders of the first Crusade was the Marquis of Antwerp, Godfrey de Bouillon. His feudal city contributed, no doubt, her full quota of victims for this sacrifice; but how many, and how they fared, history gives us no particular record.

These fanatical movements, that so wonder-

fully stirred the popular mind, these wild expeditions made without order or foresight; these sufferings and sacrifices, were not altogether in vain. The Crusades did much to change the whole face of society, to infuse new ideas into the minds of men, and to give a new direction to their thoughts and efforts. A new era dawns. It begins to be light. The people begin to open their eyes and ask to be fed with knowledge and truth. They are no longer satisfied with fables. Their fetters gall them as never before. They come to see that they have individual rights as well as their lords, and they demand them. Conflicts ensue. Concessions are made. Old customs and prerogatives are abolished. New privileges are granted. The voice of the people begins to be heard in the government that is over them. Free charters are demanded by many of the commercial cities—the chief centers of intelligence and free thought. Among them Antwerp is one of the first to recognize her rights and to claim them. She gets what she claims; and is soon seen coming to the front as one of the most free, flourishing commercial cities in Europe, or indeed in the world at that time.

Movable types and the printing-press are now invented. Learning begins to revive. Books are multiplied, and the people learn to read them. The new passage to the Indies, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, is found out. A new continent is discovered. The whole current of trade is changed. The old cities of Venice, Verona, Genoa, Nuremberg, and other commercial centers, have reached the height of their prosperity. They now begin to decline. But Antwerp rises on the full tide of prosperity. The sister cities of Ghent and Bruges go down before the superior advantages of her position. As they decline, "Antwerp, with her deep, convenient river, stretches her arms to the ocean and catches the golden prize as it falls from her sister cities' grasp," and comes to be the acknowledged leading commercial city of the world; the mart for the exchange of the products of all nations. "No city except Paris surpasses it in population, none approaches it in commercial splendor" (Motley). Twenty-five hundred vessels from all parts of the world, laden with merchandise, receiving or discharging their cargoes, or waiting for their turn, are often seen in the river at the same time. Four or five hundred come in and go out at every tide. Two thousand wagons loaded with goods, and all sorts of wares, besides many peasant-carts and pleasure-carriages, pass through her gates every day.

At her stately Exchange, said to have been the most magnificent in the world, and the model of the noblest that have since been built in other countries, five thousand merchants daily congre-

gated. Manufacturers and traders from all the countries in Europe had their factories here. "A great traffic was carried on in bills of exchange. Antwerp, in short, became the banking-house of Europe. The capitalists, the Rothschilds of their day, whose dealings were with sovereign princes, fixed their abode at Antwerp, which was to the rest of Europe in the sixteenth century what London is in the nineteenth century—the great heart of commercial circulation" (Prescott).

"It was difficult to find a child of sufficient age who could not read, write, and speak at least two languages. The sons of the wealthier citizens completed their education at Louvain, Douay, Paris, or Padua" (Motley). Returning from abroad, they brought with them the new religious ideas that were beginning to prevail at these centers of learning. Among the merchants from abroad, the disciples of Huss of Bohemia, Wyclif of England, and of the Waldenses and Huguenots of France and Southern Europe, were here to be found in considerable numbers.

The preaching of Luther and of Zwingli was beginning to excite attention. The same corruptions against which they were protesting had here already awakened opposition. The people had become too much enlightened and too intelligent to endure them. They demanded a purer priesthood and a more spiritual religion. The teachings of the Bible could no longer be withheld entirely from the knowledge of the people. They were eager for further instruction. Evangelical truth had already taken possession of many hearts, and the Reformation had fairly begun.

Seven centuries had now elapsed since Charlemagne held the scepter of the Western Empire. The scattered fragments of his vast empire are now to be united, in great part, under the relentless despotism of Charles V., sometimes called Charlemagne II.

During this long interval, Antwerp, with the adjacent provinces lying midway between the eastern and western Franks, passes from one party to the other, and from one royal house to another, till it falls, in 1384, to the Dukes of Burgundy. Another century, and Mary, who is the sole heir of this rich inheritance, marries Maximilian, of the house of Austria, and Philip, their son, uniting the two houses of Burgundy and Austria in himself, marries Jeannie, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and Charles V. is born of this union in 1500, and by inheritance comes to be King of Spain, Sicily, and Jerusalem, Duke of Milan and Burgundy, including the seventeen Netherland provinces, dominator in Asia, Africa, and the newly discovered territories in America; and, at the age of nineteen

years, is elected Emperor of Germany and King of Rome; so while yet in his minority he becomes the autocrat of nearly half the world.

Born, reared, and crowned in the immediate vicinity of Antwerp, it might have been supposed that Charles would have been proud of the glory of this queen city of his mighty realm, and have cherished its prosperity. But its free spirit was intolerable to his bigoted soul, and he set himself, with all the resources he could command, to the work of crushing out the liberties of the people, and extinguishing the light of evangelical truth that had already begun to shine; and he did his work so thoroughly that, when he and his son Philip, his successor—both the most servile and willing vassals of the Pope—had finished their long and cruel reigns, the glory of Antwerp had departed: her trade had been ruined; her merchants despoiled of their wealth; their storehouses were closed and vacant; their magnificent bourse, so recently alive with the commercial business of all nations, was almost a solitude; her manufacturers and artisans had fled to England* and other lands, where they were encouraged to resume the labors they could no longer pursue at home: these were among her most worthy and enterprising citizens. Others were put to death, under every form of cruel torture.

After nearly a century of holy discipline, imposed upon two or three successive generations of sufferers, with the aid of the Inquisition, the moiety, disheartened, weakened, demoralized by suffering, and the loss of their leaders, gave up the contest, and became the submissive and silent subjects of their "Most Catholic" oppressors. As sometimes a victim of torture, weary of useless resistance, and weakened by pain and loss of blood, when all hope is gone, recants his alleged errors, and professes submission and conformity to the behests of the persecuting power that holds him fast in her clutches, so Antwerp, despoiled of her wealth, her liberties destroyed, her trade gone, exhausted by long-continued persecution, betrayed by her sworn protectors, and deluded by false promises, submitted at last to the chains that were riveted upon her limbs, yielded the principle of religious freedom, which she had so long and so nobly striven to maintain, and humbly promised to return to the bosom of the mother Church, and to receive, entertain, tolerate, and practice no other religion but that of the Holy Catholic Church. No one can say that her promise has not been well kept; for to this day it remains one of the most devoted Catholic cities in all Christendom.

* According to Prescott, the number who fled to London, Sandwich, Norfolk, and other English towns, was thirty thousand.

Nothing remained but to close her harbor, which was soon done, and she fell to the condition of a poor provincial town; and for two centuries she continued to exist only to serve as a bone of contention or as a football between the contending nations of Europe.

A French writer says of Antwerp during this period: "Ten thousand houses are vacant; the grass grows in her streets; the country is infested by wolves; the fields are uncultivated. Only monks, mendicants, and robbers traverse her highways that were once so full of life. Memorial crosses, planted along the public roads, everywhere bear silent testimony to the numerous assassinations that are committed. In a word, the dark ages have returned. Ignorance, brutality, and desolation reign on every side."

Meanwhile the seven provinces at the north, now included under the general name of Holland, having shared in all the earlier persecutions of their sister provinces, under the wise leadership of the indomitable William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, and his successors, partly from the greater security of their position, and partly, perhaps, because of their greater pluck and power of endurance, had succeeded in shaking off the Spanish yoke, and securing to themselves civil and religious freedom. They became at once an asylum for exiles from Antwerp and other parts of this poor afflicted country—and, indeed, from other lands, as our Pilgrim Fathers could testify. The industrious citizens of Antwerp, fleeing thither in large numbers, took their business with them, and, as the trade of this city fell off, Amsterdam and Rotterdam profited by her misfortunes, and soon in their turn became great centers of a world-wide commerce. The Dutch Republic rose rapidly into prosperity, and soon came to be known and recognized as the most flourishing maritime nation in the world.

The remaining ten Netherland provinces, hereafter known as Belgium, now shorn of their strength and beauty and greatly depopulated, were given by Philip II., at his decease in 1698, to his daughter and her cardinal husband, to whom a dispensation to marry had been granted, and they jointly reign as Albert and Isabella over Antwerp and the poor remnants of this once prosperous country till their death, when, in default of heirs, the inheritance reverts once more to the crown of Spain.

During the century that followed, the French, who had always coveted this domain, made several attempts to gain possession, which were successful only in part.

In the very beginning of the next century—in 1700—Louis XIV. of France claimed it as the rightful heritage of his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, and occupied and ruled it in his name,

till driven out in 1706 by the allied forces of England, Holland, and Germany under the command of the Duke of Marlborough; it was given over to the house of Austria, and Antwerp was garrisoned by a body of Dutch soldiers. Again, in 1746, the French seize upon it, and the Austrians retake it in 1748.

Provoked by the efforts of their German rulers to curb the overweening power of the priesthood, and to correct some of the abuses of the Church, the Belgians raise the standard of rebellion in 1790, and declare themselves independent. But after a short and severe struggle in and about this city, the whole country is again subjugated to the Austrian power in the following year.

The century closes with the great French Revolution, which, like a devouring fire, sweeps across the frontiers and involves all the Belgian provinces in one common conflagration. In 1792 it is occupied by the French republican troops, but they are driven out by the Austrians in the following year. Again in 1794 the French take possession of the whole country, and hold it for the republic. The churches, abbeyes, convents, and other public and ecclesiastical buildings are ravaged and despoiled of their statuary, pictures, and beautiful ornaments in their mad rage against whatever is held to be sacred in religion or in their thirst for plunder. The river, which had been closed for one hundred and fifty years in the interests of Holland, is now opened, and Antwerp is, after so long a time, once more permitted to resume and recover, if possible, her lost traffic.

Napoleon Bonaparte now takes the helm and brings order out of confusion. He restores the desolated churches of Antwerp; demolishes many of its old and decaying buildings; erects new and substantial edifices in their place; lays out public squares; does much to improve the city generally, and especially to revive its maritime interests. He is quick to perceive the superior advantages of this port. He determines to make it the great naval station of his empire. He locates here his ship-yard. He constructs, at an enormous expense, the beautiful and solid quays that line the river, and the commodious docks, of which the city may well be proud.

But in the midst of his ambitious schemes the scepter is wrested from his grasp, and the allied forces of Europe administer upon his estate. Antwerp is taken, after a blockade of four months and a bombardment of three days, and with the Belgian provinces is forcibly united to Holland. And once again, after a separation of three centuries, the whole seventeen provinces of the Netherlands are united under one government. But the union is not now, as formerly,

one of their own choice, but by the will of their conquerors.

The political and ecclesiastical training of these two sections has been so different during this long interval—the people of Belgium and Holland have been drawn so far apart in their tastes, their habits of life, and especially in their religion, by the diverse influences to which they have been exposed—that there is little congeniality of feeling or harmony between them. After a brief and unsatisfactory union of some fifteen years, the Belgians rebel against their Dutch rulers in 1830, and assisted by the French, with whom in their tastes, their religion, and in their language—especially that of the ruling classes—they are in closer sympathy, they easily gain their independence and become a separate nation.

This is the beginning of the kingdom of Belgium. But Antwerp remains two years longer in possession of the Dutch troops, who hold her strong fortress and keep the city in subjection. But after a tremendous bombardment, during which twenty thousand shells and shot are thrown into the fortress and town, they capitulate, and the city is given over to the new kingdom of Belgium.

Since that time the general history of Antwerp has been that of improvement and progress.

It has become already one of the modern, as it was formerly one of the mediæval, art-centers of the world. Hundreds of pupils from all parts of Europe and America flock hither to study the works of Rubens, Matsys, Vandyck, and of other great masters of painting who have rendered this city famous the world over by their genius, and to receive instruction from their successors; and thousands annually visit it expressly to gaze upon their masterpieces, which adorn the walls of the private and public museums of the city, and are a perpetual source of revenue to the churches that cherish them.

The flags of all nations are again seen in her harbor. The capacity of the broad, deep-flowing Scheldt that connects her with the sea is almost unlimited. Her spacious docks have been several times enlarged, but are yet too small for her increasing commerce. Other enlargements are still in progress toward completion, and still others yet more extensive are projected. The old walls that encompassed the city in the time of her ancient glory have been found too contracted for her modern growth, and have been removed and the moat filled in, and magnificent boulevards now occupy their place. A new wall, rivaling in strength and beauty that of any other city in the world, by which the area of the city proper is enlarged fourfold, has recently been

completed. Public parks, till recently unknown, are laid out and add greatly to the attractiveness of the city within the fortifications. New streets are cut; many that were narrow and crooked have been straightened and made wider, and the wretched cobble-stones, rendered smooth and slippery by long use, with which not merely the roadways but also the sidewalks have been universally paved from time immemorial, are rapidly giving place to what is now everywhere called the "Belgian pavement." Costly edifices in the modern style of art are going up on every side, and, what is more, the American tramway, that republican innovation, long resisted, has been introduced, and street-cars, running regularly to and fro along the principal streets and boulevards, are taking the place of the old lumbering one-horse hacks. It is to be hoped even that measures will be taken ere long to introduce from a distance pure water into the city, which is now greatly needed by its one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants and by the ships that visit the port.

Indeed, there are but few cities anywhere, perhaps none, that have a more hopeful outlook and are making more rapid and substantial progress in material things than Antwerp.

But hitherto these material improvements have come rather from without than from within. They have been forced upon her by the necessities of her position. In all that pertains to her intellectual, social, and moral life, Antwerp is far behind most of her sister cities of Europe. The masses are still ignorant, superstitious, and bigoted. The more intelligent are skeptical and irreligious. Drunkenness, licentiousness, and the kindred vices which are too prevalent in all the larger cities of Europe, not to speak of other countries, and especially in the seaports, are still more prevalent here. The marriage rite is hedged about by so many legal restrictions and vexatious stipulations and provisos as often to discourage honest lovers, and concubinage too often takes the place of legal marriage. Woman has no redress at law against her betrayer. Her status is low, and among the poorer classes her

lot is a hard one, indeed. The people are greatly demoralized and impoverished by their numerous fête-days, in which honest labor is suspended and their hard-earned wages are wasted in dissipation, as will always be the case where holy days and holidays are unnecessarily multiplied. The Lord's Day is perhaps the most unprofitable of them all. It is devoted very largely to puppet-shows, horse-racing, military parades, ecclesiastical processions, and priestly tomfooleries. The laboring classes very generally are hardly expected to recover from their Sunday dissipation sufficiently to be good for more than half a day's labor on Monday. The magnificent church edifices, filled with the choicest works of art for which the city is so famous, seem to our Protestant eyes to be little better than pagan temples and shrines for the accommodation of their idols and the multitudes of idol-worshippers bowing before them.

But material and moral prosperity are closely allied; one can not long be maintained without the other. Antwerp is feeling the force of the better influences that are brought to bear upon her from all sides. The much-needed work of reform can not long be held back. She needs better leaders in politics and better guides in religion than she has been wont to have. Let her municipal government, which, in striking contrast with the free and liberal government of the state, has hitherto been controlled by Ultramontane bigotry and fear of progress, pass into more liberal hands, as it is likely soon to do, and those severe and repressive laws and regulations that still linger to obstruct her communal and maritime interests give place to a more generous policy; let the people have purer and simpler forms of worship, more in accordance with the spirit and precepts of the gospel, and more instruction in its truths, and less of pantomime and scenic display; let the Word of God be freely circulated and its teachings be better known, and there is nothing to hinder this old city, with a history so unique, a position so commanding, and with natural advantages unsurpassed, from taking her place in all things among the foremost cities of the world.

J. H. PETTINGELL.

O T W A Y.

THOMAS OTWAY was born at Trotton, in Sussex, on the 3d of March, 1651. His father, the Reverend Humphrey Otway, was vicar of Wolbeding, a parish near Midhurst. The boy was educated at Wickenham School, near Winchester. Of his parents and of his early life we know no more than may be gleaned from one of his poems, "The Poet's Complaint of his Muse," which is, to a certain degree, autobiographical:

"My father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave; my mother chaste and fair.
The pledge of marriage vows was only I:
Alone I lived, their much-loved, fondled boy;
They gave me generous education; high
They strove to raise my mind, and with it
grew their joy."

In 1669 he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, as a commoner; and, although it is evident that he did not acquire any amount of solid learning, his wit and quick intelligence made some mark there. To again quote his own words:

"The sages that instructed me in arts
And knowledge, oft would praise my parts,
And cheer my parents' longing hearts.
When I was called to a dispute,
My fellow pupils oft stood mute,
Yet never envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor pride distemper mine.
Thus my first years in happiness I past,
Nor any bitter cup did taste."

He was intended for the Church, but his inclinations could never have led him that way; he wrote verses which were highly praised by my Lord Falkland and other *jeunesse dorée* of the university—it would be a thousand pities that so much wit and such great abilities should be wasted upon some dull Boeotian parish in preaching to a scanty congregation of clodhoppers and snoring farmers for the mere hope of a preferment which might never come—London is the only place for a man of parts: there genius is appreciated, honored by the noblest; wit is the passport to all society, even the King's. We may suppose that such were the counsels and temptations poured into the ears of the country parson's son by his butterfly friends, and to which he was an eager, trusting listener; and in 1671, in company with some of these roisterers, no doubt, he quitted college without having taken any honors, and set out to seek his fortune in the great me-

tropolis. The life into which he plunged is best described in his own words:

"I missed the brave and wise, and in their stead
On every sort of vanity I fed.
Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating fools,
Bullies of o'ergrown bulk and little souls,
Gamesters, half-wits, and spendthrifts (such as
think
Mischievous midnight frolics, bred by drink,
Are gallantry and wit,
Because to their lewd understandings fit)
Were those wherewith two years, at least, were
spent,
To all these fulsome follies most incorrigibly
bent."

Yet not altogether in riotous debauchery were those two years passed, for soon after his arrival in London he threw one cast for Fortune—and failed. It is not surprising that a youth of vivid and poetic temperament, and one who was seeking some pleasant road to fame and fortune, should have been at once irresistibly attracted by the theatre. The stage was then at the height of its restored popularity: such actors as Hart, Mohun, and Burt, who had fought and bled for their King during the Great Rebellion—as Betterton, Kynaston, Lacy, who lived on terms of familiar intercourse with court and sovereign, had raised their profession to a dignity such as it had not worn even in the palmy days of Elizabeth. What career, then, could offer more delightful temptations to a young adventurer than the stage?

To be the interpreter of great poets, to see hundreds hanging breathless upon his lips, to sway and move a vast audience to tears or rage or laughter at his will, and to retire from the scene with enthusiastic plaudits thundering upon his ears; to have noble and beautiful women enamored of him, to be the boon companion of dukes and earls, and perhaps even of royalty itself—such a prospect was enough to turn the head of any raw young fellow fresh from the country. So, fully determined to be a Hart or a Mohun or a Kynaston, young Otway sought an opening at one of the theatres.

It was the famous dramatist and novelist, Mrs. Aphra Behn, to whom he had obtained an introduction, and who was probably taken by the wit and sprightliness of his conversation and manners, who undertook to open the magic portals and procure him a *début*. And it was to be at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in her own new tragedy-comedy of "The Forced Marriage." The King

was the character he was cast to play. Although, in theatrical phrase, it was a *responsible* part, it was of little dramatic importance, and appeared in only three scenes. But it was an old man, which rendered its impersonation doubly difficult to a youthful novice. Downes, the Lincoln's Inn Fields prompter, has described the scene of Otway's first and only appearance, of which he was an eye-witness. It was a very painful one; the sight of the audience deprived him of all nerve, memory forsook him, he muttered a few inaudible words, trembled and fell into such an agony of fright that he was compelled to leave the stage—upon which he never again entered in the capacity of actor.

This failure must have been a terrible blow to the young fellow, but he did his best to drown the memory of his misfortunes in the company of the coxcombs, knaves, and gamblers into which he had fallen, until in the midst of these orgies he received the news of his good father's death:

"From thence, sad discontent, uneasy fears,
And anxious doubts of what I had to do
Grew with succeeding years.

The world was wide, but whither should I go?
I, whose blooming hopes all withered were,
Who'd little fortune and a deal of care."

And now it was that he first turned his thoughts to literature as a profession—and with the same ardent hopes of brilliant success as he had indulged in when he was bent upon the stage. If he could not be a Hart or a Betterton, how much grander would it be to be a Dryden!

After the allegorical fashion of the time, he describes how, while he lies pondering over his future career, the Muse appears to him with a crown of laurel upon her head, which she tells him shall be his:

"... and each part of her did shine

With jewels and with gold.

Numberless to be told;

... these riches all, my darling, shall be
thine,

Riches which poet never had before.

She promised me to raise my fortune and my name
By royal favor and by endless fame;

But never told

How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold."

Although there are no proofs to that effect, we may very well suppose that on receiving tidings of his father's death Otway went back to Sussex, and remained there for a time; and that it was in the rural quietude of his desolated home that these cogitations and visions occurred to him. From the preface it is evident that his first dramatic work, "*Alcibiades*," was composed in the country, and brought to London com-

pleted; for he says, "I must confess I had often a titillation for poetry, but never durst venture on my Muse till I got her into a corner in the country," etc. He offered the play to the Duke's company, now removed to their splendid new theatre in Dorset Gardens, and of which Betterton was the director and leading actor. It was accepted, and produced in the year 1675.

When Otway began to write for the stage Dryden was in the height of his fame as a dramatic writer, and the so-called heroic drama, although it had received its death-blow from Buckingham's witty burlesque of "*The Rehearsal*," produced in 1672, as yet showed scarcely any sign of decline. An untried author could not, even if he had desired, have ventured to oppose his first production to the fashion of the time, and "*Alcibiades*" was written in rhymes and with all the bombastic, exaggerated sentiments then in vogue. It is a feeble, insipid work, without the slightest indication of genius, and not even so grand an actor as Betterton could render it a success.

Yet it could not have been wholly a failure, or it must have contained some promise to which change of taste now renders us insensible, for in the following year his second tragedy, "*Don Carlos*," was brought out at the same theatre, and one of our young adventurer's dreams was fulfilled, for his work was pronounced the first heroic tragedy of the age. Its success was prodigious, and Betterton afterward told Booth that for years it was a more popular play and drew more money than either of its author's greatest works, "*The Orphan*" or "*Venice Preserved*." It is so impossible for modern taste to reconcile itself to the idea of men and women speaking in heroic verse that it can not be considered capable of judging the merits *per se* of such a work as "*Don Carlos*." In moments of the most intense passion and agony the characters express themselves in the long, elaborate similes of epic poetry and in harmonious rhymes; there is no touch of nature in the language from beginning to end, and the artificial cadences so nauseate the ear that it becomes insensible to occasional touches of power and pathos, and to fine pieces of declamation which would be striking in a mere narrative poem. The plot is drawn from the same source as that of Schiller's great tragedy, the Abbé St. Réal's "*Nouvelle Historique*" of Don Carlos. The characters of the King, Queen, Carlos, Ruy Gomez, and the Princess Eboli are drawn by no weak pen, and some of the scenes must have produced a fine effect upon the stage. Here already, in several situations of real tragic power, we have indications of that admirable dramatic instinct and that knowledge of stage-effect which shine so conspicuously in his later

plays. But it would not be interesting to dwell longer upon a production which, unless fashion in taste should greatly change, can never again be read without weariness.

Not altogether, however, to its intrinsic merits must we ascribe the first success at least of "Don Carlos." It was the time of Rochester's quarrel with Dryden, and the reprobate wit was looking about for rivals to the great poet, whom he might render formidable through his patronage. John Crowne was one of these; so also was Otway. "Don Carlos" is dedicated to the Earl of Rochester, who, for the reason above mentioned, worked hard to secure its success. There was not a happier or more hopeful man in London than our young poet, with his pocket full of money, his head intoxicated by universal praise, his fortunes under the protection of the King's powerful favorite, and he the boon companion of all the noble and dissolute wits of the time. His hopes soared high, and the future lay before him as one long vista of pleasure, wealth, and triumph. But such brightness was of short duration; the clouds which were in a few years to envelop him in the darkest night of sorrow and misery were already beginning to gather, taking the form of an infatuated love for a cruel, bad woman.

A secondary part in "Alcibiades," Draxilla, the confidante, was played by a young actress, then in her seventeenth year, named Elizabeth Barry. She had made her first appearance upon the stage about two years previously, but had evinced so little capacity for the histrionic art that experts confidently pronounced she could never succeed. But about the same time that he extended his patronage to our poet Rochester cast his libertine eyes upon young Mistress Barry, who, in opposition to every one's opinion, he vowed he could, within six months, tutor into one of the finest actresses in England. After bestowing immense pains upon her instruction, he brought her out in 1673 or 1674, as the Queen of Hungary, in Lord Orrery's tragedy of "Mustapha," and she acquitted herself in a manner which astonished every one who remembered her previous failures. Not for several years yet, however, was she to fulfill her tutor's prediction. There were Mrs. Betterton and other elder actresses in the way who monopolized all the great parts of tragedy and comedy. From the evidence of letters from which I shall presently have occasion to quote, it is quite certain that Otway knew and loved her before her intimacy with Rochester commenced. Antony Aston, who, however, has seldom a word of praise for any one, tells us she was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side. He describes her as middle-sized, with darkish hair

and eyebrows, light eyes, and was indifferent plump. Ramble, in Gildon's "Comparison of the Two Stages," says: "I do think that person is the finest woman in the world upon the stage, and the ugliest off on't." The portrait I have seen of her represents a woman of large and somewhat masculine features, but decidedly handsome. Be that as it may, however, Otway conceived for her a consuming passion, that devoured him body and soul, that robbed him of all peace, and drove him into every excess which promised oblivion of his desires. And not even the knowledge of her worthlessness could weaken his infatuation. It was for her he wrote two of the most exquisite female creations of English tragedy, and it was her acting as Monimia and Belvidera, and as Isabella in Southerne's "Fatal Marriage," that, says old Downes, "gained her the name of famous Mrs. Barry both at court and city." She was at once the inspiration and bane of his genius. But for this mad, hopeless passion, the beautiful love-scenes of "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved" might have never been written. The pen with which he wrote was dipped into his own heart, to portray his own emotions; he was Don Carlos, Castalio, and by their lips he uttered the passionate agony of his soul, and appealed to her under the names of Elizabeth and Monimia.

"'Tis heaven to have thee, and without thee hell!"

exclaims Castalio, and the hell of negation was to be Otway's doom through life.

And yet it was to him a strange, torturing pleasure to minister to the genius of this cold, mercenary woman, who treated his idolatry with scorn and ridicule; to behold her embodying the exquisite conceptions of his fancy, drawing tears from thousands by the passion born of his own anguish—which she could behold dry-eyed and unmoved; then he would return to his lonely lodging and pass a sleepless night in all the tortments of despairing love; or else, not daring to face the horrors of solitary self-communion, to plunge into some vile orgy and drown remembrance in debauchery. That this picture is no exaggeration of the unfortunate poet's condition of mind during the last years of his life may be proved by reference to the six or seven letters addressed to Mrs. Barry which are still extant. Neither Carlos nor Castalio nor Jaffier has uttered words of more ardent love, more agonized entreaty, than are to be found in the following passages:

"Since the first day I saw you I have hardly enjoyed one hour of perfect quiet; I loved you early, and no sooner had I beheld that soft, bewitching face of yours than I felt in my heart the very foundations of all my peace give

way; but, when you became another's, I must confess I did then rebel, had foolish pride enough to promise myself I would in time recover my liberty; in spite of my enslaved nature, I swore against myself I would not love you; I affected a resentment, stifled my spirit, and would not let it bend so much as once to upbraid you; each day it was my chance to see or be near you: with stubborn sufferance I resolved to bear and brave your power; nay, did it often too successfully. Generally with wine or conversation I diverted or appeased the demon that possessed me; but when at night returning to my unhappy self, to give my heart an account why I had done it so unnatural a violence, it was then I always paid a treble interest for the short moments of ease which I had borrowed; then every treacherous thought rose up, and took your part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my bed and opened those sluices of tears that were to run till morning. This has been for years my best condition. . . . I love you with that tenderness of spirit, that purity of truth, and that sincerity of heart, that I could sacrifice the nearest friends or interests I have on earth, barely but to please you: if I had all the world it should be yours, for with it I could be but miserable if you were not mine. . . . I love, I dote, I am mad and know no measure. . . . I charm and here conjure you to pity my distracting pangs; pity my unquiet days and restless nights; pity the frenzy that has half-possessed my brain already, and makes me write thus ravingly; the wretch in Bedlam is more at peace than I am. . . . Everything you do is a new charm to me; and though I have languished for seven long tedious years of desire, jealousy, and despair, yet every minute I see you, I still discover something new and more bewitching. . . . You can not but be sensible I am blind, or you would not so openly discover what a ridiculous tool you make of me. I should be glad to discover whose satisfaction I was sacrificed to this morning; for I am sure your own ill nature could not be guilty of inventing such an injury to me, merely to try how much I could bear, were it not for the sake of some ass that has the fortune to please you . . . you, whose business in life is to pick ill-natured conjectures out of my harmless freedom of conversation to vex and gall me with, as often as you are pleased to divert yourself at the expense of my quiet."

In the last of these letters he upbraids her for breaking an appointment she has made to meet him in the Mall. Not content with turning a deaf ear to all his solicitations, it is evident that this cruel, heartless woman made them a subject of ridicule and amusement for her aristocratic lovers. Devotion and genius could produce no

impression upon a heart that, according to contemporary authority, was wholly given up to avarice. Otway was poor, and, with the exception that he had the intellectual beauty of fine eyes, his face was very ordinary; for he says in one of these letters: "I find how careless Nature was in framing me; seasoned me hastily with all the most violent inclinations and desires, but omitted the ornaments that should make those qualities become me."* Here was not the man to charm Elizabeth Barry. Yet it is a strange psychological problem that she who could portray so exquisitely all the tenderness, passion, and the *abandon* of the purest, noblest love should be herself insensible to it.

But to return to his dramatic career. In 1677 he produced a translation of Racine's "*Bérénice*," under the title of "*Titus and Berenice*," and with it, as an afterpiece, an adaptation from Molière, called "*The Cheats of Scapin*," neither of which calls for any notice. In 1678 he composed his first comedy, "*Friendship in Fashion*," a work utterly unworthy of his pen, for while, like all the comedies of the Restoration, it is grossly licentious, it is destitute of the wit and elegance which frequently redeemed them. Yet it suited the taste of the age, and seems to have been highly successful.

Ere it was produced, however, Otway had started upon a new career. It could not be supposed that, loving as he did, he could long remain on amicable terms with his successful rival, even although that rival was that almost indispensable thing to a poet of that age, a generous patron. He and Rochester quarreled, and he thus made one of the bitterest and most malignant enemies that it was possible for man to be cursed with. He was at once attacked by all the host of libelers and so-called critics whom the Earl had at his command, and, in the dedication to "*Friendship in Fashion*," he complains of being treated worse by them than a bear was by the Bankside butchers. This baiting and badgering, and a desperate effort to break from the toils of his hopeless passion, caused him to abandon literature—for ever, as he probably anticipated, but for only a very short time, as it fell out. The young Earl of Plymouth, a natural son of the King's, and his stanchest friend, procured

* This thought is again beautifully expressed by Jaffier ("*Venice Preserved*," Act I., Scene 1):

"Tell me why, good Heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires
That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather why
Didst thou not rather form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?
Is this just dealing, Nature?"

him a cornet's commission in a regiment which, under the command of the Duke of Monmouth, was bound for Flanders. Here, apparently, was a new and honorable career opened to the unhappy man. But Fortune is never weary of persecuting some of her victims. Within a few months King Charles, in consideration of a secret bribe from Louis XIV., had consented to disband his army in order that the French might dictate their own terms to the confederates, and the peace of Nimiguen cast our poet destitute upon the world. Nothing could exceed the shameful treatment suffered by the discharged English soldiers who were left destitute in a foreign land, to get home again as best they could, with only debentures in their pockets, which it was extremely difficult to cash, instead of their pay. In his next comedy, "The Soldier's Fortune," Otway alludes to this adventure in a speech put into the mouth of Courtine: "'Twas Fortune made me a soldier, a rogue in red, the grievance of the nation; Fortune made the peace just when we were on the brink of a war; then Fortune disbanded us, and lost us two months' pay; Fortune gave us debentures instead of ready money, and by very good fortune I sold mine and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natured dog who bought it will never get a shilling for it." Rochester, in "The Session of the Poets," describes Otway as returning to England starving, ragged, and vermin-stricken.

During his brief camp-life his pen had not been idle. In the epilogue to "Caius Marius" he says:

"For know our poet, when this play was made,
Had naught but drums and trumpets in his head,
H' had banished poetry and all her charms,
And needs the fool would be a man-at-arms.
No 'prentice e'er grown weary of indentures
Had such a longing mind to such adventures."

The date of this play is given, both in *Geneste* and in the "Biographia Dramatica," as 1680; but this is seemingly a mistake, if we are to take for granted that Otway returned to London in the same year as that in which the peace was concluded, 1678, for in the closing couplet of this same epilogue he says:

"But which amongst you is there to be found,
Will take his third day's* pawn for fifty pound?
Or now he is cashiered will fairly venture
To give him ready money for's debenture?
Therefore when he received that fatal doom,
This play came forth in hopes his friends would come,
To help a poor disbanded soldier home."

* The receipts of the third day's performance of a play were all the dramatists of this period usually received for their labors. How small was the remuneration may be judged by the above mention of fifty pounds as a doubtful sum.

"Caius Marius" is a curiosity of dramatic literature; for while the subject is the wars of Marius and Sylla, the plot of "Romeo and Juliet" and a great portion of the language of that play are bodily incorporated with it—as Otway indeed confesses in the prologue. Romeo is rechristened Marius Junior, and Juliet becomes the daughter of Metellus, a Roman senator. Mercutio is called Sulpitius, and speaks the Queen Mab speech, sadly mutilated, however, and much more of the admirable wit of the part; but when he ceases to speak the language of Shakespeare he becomes a very stilted and bloodthirsty Roman—indeed, quite a different person. Sylla stands for Paris; and Lavinia's nurse in the language of Juliet's, calls him "a man of wax." The nurse's scenes are given almost intact, as are also the balcony and the death-scenes. In the latter Otway anticipates Garrick's alteration, and makes Lavinia awake before her husband's death, which is much in accordance with the story upon which the play is founded. Friar Lawrence is turned into a Flamen, and is the same important instrument in the catastrophe that he is in the original; all his fine speeches, however, are omitted. A more extraordinary piece of patchwork can not be conceived than this work. Otway writes at his worst, and the splendid fragments of Shakespeare that are scattered among his rubbish, without any attempt—or if there be it is not apparent—to weld these incongruous elements into anything like an homogeneous whole; the tone and style of the Marius scenes have not any keeping with those of the borrowed ones, and the transition from one to the other is most violent. Yet this monstrous production usurped the place of Shakespeare's beautiful play upon the stage for about seventy years, until Theophilus Cibber brought out a version of the original, during his brief management at the Haymarket in 1748; and Garrick at Drury Lane, and Rich at Covent Garden, soon afterward repeated the laudable experiment. But still the work was marred by many interpolations, and Garrick's alterations are even now preserved in the prompt-books of country theatres.

"The Soldier's Fortune," although set down in the "Biographia Dramatica" as produced in 1681, I should conjecture, from the passage I have previously quoted, which alludes so directly to his recent military adventures, was written and acted at least two years earlier. The remarks upon "Friendship in Fashion" apply with equal force to this second comedy.

The year 1680 opened propitiously for our poet. His bitter enemy, Rochester, worn out with debauchery, was, in his thirty-fourth year, lying upon his death-bed, and it was during this season that the first of Otway's two immortal

works, "The Orphan," was brought upon the stage. The plot of this play is derived from a romance published in 1676, entitled "English Adventures," in which is introduced, as an episode, a story of the supposed early life of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The romance, which upon the title-page is said to have been written by "a person of honor," is conjectured by one of Otway's editors to have been the composition of Lord Orrery. Whether this remarkable history had any foundation in truth is more than doubtful; it may be briefly told. Charles Brandon and his brother, who have been reared in the retirement of a country mansion, both fall in love with a very beautiful orphan who has been left to the guardianship of their mother, and who resides under the same roof with them. The brother is the favored suitor, and secretly marries the lady without taking Charles into his confidence. On the nuptial night Charles overhears their assignation—"three soft taps" at the bride's chamber-door will be the signal for the bridegroom's admittance, but he must not speak, as his mother lies in the next room. Furious with disappointed passion at his brother's deceit, and having no thought that it is more than a mere intrigue he is crossing, he resolves to contrive some means of keeping his brother out of the way and taking his place. He succeeds too well. The catastrophe is a tragic one: the innocent adulteress dies of a broken heart upon the discovery of the treason, and her husband soon follows her to the grave, while Charles, stung with remorse and horror, becomes a wanderer in foreign lands.* The story is closely adhered to in Otway's play, and here and there passages are transcribed almost verbatim; but the catastrophe is more powerfully wrought out than in the original, and two new characters are introduced—Chamont, the heroine's brother, a hot-headed and somewhat brutal young soldier, and the father of the two brothers, Acasto, a brave, noble man who, disgusted with the falseness and ingratitude of courts, has retired from the world. This character, it has been suggested, was meant to typify the Duke of Ormond, whom Charles had treated so ungratefully, and whose administration in Ireland was then being so fiercely decryd by the Shaftesbury faction. A speech put into his mouth in the first scene of the second act gives considerable probability to the conjecture.

From the first to the last scene of this powerful play we have everywhere indications of a master hand; rhyme, which had long since been abandoned by Dryden himself, is here replaced

by a vigorous and not unmusical blank verse. We are prepared for the catastrophe with consummate art. The opening scene acquaints us with the rivalry of the two brothers for the love of Monimia; and, in spite of their protestations of mutual affection, we can perceive the dark clouds gathering in the distance. Polydore is a little jealous of his brother as being the elder, and Castalio, half ashamed of his honorable intentions, but sure of the lady's preference, speaks almost lightly of his love, and challenges Polydore to win her if he can. In the second act portents of the coming doom begin to appear. Chamont arrives and tells his sister how he has seen her in a dream, her "garments flowing loose, and in each hand a wanton lover, which by turns caressed her"; and how, on his way to Acasto's house, he was met by a witch who bade him hasten to save a sister. His fiery and impatient questionings sound like the mutterings of a coming storm. Polydore sets on his page to watch the lovers; the boy reports to him the passionate love-scene of which he is the witness, and leaves him brooding over revenge. While the chaplain is reading the marriage service, a dark foreboding falls upon the gentle bride, tears drown her eyes, and trembling seizes her soul. It would be difficult to find a scene of more breathless suspense in the whole range of the drama than that in which Polydore, having overheard the appointment, approaches the bridal chamber. Will he succeed in his horrible design? is our anxious thought as he communes with himself in soliloquy. He gives the signal—it is answered—the door is unbolted, and he goes in. There is a pause of horror. Then Castalio enters, repeats the signal, and, treated as an impostor by Monimia's maid, who appears at a window above, is refused admittance. In the next act Castalio, furious at what he considers his wife's perfidy and caprice, yet never dreaming of the terrible truth, casts her off. While she is lost in wonder and distress at his strange conduct, of which rage prevents him giving any explanation, Polydore enters. Believing that it was he who gave the *second* signal on the previous night, she upbraids him with his conduct. Suddenly his confident air and ambiguous words arouse a horrible suspicion. Tremblingly she cries:

"Will you be kind and answer me one question?
I'll conjure you by the gods and angels,
By th' honor of your name that's most concerned,
To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last night?"

"Within thy arms," is the reply.
With a cry of horror she falls into a swoon.
But soon he learns the terrible truth that over-

* The episode is given entire in Thornton's edition of Otway's works.

whelms him with remorse. In desperation he proposes that Castalio shall be kept in ignorance of his wrong; this proposal she indignantly rejects, as she does also his desperate urging that they shall fly together. A message being brought to Castalio that Monimia is dying, he forgets his wrongs and casts himself at her feet to implore forgiveness.

"Oh, were it possible that we could drown
In dark oblivion but a few past hours,
We might be happy!"

she cries in anguish. To which he replies:

"Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
A fault, when humble love, like mine, implores
thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
Which way shall I court thee?
What shall I do to be enough thy slave,
And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee?
I'll bend to thee, and weep a flood before thee,
Yet pry'thee, tyrant, break not quite my heart."

But she can not speak her shame; she dares not let loose the horrors of revenge that must follow such a revelation: she can but tell him they must never meet more, and implore him to forbear inquiring further. But again he bursts forth in passionate entreaty:

"Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already.
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked:
Wilt thou not turn?—Oh! could those eyes but
speak,
I should know all, for love is pregnant in 'em:
They swell, they press their beams upon me still:
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking."

"Ah, poor Castalio!"* is all Monimia can reply as she rushes from him. Then enters Polydore, and now with another masterly stroke of art Otway makes Castalio turn to him, the villain who has wrought all the mischief, for consolation. Mad, desperate, seeking death at his brother's hands, Polydore breaks into pretended rage at his deceit in not making him a confidant of his marriage, and heaps the most opprobrious epithets upon his head in the hope of stinging him to a quarrel. But Castalio has only gentle remonstrances to oppose to his reproaches:

"Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing:
How from our infancy we hand in hand
Have trod the path of life together:
One bed has held us; and the same desires,
The same aversions still employed our thoughts;
Whene'er had I a friend that was not Polydore's?
Or Polydore a foe that was not mine?
E'en in the womb we embraced, and wilt thou
now,
For the first fault, abandon and forsake me?
Leave me amidst afflictions to myself,
Plunged in the gulf of grief, and none to help
me?"

But Polydore persists in his purpose, calls him base-born villain, coward—until, goaded beyond endurance, Castalio draws his sword—and Polydore rushes upon the point. Then with his dying breath he confesses the foul wrong he has done. But in the words—

"Hadst thou, Castalio, used me like a friend,
This ne'er had happened; hadst thou let me know
Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy!"

he pleads its extenuation, and reveals to his wretched brother the Nemesis of his own duplicity. Monimia dies broken-hearted, Castalio stabs himself, and upon this dark picture the curtain descends.

The male characters of "The Orphan," with the exception of Acasto, have few virtues to commend them to our sympathy. Chamont, who, although the part was played by Garrick in his earlier years, has little to do with the movement of the plot, shocks us by his ruffianly language to the good Acasto, and rages and storms with brutal vehemence upon the smallest provocation; Polydore naturally excites our abhorrence, and until affliction has fallen upon him even Castalio does not stand high in our esteem. But Monimia is a creation of female purity and gentleness worthy to stand by the side of Desdemona, and it is impossible to give her higher praise. The pathos of tragedy could scarcely go beyond the awful destiny which Fate weaves around this lovely and innocent victim. That pruriency of thought which in the nineteenth century is mistaken for modesty, and the cynical, sensual coarseness of an audience vitiated by burlesque, have long since banished this noble work from the stage, although incidents, allusions, and double *entendres*, as long as they are free of poetical clothing, are still freely tolerated.

In the same year as that in which "The Orphan" appeared, Otway published his one important poem, "The Poet's Complaint of his Muse," from which I have made extracts. Its principal value consists in the light it throws upon his own early life, and its reference to the political factions of the time.

* Mrs. Barry used to produce a wonderful effect in these words.

In 1682 came his masterpiece, "Venice Preserved." The plot of this tragedy is founded upon St. Réal's "Conjuración des Espagnols," and is the story of a famous conspiracy plotted for the destruction of the Venetian Republic in 1618. It may be interesting, to those unacquainted with this episode of history, to know that Jaffier and Pierre are historical characters. Pierre was a corsair captain in the service of the republic, a bold, daring spirit; Jaffier was also in the service of the state. One or two of the scenes, notably the meeting of the conspirators, are almost literal transcriptions from the Abbé's book; but the arrangement of the plot and incidents, the catastrophe, and the one supreme character, Belvidera, are Otway's own. While, if possible, exceeding even "The Orphan" in tenderness, there is more masculine power, a firmer grasp of character in "Venice Preserved" than in any other of its author's works. The gay, bold villain Pierre, who in the hour of despair rises to an heroic virtue, is well contrasted with the more gentle, passionate, yet somewhat weak-minded Jaffier; both, as true and sharply drawn studies of human nature, are greatly superior to Polydore and Castalio; while Monimia's is but an outline beside the more finished portrait of her Venetian sister. Belvidera is all woman; honor, faith, in the masculine sense of those words, all the world she is ready to sacrifice for the safety of the man she loves. What is it to her that he has pledged himself, that men have trusted their lives to his keeping, and that his treachery will be their destruction? She can see but one form stretched upon the rack, but one head laid upon the block—so that that be saved, let all perish! Wedded lovers are usually insipid upon the stage as well as in romances, and it is no slight indication of Otway's genius that it has succeeded in surrounding the loves of this unhappy pair with such beautiful romance and absorbing pathos. During the last century the fine lines and passages of this play were as frequently quoted as those of Shakespeare, and such speeches as the following have a familiar ring even at the present day, when this noble work is no longer represented upon the stage:

"Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false;
O woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

There are few passages in English dramatic poetry that in passionate tenderness can surpass the following speech of Belvidera to her husband:

"Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head:
And as thou sighing ly'st, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest:
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morn-
ing."

But no string of detached quotations could give an adequate idea of the pathos and beauty that pervade every scene between this ill-starred pair. As in "The Orphan," the catastrophe is led up to with consummate dramatic art. In the first scene, the relentless Priuli, Belvidera's father, thrusts the ruined Jaffier from his doors, refusing all assistance to his poverty; in this moment of fierce despair the desperate man encounters the conspirator Pierre, the chosen friend of his heart, who has just come from his house, and who tells him that all his goods are seized by the law, and that his wife is homeless:

"Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
That's doomed to banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through tears, like April suns in showers
That labor to o'ercome the cloud that loads 'em;
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she
leaned,
Kindly looked up and at her grief grew sad,
As if they caught the sorrows that fell from her;
E'en the lewd rabble that were gathered round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld
her,
Governed their roaring throats and grumbled pity;
I could have hugged the greasy rogues; they pleased
me."

After such a picture it requires but little to persuade him that there is a braver remedy for sorrow than to die miserably:

"Revenge! the attribute of gods; they stamp it
With their great image on our natures."

And so he is led into the conspiracy, which dooms every senator to death and Venice to fire and sword. Pierre pledges himself for Jaffier's faith, and so in earnest is the acolyte that he delivers Belvidera as hostage to the conspirators.

"To you, sirs, and your honors, I bequeath her,
And with her this; when I prove unworthy—
[Gives dagger.
You know the rest—then strike it to her heart."

But Renault, to whom she is confided, proves false to his trust, and at night invades her chamber. In a scene of great power she reveals to her husband the gross indignity she has suffered. Then for the first time he explains to her the nature of the plot to which he has engaged him-

self. She is horror-stricken; and, stripping off the glamour with which Pierre's declamations about liberty and revenge have invested the meditated crime, shows it to him in all its naked hideousness. Jaffier's purpose is shaken, and when in the next scene Renault bids the conspirators to shed blood enough, to spare neither sex nor age, name nor condition—such words, coming from the mouth of the man who has attempted his wife's honor, fill him with disgust and horror; and he hastily quits the assembly.

From that moment we can perceive that all are doomed. Urged by his wife's entreaties, that very night he, after first stipulating for the pardon of his friends, betrays the whole design to the Council of Ten. But the faithless senators, once possessed of the secret, in defiance of their pledges condemn all to death. And from this point until the end of the tragedy the scenes are in tragic power equal to anything, except the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, that English dramatic literature can boast. Pierre overwhelms the unfortunate Jaffier, who grovels before him in all the anguish of shame and grief, with scorn and contempt; then the desperate man turns upon her who has urged him to treachery, and in his madness raises his dagger against her breast. "Kill me!" she cries, leaping upon his neck—

"While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than I can guess hereafter."

He throws away the weapon and clasps her in his arms, exclaiming:

"I can not longer bear a thought to harm thee."

Belvidera goes to her father and pleads to him for mercy for the doomed men, and her tears and eloquent appeals at last melt his heart. But when she returns to her husband he is again raging and desperate. Pierre has sent for him to come to the scaffold, to receive his forgiveness. In a scene of heart-rending pathos he bids Belvidera farewell for ever, and as the passing bell, that tells him the last hour has come, sounds in his ears he tears himself from her clinging arms, then pauses for one last look and to speak of their child. Once more he takes her to his heart, crying:

"Oh that my arms were riveted
Thus round thee ever! But my friends, my oath.
This and no more."

As Pierre mounts the scaffold Jaffier rushes on and again implores his forgiveness. He will grant it on one condition—he whispers in his ear. "I'll do it," is the reply. And just as the

executioner is about to bind his prisoner, Jaffier plunges his dagger into his friend's breast, then stabs himself, and with a fierce curse upon the whole race of senators and a blessing upon Belvidera, falls dead. The death of Belvidera, raving mad, is the finish of this terribly sublime tragedy.

It is a pity that so noble a work should be blotted by the comic scenes between Antonio and Aquilina. The lecherous, silly, conceited old senator, it is said, was introduced by command of King Charles as a portrait of Shaftesbury. Although not without humor, its grossness can not fail to shock the modern reader. These scenes are omitted in all acting editions of the play. Written at the time of the supposed Popish plot, "Venice Preserved" is full of allusions to that craze, and read with this key many of the speeches have a double significance.

The last of Otway's works was another comedy, entitled "The Atheist; or, the Second Part of the Soldier's Fortune," in which most of the characters of the first part are continued. The faults that disfigure his other comedies are here equally apparent; it contains but one character, old Beaugard, which has any claim to originality, and revolting as it is there is considerable humor in the conception of this horrible old man, who is a very highly seasoned prototype of poor Charles Mathews's "Awful Dad."

And now to return once more to the poet's private life. The works which were destined to be a delight to posterity and to help make the fortunes of generations of actors and actresses yet unborn, brought but little to their creator; for "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved" he received but one hundred pounds each, and for the copyright of the latter Jacob Tonson gave him fifteen pounds. His best friend, the Earl of Plymouth, died in 1680, in his twenty-second year; he was the only one of his aristocratic acquaintances from whom he seems to have derived much benefit. As Johnson points out, the courtiers of that time desired only to drink and laugh; their fondness was without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship. "Men of wit," says one of Otway's biographers, "received at that time no favor from the great but to share their riots; from which they were dismissed again to their own narrow circumstances." And no monarch was ever more neglectful of genius than Charles II. Otway's life at this period must have been a terrible one. Still under the spell of the siren who had bewitched him, and who at Rochester's death had passed to the arms of Sir George Etherege, his course became more and more reckless, and his days were passed between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity and abject penitence, carousing one week

with a lord, and then hiding from his creditors and starving a month with low company in an ale-house on Tower Hill. We can clearly picture what he became beneath the influence of this soul-destroying life; one by one his friends fell from him—if the term friend could be applied to such associates as he had chosen; the money gained by his pen was perhaps squandered in one night of gambling and wild debauchery; the days of rioting became fewer, of fasting more frequent; carousing with a lord became a rarity, starving with the ruffians of Tower Hill an everyday occurrence; debts continued to accumulate, and as his means grew more desperate and his noble patrons fell from him one by one, creditors grew more clamorous and merciless, until, no longer able to venture into the haunts of civilized life, he was hemmed in in some vile den, faced by two alternatives—either to give himself up to an imprisonment which he knew would be perpetual, or starve. For a time he chose the latter, until one day, goaded by famine, naked and wolf-like, he crept out of his hole and begged alms. With the money thus obtained he rushed into a baker's shop, and clutching at a loaf crammed it into his mouth with wild-beast-like ravenousness; but want, disease, and debauchery had

done their work, and he fell dead, choked by the first mouthful.*

It has been the fashion with writers to point to Otway's terrible fate as a national disgrace; but with all my admiration for his genius, I can not concur in making society responsible for the catastrophe. To hear men angrily denouncing some vague and indefinite body of people for allowing a hopeless spendthrift like Goldsmith, who would have spent thousands as rapidly as he did hundreds, to live in poverty, or for suffering a half-mad debauchee like Otway to die of starvation, is illogical. Otway might have lived in comfort upon the proceeds of his pen had he been an ordinarily careful man. It was the curse of his destiny to be thrown in youth among men of superior birth and dissolute habits, to live under a society that, while it had no real respect for genius, pretended to be its patron; but above all it was his curse to be infatuated with a cruel, mercenary, soul-enthraling Delilah. Under these combined influences the moral nature of the man was wholly wrecked and shattered, and no efforts of humanity, of patronage, or of generous appreciation could have saved him from ultimate destruction.

Temple Bar.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW ALISON TOOK IT.

TO gain time is generally the next best thing to gaining the victory. Alison had gained time. Gilbert threw himself into a hansom, and carried the good news faster than any that was ever brought into Ghent, to the house on Clapham Common.

"So far," he said, "we have been successful. Unless anything new turns up, letters of administration will not be granted for a year at least. During that time we shall have made out our own case. Courage, Alison!"

This was one of Alison's bad days. She had lost the old confident bearing, the insolence which sits so well on happy youth; she was dejected; the ready smile was gone; her lips were set and her eyes were hard. She was of those who have a quarrel with Fate. It is not unusual sooner or later we all mistrust the unaccountable rulings of destiny, but it is sad when the quarrel begins so early in life.

"Thank you, Gilbert," she said, when he had delivered himself of his message and his prophecy of encouragement—"thank you, Gilbert. You are all very kind about me. A year to wait, you say? Then I shall be of age, and I shall want no more guardians. Then I shall go to my uncle—no, I will write to him, because I can never see him again—and say, 'If it is only the money you want, take it, and leave my father's memory in peace.' I suppose he will do that; anything is better than this dragging of his dear name before the courts."

"The application will be reported in the papers," said Gilbert. "A few people who know the name will read it: your own cousins will read it, no one else."

Gilbert reckoned without the special London correspondent who got hold of the story and retailed it, with additions of his own, for the benefit of the country papers. In fact, all England

* There is another story told in Spence's "Anecdotes" to the effect that he was seized with fever while in pursuit of a man who had killed one of his friends, and that his death was caused by drinking water too copiously. Let us hope that this is the true one.

was interested in the destination of this vast fortune. Who would not be interested in the disposal of more than a quarter of a million of money? The mere mention of such a sum stimulates the imagination. What years of careful thought—what generations of success—what abilities—what prudence—what swiftness of vision, clearness of brain, sacrifice of present pleasure, are represented by so gigantic a pile! The vastness of the sum bewilders the poor wretch whose only hope is to be a little "before" the world, so that should that calamity, known as "anything," happen, his widow and the children may be hedged round by the resource of a few hundreds. So that the writers of the "London Letter," most of whom belong to the order of those who save little and spend little when they would gladly save much and spend more, seized upon the story and dressed it up. Happy Stephen! Unhappy Alison! Those who had rich relatives reflected with sorrow that there could never be any doubt about their marriage; those who had none built castles in the air, and speculated on the chance of unexpected legacies. Of all dreams which flesh is heir to, that of unexpected fortune is, I believe, the commonest. It is so much more pleasant to dream than to work; it is so much more delightful to look forward to an old age of comfort and ease than to one of hard work and collar to the end! I once knew an old gentleman, industrious, religious, moral to the highest point, an excellent father, a model husband, whose whole life proclaimed to the world his acquiescence with the Church catechism, and the state of life to which he was born. After his death it was discovered that for thirty years he had annually purchased a ticket in the Austrian lottery. He had no rich relations; he could not expect an accession of fortune from any source whatever, yet he dreamed of wealth and bought his ticket every year.

"You will not be allowed to throw away your fortune, Alison," Gilbert went on. "You owe it to yourself, to your father, to fight the battle out. But courage! Long before a year we shall have managed to get at the truth. Why, do you think that marriages are not registered, and that registers are not kept? If Stephen Hamblin has any reason to wish that the truth should not be discovered, I have every reason to make me work at its recovery. My dear"—he took her unresisting hand—"every hope of my life is bound up with it. It *shall* be found out. Consider, Alison, you must have had a mother somewhere. You must have been born somewhere, registered somewhere, christened somewhere. We know the date of your birth—that is something."

"Yes," said Alison, trying to respond to her lover's eagerness, "unless Mrs. Duncombe was

wrong, I was born twenty years ago, on the 5th day of June. There are two facts for you. Can you make anything out of them?"

"By themselves, very little. But I have thought how to use them. With the aid of the registers I can make everything out of them. Listen, Alison: we shall put our advertisements in the papers; we invite everybody—clergymen, and parish clerks, and country doctors—to look for a certain register of birth on such a day. When I have got that register, it will be time to consider what next. Perhaps your father married under an assumed name. We may, by the help of the register, get hold of that name. It will lead us to further discoveries. Why, those two facts, the year and the day, may prove invaluable. I think we may safely assume that the marriage took place in the south of England, probably in the neighborhood of London, because the diaries show clearly—and Mr. Augustus Hamblin distinctly recollects—that in the year of your birth, and the two years before that, your father was never far away from London. Thus, in the summer of your birth he went to Bournemouth by himself, and remained there three weeks—very likely on business connected with yourself. The year before that, he took a holiday early in the summer with his brother Stephen, and went fishing. For some weeks he wrote from Newbury. The year before that, he spent the whole summer with his mother, who was ill at the time, at Brighton. So you see, as Stephen Hamblin very clearly saw, there is no room in the page, so to speak, for him to have been married anywhere far away from London."

Alison sighed.

"You come to me, Gilbert, and you raise hopes in my mind which make me for the moment happy. Oh, if I could but clear my father's name! It is so dreadful to think that all the world is jeering and making merry over the accusation brought by his own brother—my dear father, so good, so kind, so noble! Why, I should have thought there was not a single creature of all who knew him in all the world, too low and degraded to acknowledge his goodness. It made other people good, while he lived, only to be with him and near him. It made me good, then."

"You are always good, Alison."

She shook her head sadly.

"I am always full of regrets, of wicked thoughts, Gilbert. I used to be good, when you fell in love with me. That was the reason, I suppose."

She would have no recognition of an engagement, and yet she spoke to her lover frankly. There was no doubt, at all events, in her own mind. Gilbert loved her. If she could, she

would marry him. She trusted and she trusted with the same entire abandonment. To trust in full, to doubt and distrust in full, came from her Spanish blood. She was like the Señora, her grandmother, in mind as well as in face.

"Do you mean that I fell in love with you because you were good?" asked Gilbert, laughing. "No, it was not that. I do not think that a man asks himself, when he falls in love, whether the girl is very good; she seems good to her lover; he believes in her goodness; if he did not, he would persuade himself that he could make her good. I suppose that after marriage husbands like their wives to be good-tempered, at least. Before, it does not matter so much."

"It is wonderful," said Alison, "how men ever fall in love with girls at all."

"Do not disparage your sex," said Gilbert.

"Oh! we are weak. We can do nothing by ourselves; we take our ideas from men; we look to men for our religion, our manners, our thoughts. And yet men fall down at a woman's feet and worship her. As for me, there has been nothing good in me at all since the day when my uncle told me—what he was pleased to call the truth. I think there will never any more be anything good in me at all. I am devoured by evil passions, and hatreds, and wicked thoughts. I find it difficult, sometimes, to believe in my father. Yet, if I can not believe in him, there is nothing. And I think of my uncle with a loathing which makes me sick."

"Faith, Alison! Have faith."

"Ah! Gilbert, so long as you are here I find it easy to have faith. I feel strong and hopeful then. Your brave words encourage me. When you are gone I begin to doubt again, and if you are long away I begin to despair."

"Poor child! I must come oftener to see you."

"I do not know whether it is worse to be in the house or to be out of it. At home my aunt sits and watches me all day long, asking every half-hour if I feel better; and it seems as if I were having an operation performed, and they were watching curiously to see how I was bearing it. To be sure, the suspense is worse than any operation. Even the boy troubles me with his sympathy, his eagerness to do everything he can think of for me—he who was formerly so careless and selfish—and his delight in assuring me, whenever he can find an opportunity, of his protection. You see, the very things one used to laugh at and enjoy are become fresh causes of trouble to me. Poor Nicolas! He means so well, too. But that shows how wrong-headed these things have made me. If I go out, perhaps it is worse, because then I think, as I go

along, that everybody is saying, 'There goes Miss Hamblin, as she calls herself, though she has no real right to bear the name.' Or else I hear them whisper as I pass—this jealousy of mine makes me hear the lowest whisper—'That is Miss Hamblin, who was once so proud, and thought herself so rich, and held up her head so high above all the rest of us. Now she has been found out, and she is going to be turned into the street, without a penny to call her own, and not even a name to her back. What a come-down!' Even in church I am not free, but I think I feel the people's eyes on me when they ought to be on their books or on the clergyman in the pulpit. They are saying: 'That is Miss Hamblin. She was proud enough a year ago; she is humbled now, poor girl! She has no longer got anything to be proud of.' So, everywhere and all day long, I am watched, and mocked, and scorned."

Gilbert caught her hand, and kissed the unresisting fingers a hundred times.

"No, child, no! There is no scorning of you. The world is better hearted than you think. There can be nothing but pity and respect for you."

"I know, I know," she replied, with tears in her eyes. "But, if the evil thoughts are in your own mind, you think they are in other people's, and my mind is full of mockery and scorn. Everything mocks at me: this garden, the very flowers, the house, even the furniture. They all have faces, and they all laugh and flout at me because I pretended to be the heiress, who am nothing at all but a nameless girl. They know me for an impostor."

What could Gilbert say in comfort? He muttered some commonplace. You might as well try to persuade a man with a gaping sword-wound that he is not hurt. The girl wandered restlessly to and fro upon the lawn. It was with her as she told her lover. She was haunted day and night by two ghosts, who never left her. One of them was the Shade of her former happiness, the other was the Shade of her present low estate. One was the ghost of a maiden, proud, defiant, self-reliant, looking out upon the future with the confidence of one for whom Fortune has nothing in store but her choicest gifts. She was dressed in silks and satins, this young princess; she rode a stately horse; at her feet the young men fell down, with adoring eyes, and knelt; as she passed, flowers grew up beside the way; only to look at her, she felt as she gazed upon this ghost, warmed the heart; the children ran after her, and shouted and laughed; the poor came out of their cottages and blessed her. She was like a benevolent fairy, who is not an old woman at all, but young and beautiful as the day, and not capricious or uncertain, but always

faithful, loyal, and true. And she was full of the most tender and precious Christian thoughts, this shadow. It seemed as if the things against which she prayed, just because it was her duty as a Christian, and enjoined by the Church—the evils of hatred, wrath, malice, and so forth—had no more to do with her than the gross impossibilities of drunkenness and the like. The contemplation of so much religion, pure and undefiled, in this perfection of a ghost filled Alison's heart with bitterness.

As for the other Shade, it presented a sad contrast. For this ghost was that of a mere beggar-girl. She went barefoot, and was clothed in nothing but old rags and duds, and odds and ends. She shook her head, and cried, with shame and rage, at her own misery. She moaned, and wept, and lamented, because she had nothing at all of her own. The poorest gypsy-girl had something, but she had nothing. The pitiless, unsympathizing children hooted at her as she went; the poor people came out of their cottages and jeered her, because she was so very poor and ragged; the wayfarers flouted her, because she was so very lonely and miserable. Every mocking gibe was like a knife that went straight to her heart. And that was not the worst of it—for this wretched, ragged girl, who was so poor in worldly goods, was stripped of all religion as well. She was full of hatred and wrath; she thought well of none; she suspected all; she was bitter and envious. In her heart there were none of the sweet blossoms of faith, hope, and charity, which flourish so well in the congenial soil of the heart of a happy English girl. Alison looked on this shadow with shuddering and loathing, as she looked on the other with envy and jealousy.

Such as they were, they remained by her side, and never left her.

"Courage, Alison!" said Gilbert. He had spoken to her half a dozen times, but she returned no answer, being occupied with these phantoms—"courage, Alison! Think of brighter things."

"There are no brighter things," she cried bitterly. "There is nothing but misery and shame. Oh, Gilbert!" breaking into a passionate gesture, "why trouble any more about me? Let me go away and be forgotten. Let them do what they like with the money; if you search any further, you may find out some secret more shameful than any that has been suspected—if that is possible; you may find out why my father hid away, and would tell to no one the story of my birth."

She broke from him and ran, hiding her face with a gesture of shame, into the house.

Gilbert remained in the garden. A quarter

of an hour later she returned, the fit of passion over, calm and cold.

"Forgive me," she said, holding out her hand, "I do not often give way. To-day the thought of my case being pleaded in open court, my name being bandied about among all those people, maddened me. I will try to bear it. But, Gilbert, be wise; do not waste your precious time upon me. I am content to let all go, so that there be no further questioning."

"That is not the faith we want to see in you," said Gilbert. "Why, that would be treachery to the very name you want to see unsullied. Have confidence, dear Alison; we will carry the matter through, and we shall not fail to see the name of Anthony Hamblin pass through the ordeal triumphantly. Only have faith."

"I wish I could," she murmured.

Here they were joined by Alderney Codd. He had come down by the humbler conveyance—the omnibus. His thin face was wreathed with smiles.

"You have heard the news, Alison?" he began. "Of course you have—Gilbert has told you. Well, so far, we have every reason to be satisfied. Time—time: that is what we want."

"You see, Alison," said Gilbert, "we are all agreed. With a little time we shall, we must succeed."

"Time to prove things," Alderney added, "that is all; to prove things which we know already. We know them, I say, all but the names. God bless my soul! it is matter of faith."

"Thank you, Cousin Alderney," said Alison; "I am rich in friends, if in nothing else."

"Why," said Alderney, planting himself firmly, "whenever I put on that coat which your poor father lent me, and which I have retained out of respect to his memory, I feel a glow of gratitude more warming than a pint of port. Of course, I am ready to work for you. Outside the court"—he laughed at the recollection—"I met Stephen himself, looking his very blackest. It went to my heart to treat him so—my cousin and my oldest friend. But I thought of Anthony, and I cut him—dead. Jack Baker was with him. Ah! they've got my prospectus of the Great Glass Spoon Company. After thirty years' friendship, after so many good times as we have had together, it seemed hard; and to lose the Great Glass Spoon Company as well. But gratitude, Alison, gratitude stood between us. Gratitude said, 'You can not know any longer the man who is trying to rob your benefactor's orphan.'"

"But," said Alison, "can you not even know my Uncle Stephen? must you break altogether with him?"

"I must," said Alderney gloomily. "I can

not serve two interests. I cast in my lot, Alison, with yours."

I think I have omitted to state that Alderney had been requested by the partners to take the position of guardian or vice-guardian. He was, in fact, promoted to that post of dignity, *vice* Stephen Hamblin, cashiered, on the strength of which he gave himself airs of importance in the Birch-Tree Tavern. He slept at the house: in the morning, such was his zeal, he rose at six, breakfasted early, and set off on his quest among the London parish-registries, both official and ecclesiastical. He carried a big pocket-book with a pencil in readiness to make entries, should any bearing on the subject be found. But for some time nothing at all was discovered in London churches.

He returned to Clapham about half-past six or seven, and dined with the ladies. He cheered the banquet by anecdotes of his past experiences, revealed a new world—a series of new worlds, to Alison, by describing how he had rowed, played cricket, sung songs at supper, and otherwise distinguished himself at Cambridge; how, with Stephen, he once staid for six months in the Quartier Latin of Paris; how he had sojourned, by himself, among the students of Heidelberg; how he had lost his little fortune and mortgaged half his little income to pay off his creditors, and how he had become a person of great distinction in the world of finance.

It was all wonderful: the contemplation, at second hand, of life under so many new aspects distracted Alison, and turned her thoughts from her present anxieties. Alderney, too, had a powerful imagination; his stories were touched with that light which is neither of heaven nor of earth, of unreality desirable and beautiful, which only a man with some touch of genius knows how to infuse: and he understood how to place himself as the central figure in the group.

About one or two things she was uncertain. It was not clear when her cousin could find the time to become the profound scholar which he loved to represent himself; nor was it quite apparent to her that the real objects and aims of the Universities of Cambridge, Heidelberg, and Paris were best arrived at by such a life as he described as common among the students. Finally, she could not understand that it was altogether right to promote the establishment of companies whose only object seemed to be to enable their founders to sell out when the shares were high, and then to collapse. But Alderney assured her that she could not comprehend financial morality. It resembled, he said, diplomacy; every one knew that if diplomacy were to be stripped of brag, bounce, lies, and pretense, the trade of diplomatists would be gone, and we

might transact the affairs of nations by means of guileless girls or conscientious curates.

As for Nicolas, he utilized the presence of so great a scholar for his own purposes: he read novels, in fact, while Alderney Codd wrote his exercises for him.

"Your Latin subjunctive moods," said the boy, "are sound; but your French past participles are shaky. If you go on living here till the end of the half, I shall have a shy at the Latin verse prize. Now, then—exercise forty-three. On the oblique narrative. Here's Balbus again—no getting rid of that chap anyhow."

CHAPTER XX.

HOW YOUNG NICK SPENT HIS HALF-HOLIDAY.

ON a warm and pleasant morning in May, about a week after the Hamblin case was heard in court, the boys of the Clapham Grammar-School came flocking from the class-rooms as the clock struck twelve. After the nature of boys they ran, jumped, shouted, and laughed. One among them all neither ran, nor jumped, nor shouted. He only walked. And he was a boy with white hair and pink eyes. He dug his hands into his pockets, wore his hat a little tilted over his forehead, which conveys the idea of a thoughtful nature, and calmly surveyed the mob of contemporaries with the eye of a philosopher.

Young Nick, in fact, was not a clubbable boy. He went his own way. Nobody ever saw him in a cricket-field, nor was he ever in the "worry" of a foot-ball match. If he saw a game of cricket going on upon Clapham Common, he gave the players a wide berth: the Common was broad enough for him and them. If he saw the foot-ball come bounding over the rough surface in his direction, he retired, laterally, so as to avoid the crowd which came after it. The common gauds which delight boyhood gave no joy to Nicolas. The silver cups, offered for competition at athletics, he valued at their weight in silver, and no more. This was not much, and so he rarely entered his own name in any trial of skill, strength, or speed. Yet, after the sports were over, he might have been observed, had he been watched, going through every one of the events by himself, one after the other, and making careful comparisons of his own results with those obtained by the winners. If he held aloof from his schoolfellows out of hours, in school he was still more self-contained. Nothing moved him, no spirit of emulation possessed him; he never cared to be high in his form, nor was he depressed if his place was low. He was abso-

lutely unmoved by any of the exhortations, incitements, or satiric remarks of his masters. He neither took nor pretended to take the smallest interest in the routine school-work, and he valued a prize, as he valued a silver cup, at exactly the sum it cost at the bookseller's.

"Greek!" he would say contemptuously. "What is the use of Greek in the City? Who wants Greek in the army? Greek is invented for schoolmasters to pretend to be able to read it. Catch them reading Greek when no one's looking, and for their own pleasure. Yah! They *can't* do it. Latin again. Do the partners in the great City houses write Latin verses? Do they grind out exercises in the subjunctive mood? Do they make their clerks say the irregular verbs and the rules of syntax every morning? Gammon!"

Euclid was another branch of education for which he entertained the most profound contempt, holding that the City required no geometry of a young man. But arithmetic, writing, drawing, French, German, and geography, were subjects which he plainly saw to have a solid commercial value, and he worked at them with zeal and vigor; so much so, indeed, that on more than one occasion he found himself presented with a prize for proficiency in these branches.

There were other things, not generally taught in schools, at which this remarkable youth worked hard, in those hours when his comrades were running wild about the Common. He had conceived the very just idea that deportment, manners, ease in society, and a good tone, were of more use to a young man in the City than anywhere else. Accordingly, he had begged Alison to consider him as her pupil, and in these departments he became voluntarily subject to her as his mistress. He could be, and frequently was, as we have already seen, as vulgar a boy as ever walked. Yet the lessons had their effect, and the boy's slang was only affected, just as other boys' fine manners are put on for the occasion.

He was a handy boy, too, and practiced small arts. He had a lathe with which he could make all sorts of things; and he could carve in wood; and he could execute fretwork; and he could take a watch to pieces, and once nearly succeeded in putting it together again. And he worked steadily at short-hand, always with the view of becoming more useful in the City. In short, he intended to present himself, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, as an accomplished young clerk, ready for any kind of work—the perfect clerk, whose undoubted destiny is a partnership. I believe it was Socrates who first explained how useful and excellent a thing it is that a man should resolve on perfection in his own line, so that if he be a carpenter he will be the best possible car-

penter, and if a statesman the best possible statesman, and so forth. It is by such men that success is achieved: such a carpenter, Socrates pointed out, wins the wreath of carpentering, which is made of shavings.

In addition to these virtues of resolution and industry, young Nick possessed that of silence; no one ever suspected him of serious intentions, except Alison, who watched him, gave him advice, and to whom he confided in a way his projects and his scheme for the conduct of life.

This reduction of education to its practical uses was not without effect upon the boys with whom young Nick worked. They were all boys connected with the City; they all—except one every year, who took the annual scholarship and went up to Oxford or Cambridge—looked to the City as the scene of their future labors and triumphs: they were all taught at home to regard "business" as the noblest profession, because it brings in most money: the clever boy who carried off the prizes, became captain of the school, went up to Cambridge and distinguished himself, was regarded with a sort of pity, because the City would be closed to him. He might take a good degree: he might achieve greatness as a preacher or a lawyer or a writer; but, poor beggar! he would never have any money.

So that young Nick's teaching fell upon rich soil, and took root and flourished. Yet, as always happens, there were none, except himself, who advanced beyond the grumbling stage, and struck out a practical line for himself.

A boy so singular in appearance, so original in his manner of regarding life and its duties, so self-contained, and with that ingeniously mischievous leaning to which attention has been already drawn, was, of course, a noticeable feature in the school. At prize-giving days it pleased the boy to overhear other boys whispering to their sisters: "That's young Nick; there he is, with the white hair."

On this particular morning he first looked up into the sky and observed that the day was bright; then he felt in his pocket and found that the eighteen pence which constituted all his wealth was safe in the corner, in three sixpences. Then he reflected gravely:

"I did tell the old lady that I might have business at Anthony Hamblin and Company. She won't mind if I don't go home for dinner, and it's only cold roast beef, and eighteen pence will get me a good deal better dinner than cold roast beef. Then where am I to get the next eighteen pence? Uncle Anthony, we *all* miss you. Eighteen pence—well, I can walk in, and if the money runs to it, I can get back on a 'bus."

For an active boy of thirteen, a walk from Clapham to London Bridge is not far, and it is

full of interest. First the way lies along a broad and open road, with substantial villas on either side as old as the great houses in the gardens round the Common; there is a nonconformist church with pillars and pediment almost as magnificent as anything that Athens could ever show; there is the Swan, a roadside public-house with its water-trough in front, and always carts of hay standing about, thirsty horses drinking, drivers talking and passing round the frequent pewter, stable-boys dawdling about, so that the place presents somewhat of the rusticity which it boasted fifty years ago when first it was founded. Presently you pass what was once the village of Stockwell, where there was a famous, but not at all a fearful, ghost. Then begin shops. Then another stretch of road with terraces, but no longer great gardens, and some of the terraces are dingy; then more shops; then Kennington Church, ugly, and yet venerable by reason of its vast churchyard, where lie the bones of so many thousand citizens. To young Nick, the church was a sort of half-way house. Besides, there was a clock in the tower. Beyond the church is the park, as large as my lady's pocket-handkerchief, ornamented with a lodge which does infinite credit to its architect—the late Prince Consort. After the park, the Horns Tavern, regarded by boys from Clapham as the real frontier-post of Town, and then shops, more shops, and yet more shops.

"Why," asked young Nick, "don't they knock them all into one mighty great shop, and then take turns to keep it, so that they would have six days' holiday out of the seven, at least?"

The question was asked some little time ago, but no practical answer has yet been given, and I think there are still about as many shops as ever.

Arrived at the Horns, young Nick trudged on with lighter step. He was about to enter the golden ground—Tom Tidler's ground, where one day he too would be enabled to stoop and gather the yellow nuggets. His white hair, white eyebrows, and pink complexion made the people turn and stare at him. That he did not mind. It was a kind of tribute to his greatness; personal merit, he argued to himself, made him an albino. He only held his head higher, and walked with more assurance. The meanness of the shops in Newington Causeway affected him painfully. Trade ought to be majestic, he thought. Presently the sight of an immense block of buildings overshadowing the Tabernacle cheered him. It was consecrated to the cordwaining mystery. "There is Money," said young Nick, "in Boots."

Presently he came to London Bridge. Here he halted, to lean over the low parapet, and gaze

down the river upon the forest of masts in the Pool, the steamers threading their way up and down the tortuous highway of the river, which was by no means silent, but exasperatingly noisy, with the bells, the whistles, the steam escapes of the boats, and the oaths of the 'longshore-men, who, all of them three fourths drunk, were taking the empty ships down the river, from London Port to Leith.

"They bring their cargoes," said young Nick thoughtfully, "to the Docks. There is indigo, and cochineal, and dates, and figs, and silk, and tea, and coffee, and corn, and brandy, and palm-butter, and all sorts, such as ostrich-feathers, and elephants' tusks, and porpoise-skins, and bacon, and cheese, and apples. They come from all the corners of the world. They unload at the Docks; and then we, the merchants of London, begin to make our money out of the cargoes. Aha! That is where the fun begins. The niggers toil and moil, growing the stuff, and weeding it, and picking it, getting horribly licked with rattan-canes all the while—ho! ho! then the sailors stow it away, and bring it home, going up aloft in all weathers, tumbling overboard, and getting drowned—ha! ha! then the dock-laborers, at eighteen pence a day—ha! ha! ho! ho!—put it ashore in the docks; and then our turn comes. What a beautiful thing it is to be a British merchant, and in the City of London! We sit at our ease before our desks; our travelers go about for us among the retail traders getting orders; the clerks receive them; we have got just nothing to do, except to divide the profits. Oh, what a pity, what a thousand pities, that poor Uncle Anthony got drowned before I was old enough to go into the House!"

Perhaps some incident in morning school had irritated him, for he went on:

"Bah! As if the subjunctive mood would ever help a man to a partnership! Balbus feared that it was all up with the army, did he? Then what a white-livered, cowardly sneak Balbus must have been! I hope he was with the army, and it was all up with *him*! But one never knows what became of Balbus, because he always turns up again, and always pretending to smile, and always funkng something. Certainly Balbus must have been a great humbug, and I am quite sure that he got into such an Almighty Funk at last, that he forgot all about his tenses and moods, mixed up the subjunctive and the indicative, and used the imperfect for the present."

More he would have meditated, but that he looked round and perceived that he was the object of earnest contemplation on the part of an old lady, apparently of failing eyesight, because she held a pair of glasses close to her eyes. She was gazing on his white hair, and certainly either

did not see, or could not understand the jacket. And she thought he was meditating suicide.

"Aged man!" she murmured, in impassioned accents, "do not, do not, I entreat you, destroy your life!"

"O Lord!" cried young Nick, "here's a precious game!"

He was in one of those embrasures, retreats, upon London Bridge, where one can sit breezily and contemplate the passing crowd, or the argosies of the Port.

"Here's a game!" he cried. Regardless of the small crowd which gathered round in a moment, he amazed the poor old lady, who was feeling in her bag for a tract, by executing before her a *pas seul*, a reminiscence of a hornpipe, with an agility and grace surprising in one so old. While she was still staring aghast, he had finished, and, descending from the little semicircle, he squared his elbows and pushed through the mob which had gathered round, with a good-humored "Now, then, can't you let a man pass?"

It will be seen that young Nick already understood the true art of making points. You must be unexpected, brisk, confident, and brief. Before the old lady had half realized that the snowy locks belonged to a boy and not an old man at all, and before the crowd had half understood the full humor of the situation, which they would take home and gradually evolve, the hero of it was gone, vanished in the crowd, never more to be seen by the greater part.

The boy, greatly rejoicing at the discomfiture of the old lady, proceeded on his walk. He first repaired to the central office at Great St. Simon Apostle. He knew all the clerks in the place, and they all knew that his first ambition was to have a desk among them. His last ambition, Nick kept to himself. He had purposed, as part of to-day's amusement, dining in company with some of his friends among the junior clerks. Everybody in the house, indeed, regarded the boy as one of themselves. For him it was splendid to sit among the diners at Crosby Hall, to call grandly for what he chose from the list, to ask for a half-pint of old and bitter, mixed, boiled beef, "underdone, Lizzie, and not too much fat," with carrots, potatoes, and new bread; to have the dinner served up in hot plates, each with its tin cover, brought in a delightful pile; to inquire tenderly, just like a regular clerk, after Lizzie's health and spirits that morning, and to congratulate the young lady on her looks; to consider the question of college-pudding or cheese, and to feel that the day must be marked by the exhibition of the former; to ask for the bill, to dally with the half-pint as if it were a decanter of sherry, and as if you were not pressed for time, oh! dear no, not at all, and could get back to the office whenever you felt so

disposed; to pay your money, exchanging the compliments of the season with the young lady (of more severe aspect) who takes the money at the door, help yourself to a toothpick, and stroll with dignity down the street in the direction of the workshop, quickening gradually as you approached the portals, and entering briskly and with the appearance of zeal. All this was a very delightful change after the irresponsible meals at home. It made young Nick feel as if he were already a clerk in the office, already had a desk of his own, already had placed his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder up which he meant to climb until he stood in the dizzy heights with Augustus the great and William the Silent. That, however, was in the far distance. For the present, he envied every one in the firm, from the office-boy at five shillings a week, to the senior clerks and managers of departments.

To-day, to the boy's disappointment, it was already half-past one when he got to Great St. Simon Apostle, and the young clerks, his friends, were dispersed, multivious, in quest of food.

So he resolved to dine by himself, and rambled about the office, from one room to another, trying the stools, and wondering which were the most comfortable desks. When he had finished a hasty inspection of the clerks' room, he made his way up stairs. These were the rooms of the senior clerks and of the partners: "Mr. Augustus Hamblin" on one door; "Mr. William Hamblin" on another door; and, alas! on another the name of Mr. Anthony Hamblin.

Young Nick sorrowfully turned the handle, and peeped in. No one was there, and he entered the room, softly closing the door behind him. Everything was just as Anthony had left it, except that the safe stood open, with all the papers taken out. The chair before the table; the table itself; an office-coat hanging behind the door; the cupboard where the sherry and biscuits were kept, with a box or two of cigars; the big screen in the corner; the grimy windows; the wax-candles; the great plated ink-stand; the massive pad of blotting-paper—all reminded the boy of his uncle.

"Oh, Uncle Anthony!" he said, for the second time that day, sitting in the dead man's chair, "what a pity, what a thousand pities, that you were drowned before I was old enough to come into the House! But I will get in somehow; and, before all is done, I will sit in this chair as a partner. See if I don't!"

There was something uncanny about this empty room, full of associations; and the boy quickly left it, shutting the door very softly behind him. He did not dare to visit the partners' rooms, nor those of the chief clerks; and, after a little exchange of *facetia* with the porters, he

left the house, and turned his face in a southerly direction, which led him, by way of Gracechurch Street and Eastcheap, to Tower Hill. He had forgotten that he was hungry, and was making in the direction of the place he loved next best to Great St. Simon Apostle, the Docks.

Tower Hill always pleased him mightily. There are great warehouses there, with cranes, wagons, and other signs of business; there is the Mint, always engaged in manufacturing sovereigns for the reward of successful merchants; there is the Trinity House, which keeps an ever-watchful eye over the safety of the mercantile marine. There are, as many people know, other associations connected with Tower Hill. Young Nick had read about some of these, or, rather, had learned about them in history lessons; but they did not stick, any more than the Latin subjunctive. He had no leanings toward historical associations. He was not, like some among us, haunted by the ghost of the past. Not at all. He looked at the White Tower, on which the sun was shining splendidly, as it has shone for eight hundred years, and murmured: "What a beautiful place for the head offices of the House! and plenty of room all about for our own warehouses." But then he would have gazed upon the walls of the Holy City itself without emotion.

He went on, turning to the right, and came upon the usual little crowd of merchant sailors, standing about on the pavement opposite the Board of Trade Office, waiting to be hired. They are a curious body of men, these mercantile Jacks. They lack the independence and careless ease of their brethren of the Royal Navy. They are not clean like them; nor do they take a pride in the smartness of their dress; nor are they conspicuous for the appearance of physical activity. They are not spry; they have no joviality; their cheeks are mostly bloated with bad liquor; their eyes are dull; their gait is heavy; their attire is a mixture of sea-going and shore-going togs; their hands are in their pockets; they look ashamed of themselves. They seem to say: "Behold us, you who have neglected us, and left us to be the prey of greedy ship-owners and piratical crimps. See what we are, the descendants of the gallant heroes who sailed Westward-ho! with Raleigh, and Drake, and Hawkins. Around us are the land-sharks who plunder us, the black-eyed sirens—most all of them have one black eye at least—who destroy us, the office where we sign articles which enslave us. Beyond us are the craft which take us to our doom—ill-found, ill-rigged, the cheating venture of a cheating shipper. On board them we are fed with rancid pork and weevily biscuit. There are not enough of us to navigate her even in

smooth seas. We are knocked down by mate or skipper with anything handy, a rope's end or a marline-spike. On board there is no safety, nor respite of work, nor any comfortable thing at all. On shore there is the madness of rioting and drink, which is the only joy we know. We are for ever on the frying-pan or in the fire. Your navy-men you watch over. For them you have chaplains, doctors, schools, homes, societies, and pensions. You forbid their officers to ill-treat them; you provide them with good and abundant food; you train them, educate them, and you find your ships well. But for us you do nothing; and we all reel, blind, and deaf, and careless, and uncared for, into the abyss."

They did not speak so, however, to young Nick, who regarded them with enthusiasm.

"Splendid fellows!" he said. "*They* don't mind how much hard work they do. They don't mind how bad the weather is, nor how cold. They *like* to feel that they are bringing money—heaps of money—home to the partners of the great City firms, making them richer every day. I couldn't feel like that, myself. But then I'm not a sailor."

Then he came to the gates of St. Katharine's Docks.

Cerberus, in shape of three policemen, stands at those gates: young Nick, whom the three knew perfectly well, and all about him, always made a point at these gates of going through a little comedy of intrigue. He pulled a leather book from his jacket-pocket, extracted, standing without the gates, a couple of documents which were in reality Latin exercises, examined them with great care, pulled his hat over his eyes, and marched through the portals with the air of one who has important business, not to be delayed a moment, in connection with dock warrants. He assumed, in fact, the character of a junior clerk. He did not for a moment deceive the policemen, who knew that he was in some way connected with the family of Hamblin, the great indigo-merchants, and that he was only here to prowl round and look about him. It is against the rules to admit any one except on business, but this boy was an exception. Besides, on this occasion, when he came out again they had their revenge.

Once within the Docks the boy can go where he likes undisturbed. There are the great ships in the basin, some unloading with the aid of mighty derricks and steam-cranes, and a great "yeo heave oh!" and a running of chains and a dropping of ropes and a deft stowing in their places on the wharfs of cases, casks, bags, and boxes, while the busy feet trample and the boat-swains whistle, and the laden men run backward and forward as if they were merry-making, in-

stead of furnishing an illustration of the primeval curse. There are the officers who seem never tired of looking on and checking the delivery of cargo told out for them as it goes overboard; there are the piles of bales under the sheds which seem to grow larger and larger; there are rows of the inexhaustible ships which are forever pouring out their contents.

Young Nick knows better than to venture near one of the vessels which are loading or unloading. He stands afar off and watches these; well out of the reach of men who, if boys get in their way, are capable of a cuff which not only hurts, but also humiliates, as well as of an oath which may even please if it be of strange and novel construction. Now, mates of merchantmen show great ingenuity in blasphemy.

He walked slowly round the Docks till he came to a ship which he knew—a ship which brought home indigo, and was now waiting to take cargo before going off again, outward bound. He ran across the plank which served as a bridge to the wharf, and jumped upon the deck. Nobody was on board except a quartermaster who knew him, and grinned a salute.

"Hope you're well, Master Nick," said the man, touching his hat.

"Quite well, thank you, quartermaster," replied the boy. Here was dignity! To be saluted on the hurricane-deck: what a pity that there was no one by to witness this gratifying mark of respect! "What sort of a voyage did you have?"

"So-so, sir! Weather terrible bad in the Bay."

"Ah, I think I'll overhaul her!" said Nick, with more grandeur than he had ever assumed before in his life.

He proceeded, alone and unaided, to overhaul the ship. That is to say, he examined the cabins, the saloons, and the sleeping-bunks for'ard; he inspected the cook's galley, the carpenter's cabin, descended into the engine-room, and peered down into the impenetrable darkness of the hold.

"She draws seven-and-twenty feet when she's loaded," said the boy. "Twenty-seven feet deep, all full of indigo for Anthony Hamblin and Company. What a heap of money they must be making!"

He returns to the deck, and nods encouragingly at the quartermaster. "All right below," he says, as officially as if he were an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. "All right below." Then he shuts one eye, and turns the other up aloft, to inspect the rigging and the masts.

"A serviceable craft, quartermaster. A 1, first class, and well found."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the man, without a smile.

Young Nick, well pleased with his official inspection of the steamer, returned to the wharfs, where for a quarter of an hour or more he wandered among those sheds which receive dates, tamarinds, and sugar. If a stray date found its way to his mouth, he stood in the critical attitude of a taster while he ate it. When it was gone he shook his head sadly, as if dates were no longer what he remembered dates to have been before he went on. All these acres covered with merchandise; all these ships, perpetually coming home laden and going out laden; everything wanting the hand of the merchant before it can be moved or sold, or even grown.

"Why," cried young Nick to his soul, in an accent of fine rapture—"why, the very first Anthony Hamblin that ever was, he who began the business, hadn't a half, nor a quarter, nor a hundredth part of the chance that the juniorest clerk—positive, juvenis, young; comparative, junior, younger; superlative wanting" (quoting a favorite passage from the Latin Grammar); "juniorest is the word—the juniorest clerk in the House has nowadays, if he knows how to take it. Fortunately, most of them are blind and deaf, owing to having had too much Latin subjunctive, which is enough to make any man a fool. 'Balbus feared that it would be all over—' Bah! Wait till my turn comes."

He finishes his tour of inspection through the Docks by visiting the great house of many stories in which he is most interested. He always ends with this house, just as a Chinaman, working his way through a pile of rice, tasteless and uninteresting by itself, ends with the *bonne bouche*, the morsel of "snook," which lies at the top. It is the Indigo House.

The dyes are arranged together, in a sort of order of merit, if you can make it out. Beyond the indigo shed are sheds in which are long, oblong, brick-like parcels, brown in color, oozing clammy juices and irrepressible moistnesses through the pores of their wrappers. Close to the Indigo House itself one becomes aware of strange men. They bring to the mind, at first sight, a reminiscence of St. Alban's Church. That is because they wear cassocks and a biretta-cap. But they are not Ritualistic clergy, not at all; nor are they officially affiliated to guild, brotherhood, or mopus-mock-monkey of any kind whatever. Look again. Your mind, if you be differently constituted from young Nick, finds itself ravished backward up the stream of time. You forget the ecclesiastical man-milliners. You are far away in sunny Castile; you are assisting at a grand Function, blessed by Church and Pope. The purification of doctrine is presented to your

eyes by the outward and visible ceremony of burning heretics. The garments and the cap worn at the *auto-da-fé* seem to have descended to the employees of the indigo-storehouses. They are no longer painted over with devils, it is true. One misses, and regrets the loss of, the devils; but they are of the same cut. I believe that, when the Inquisition came to a sudden and untimely end, some commercial adventurer bought up all its stage properties, and sold them to the Directors of St. Katharine's Docks. If research were properly endowed, as it should be, I would investigate the history of those caps and smocks.

The sight of them always filled the heart of the boy with a sort of painful yearning. He loved them and he could not as yet feel, as he would if he entered the House, as if they partly belonged to himself.

"We import," he said, with a smack of his lips, as if he was detailing a list of things good to eat, "we import indigo" (smack); "then myrobolans" (smack), "and cochineal" (smack). "Great profits in all the departments: but give me indigo."

The Indigo House is a great fire-proof building, with massive stone staircase. The steps, of course, were once white; the walls were once whitewashed; both walls and steps are now a deep, permanent blue; the ceiling is believed to have been originally white—that, too, is now a dark and beautiful blue. At every stage a door opens upon a vast, low hall, every one filled, or gradually filling, with boxes and cases containing indigo, and every one provided with an open window, or door, at which the indefatigable crane delivers its messages in the shape of boxes. The floor of each is blue, the walls are blue, the ceiling is blue; the very desk at which the clerks enter the number of packages is blue, and they spread a fresh sheet of brown paper over it every morning, so that the writer may lay his book upon it without making that blue as well. Where there is a knot in the wood, either in the floor or in the desks, it stands out, shining, as if it were a cobble of blue-stone used for washing.

Young Nick climbs steadily and gravely up the stairs, looking into every room. There are six or seven floors; each is exactly like the one below it, except that each one seems bluer than the one below, probably because the eye itself becomes gradually incapable of seeing any other color. The top floor of all is the salesroom, only used four times a year. Once young Nick had been privileged to behold it on one of the great days. Long tables ran from side to side, provided with little paper trays, each with its wall an inch and a half high, containing samples. The merchants and buyers went up and down curiously studying the contents of the trays, com-

paring them with a sample they had in a box, and every now and then making an entry in a catalogue. That was real responsibility, Nick thought, sighing for the timetwhen he too might be trusted to purchase for the firm. Outside the salesroom, on that day only, cooks were frying toothsome chops and succulent steaks for the luncheon of the buyers.

Ah! happy, grand, glorious, and enviable lot, to be a merchant of London City and port—and, happiest lot of all, to be a merchant in the indigo trade.

The Docks had no more to show the boy, who descended the stairs slowly and came out into the sunshine, which for a while was blue, like the walls of the place he had left. He had seen the loading and the unloading; he had overhauled a ship entirely by himself, and on his own responsibility; he had seen the smocks and biretta caps again, and had visited once more those vast halls of the Indigo House which, gloomy and dark as they were, seemed to him more delightful than the Crystal Palace, more sunny than Clapham Common.

As he approached the gates, the three merry policemen who guarded them winked each with his left eye, and ranged themselves before the portals.

"Now, sir," said the first, "we'll see what you're carrying out, if *you* please."

"Ah!" said the second jocular one, "a hundred-weight or so of cigars, I dessay."

"Yes," said the third mad wag, "or a hog's-head o' brandy, I shouldn't wonder. Now, sir."

Young Nick was not frightened, not at all: he was delighted. This was an adventure which he had not suspected. It would be grand to tell the boys next day. He feigned terror.

"O Lord!" he cried, "this is dreadful. You don't think, really, I've got any cigars, do you, gentlemen?"

He was so thin, and his trousers and jacket were so tight, that even a solitary cigarette would have been detected in any of his pockets.

The policemen scowled: the merry policemen frowned.

"We shall see," they said.

"And brandy, too?" asked young Nick. "Oh! what would they do if you found I had brandy?"

"Fifteen years for brandy," said the first jester; "come, young sir, we must search you."

"This way, young gentleman," said the second, leading the way into the lodge.

"What will you take to square it?" asked the boy, with earnest eyes under his white eyelashes.

"Square it?" replied the third policeman; "that's bribery and corruption. Your words must be took down, young gentleman."

"Must they?" said Nick; "then there's nothing for it"—he gathered himself together for a spring—"but to—cut it." Here he darted under the arm of the third policeman, and scudded swiftly down the street, turning to the right for about a hundred yards, when, finding that no one followed, he stopped running, and began to whistle.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW YOUNG NICK MADE A MOST SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

QUITE sure that no one was following him, the boy recollected that he was hungry. It was half-past two, a good hour beyond his regular dinner-time. He resolved on looking about for a place where he could dine.

He was in a district interesting to many kinds of people—the clergyman, the policeman, the philanthropist, the total-abstinence man, and the doctor. The street was as much given over to mercantile Jack as any Quartier in a mediæval city was given over to a special trade. Every other house was devoted to the interests of eating or drinking, or both, outside the office of the Board of Trade. These houses were all full of the "splendid fellows" whose appearance had afforded young Nick such unfeigned satisfaction. They had finished their dinner, and were now sitting "over their wine"—that is, they were drinking and smoking. Young Nick could not go into one of those houses, that was quite certain. Besides, the sailors were not alone: with them were women who frightened the boy; it was not so much that their complexions were purple, red, or ghastly pale, nor that their eyes rolled horribly like the eyes of a hungry wild beast; but they were swearing loudly, drinking copiously, and their voices were hoarse and rough. To all conditions of men, at any age, such women are a terror. I believe that even mercantile Jack regards their companionship as one of the horrible circumstances attending his joyless lot.

Young Nick held on, and presently found himself in a long and narrow street called Cable Street, where the presence of the sailor was less overwhelming. The street was full of shops and of people going up and down buying or pretending to buy. It is quite a leading street, a sort of Westbourne Grove to the district. The things offered for sale are calculated, as in all markets, according to the demand. The butchers' shops contain chiefly what are known to the trade as "ornamental blocks," with sheep's heads and those less-esteemed portions of the animal which

are not eagerly bought up by a voluptuous aristocracy. The fishmongers have nothing but herrings, in their various branches, such as bloaters, "soldiers," and kippered herrings, with salt fish and sprats; there are more than the ordinary number of pawnbrokers, and there are shops peculiar to the locality, and suggestive. In one window, for instance, young Nick observed a centiped hanging in a bottle full of spirits, the skin of a snake, a grewsome case full of tarantulas and scorpions, a handful of soiled ostrich-feathers, a child's caul (but this was only advertised), and a collection of bamboo-canes.

At the end of Cable Street the boy turned to the left and found himself in a very respectable and even genteel street. It was broad and clean: it had no shops, or hardly any; the houses were small, but the tenants seemed to take pride in their appearance. Considerable variety was shown in the painting of the doors, which were red, yellow, or green, according to the taste of the tenant; all of the houses had clean white blinds.

In the East End there are hundreds of streets like this: who the people are, where they find employment, one can not even guess. In the window of every tenth house one sees an announcement that dressmaking in all its branches is carried on there: this is an open confession of poverty. Occasionally a card proclaims the fact that a room is to be let, which is another open acknowledgment of insufficiency. Yet most of the houses are rented by responsible people, who are able to pay their rent out of their incomes.

If, again, it is difficult to imagine how so many hundreds of thousands do somehow pick up a little income, the brain reels when one tries to understand what the amusements of these people can be. They have no theatres, except, perhaps, the Whitechapel house for melodrama; they have no picture-galleries, no concert-halls, no parks; they have not only no means of acquiring the civilization of the West End, but they have absolutely no means of instituting comparisons, and so becoming discontented. I believe that these people, provided they earn enough for beef and beer, are absolutely contented. In the summer they run down to Southend by cheap excursions; they throng the pleasure-boats for Gravesend. In the winter they vegetate: go to the daily work, come home in the evening, smoke a pipe, and go to bed. On Sundays they have the Church and Chapel, the latter for choice. Except for the organization of their chapels, they have no society at all, and know no one except their own relations. No country town is so dull, none so devoid of society, distraction, and amusement, as the East End of London.

There ought to be a prefect of the East End:

he should be one of the royal princes; he should build a palace among the people; there should be regiments of soldiers, theatres, picture-galleries, and schools, to wake them up and make them dismally discontented about their mean surroundings. The first step in the elevation of a people is to make them discontented.

Another thing—the East End covers a level which stretches for miles; it includes all those places which, not being so squalid as Whitechapel and the neighborhood of Cable Street, are yet as destitute of the means of artistic grace. From the East End of London there has never come any prophet at all, either in art, in music, in preaching, in acting, in prose, in poetry, or in science. Prophets can not come from a level so dead and a society so dull. Country towns, the fields, the hillside, can show prophets; the West End has produced prophets by hundreds; only the East End has no one. Perhaps if one were to arise, he would be so little understood, so rudely reminded that he was out of the grooves of respectability, that he would speedily cease to prophesy, and presently droop and die, before the world was able to become aware of him.

Lastly, if one wanted to hide, to go away for a term of years, or altogether, what better place could be found than a quiet street south of Whitechapel? It is not an Alsatia—not at all: it is a highly respectable place. There are no habitual criminals, unless you reckon in that class the sailors, who are habitually drunk when they are at home. People would not begin by suspecting a stranger who could show that he had means of earning a livelihood; he might live among them for years without being known or inquired after; none of his West End friends would ever come near the place; no one would seek for him here.

Later on young Nick would always declare that such thoughts as these were running through his brain on that day. But I doubt. Mankind is apt to remember little things which are too picturesque, and group themselves too easily to be altogether probable. Nature is generally flat in her composition, and a clever arrangement is not so common with her as quite inartistic grouping. So that I suspect young Nick of romancing when he narrates the events of this remarkable day.

He was really getting quite wonderfully hungry: he tightened his waistband, having heard that it affords relief to shipwrecked mariners, when they have been without food for a month or two, to do so. He was desperately hungry, and wondering how much farther he would have to go—it was already close on three o'clock—when he passed a coffee-house.

The place looked clean: there was a white

blind in the window; before it, three eggs in a plate, a lump of butter, a piece of streaky bacon, and two mutton-chops uncooked. There was also suspended before his eyes a tariff of prices. The boy read it carefully. He had his eighteen pence intact. He could have a mutton-chop for fivepence, potatoes for one penny, bread for the same, an egg for twopence, butter for one penny, and so on.

He hesitated no longer, but opened the door and walked in.

The place was empty except for one man, who was sitting in the box opposite to that in which young Nick sat down. The man was reading the paper, and was leaning back in the corner with the sheet before him, so that Nicolas did not see his face. He sat down, looked about him, took off his hat, rapped the table with his stick, and called "Waiter!" as loud as he dared.

The waiter was a girl, neat and quick.

"Bring me, if you please," said Nicolas, "as quickly as you can, a chop—yes"—ticking up the cost mentally—"and potatoes, and bread, and an egg to follow, and butter—that makes ten pence, and a cup of coffee, that will be a shilling." He remembered afterward that it looks shabby to add up the bill for yourself out loud while you are ordering the meal. However, the great thing was not to go beyond that eighteen pence. "And bring me to-day's paper—the half with the money-market intelligence, please; I am anxious to read the money-market news."

The man with the newspaper started when he heard the boy's voice, and glanced furtively from behind his paper. Then his fingers, when they held the paper, began to tremble. The paper brought, Nicolas took a great deal of time and trouble to fold it, so that it should rest easily against the cruet-stand, and thus allow itself to be read while he was taking his dinner. He was not really so oppressed with a craving for intellectual food as to want to read while he was eating, but he had frequently observed the clerks in Crosby Hall take dinner and the "Daily Telegraph" at the same time, the murders with the meat and the paragraphs with the pudding, and he thought the eagerness to lose no time helped to distinguish the complete clerk. So he spread out the paper with the money-market news outside, and had just got it fairly in position when the chop came. It was a generous five-penny-worth, that chop; it must have been cut from a larger and nobler specimen of the mutton-providing animal than ordinary—Nicolas felt grateful to the sheep—a chop with a due proportion of fat, not a lump as big as your fist to be cut away, and then nothing but a bit of lean the size of a pigeon's egg. He made to himself these observations as he went on: "The potatoes

might be mealier," he murmured, "but when a man's hungry, what odds does a waxy one make? None at all." He forgot the money-market news in his hunger, and cleared off the whole of that chop down to the bone without reading a word. Then he waited two minutes or so for the egg and coffee, and began to read half aloud, for the benefit of the stranger opposite to him.

"Hum! Russians down. Don't wonder. Why do they keep up at all? Great Westerns up again, and Brighton A's firm—ha!"

He enjoyed this little comedy because he had perceived, with those sharp eyes of his, that the stranger was interested in him, and, when he was not looking that way, was taking hurried glances at him from the corner of his paper. Now, the interest which young Nick everywhere excited as an albino made him callous as regards these little attentions, but he was in hopes that by the wisdom of his remarks he might cause the stranger to admire his business qualities as much as he did those physical attributes, of which he felt that it would be wrong to be too proud.

Then the egg and the coffee were brought and dispatched. When the repast was quite finished, young Nick laid down the paper and called the waiter.

"My bill," he asked grandly.

It amounted, as he had estimated, to one shilling. He still had sixpence left. Should he walk home, and so leave himself free to spend that sum in cakes, or should he—which would be a more sensible course—make his way back to London Bridge, and then take the omnibus to Clapham?

While he turned this difficulty over in his mind, a rustling of the paper showed him that the other occupant of the coffee-house was watching him again.

This became more interesting. Nicolas had no objection to be watched if the scrutiny meant admiration. It is not every boy of fourteen who has white hair, white eyebrows, and a delicately pink complexion. These things are not so common, if you please: a boy who owns them must as much expect to be looked at wherever he shows himself, as a reigning beauty when she goes to a garden-party. He was pleased to be able to gratify this laudable curiosity. If he

had been asked to do so, he would even have stood upon a chair, so that everybody might see him.

But this furtive curiosity, this sneaking behind a copy of the "Daily Telegraph," this prying over a corner when he himself was looking another way, was disquieting. Why couldn't the stranger lay down the paper and look at him as one man at another? And this modest Paul Pry, whether he had taken his dinner or not, called for nothing, and yet seemed in no hurry to go away. Nicolas, for his part, felt that it was high time for him to go, and yet was loath to go without, to some extent, solving the mystery of the stranger.

They were quite alone now, because the girl, seeing they had taken and paid for all they were likely to want, had left the room and gone away.

The man wore a tall and rather seedy hat, which was visible above the paper; his fingers—those of them, at least, which were visible—were white, not at all the fingers of a workingman; and his boots were worn down at heel. Presumably he was some quite poor clerk. But why did he go on in that ridiculous fashion, holding the paper before him?

Presently the boy was seized with an inspiration. He gently took his penknife from his pocket and opened it noiselessly. The paper was held, stretched out tight, well up before the mysterious reader's face. Young Nick put on his hat, took his stick in the left hand and his penknife in the right. He then carefully measured with his eye the space between himself and the door, and concluded that, being already in the passage between the tiers of boxes, he had a sufficient start. This decided, he advanced cautiously to the stranger, and, without saying one word, ripped the paper with his penknife from top to bottom.

"That's the way with these penny papers," he said coolly. "They go at the least thing. All made up of old paper and Esparto-grass! Give me the 'Tim—'"

Here the stranger raised his head, and the boy reeled backward, faint and sick.

"Oh, oh, oh! It's a ghost without a beard! Oh, oh, oh! It's—it's—it's—UNCLE ANTHONY!"

(To be continued.)

TWO MEN OF LETTERS.

WITHIN the last few weeks two pieces of literary biography* have appeared, which present a somewhat remarkable contrast, and which at the same time supplement one another. The one is the "Life of Charles Lever," the other M. Emile Bergerat's volume of reminiscences of Théophile Gautier. Between the literary merits of Lever and of Gautier there can, of course, be little comparison; but between their positions as representatives of French and English (if Irish-English) men of letters of the nineteenth century there is a not inconsiderable similarity. They were almost exactly contemporaries, being born within a very few years, and dying within a very few months of one another. Both depended entirely upon their pens for subsistence, and both, though in very different ways, were what is vaguely called men of pleasure. The rewards which they received were, indeed, different enough in amount. One can not help thinking how Gautier would have envied a man of letters who could make and spend, as Dr. Fitzpatrick tells us Lever for some years made and spent, three thousand pounds a year. Seventy-five thousand francs represent the income of a man whom the French, in their modest arithmetic, would call "deux fois millionnaire," and we may be quite sure that Gautier never "touched" half the amount in any one of his forty years of hard literary journey-work—of such journey-work as perhaps no other man of letters ever did. Less fortunate in his actual wages, Gautier was also far less fortunate than Lever in his extra-literary gains. M. Bergerat has pointed out that, though Gautier was reproached with his Bonapartism, singularly few drops of the golden shower rewarded his adherence to the Empire. He did his work, which was perfectly honest work, and received his pay, which was perfectly clean money. But no senatorship, no lucrative sinecure, fell to his lot; while Lever, in the later years of his life, was at any rate provided for without the necessity of working. "Je redeviens un manœuvre," said the author of "Emaux et Camées" to M. Edmond de Goncourt, after the disasters of 1870. For my part, considering what this *manœuvre* has left us, I do not know whether, for the benefit of literature and the credit of the literary calling, one can wish that it had been otherwise. Mérimée's luck

might have brought with it Mérimée's fate, and have substituted a zero of idleness and sterility for the splendid work which Gautier so manfully did.

It is not at first easy to account for the uncomfortable impression which Dr. Fitzpatrick's interesting book somehow leaves upon the reader. No biography of the author of "Charles O'Malley" could be dull, and the reader who is in quest of amusement merely will find plenty in these volumes. But that Lever, with all his rollicking, was a decidedly unhappy person, whether it be a true impression or no, is certainly the impression here given. He appears to have been one of those extremely unfortunate men who take no genuine delight in the calling which nevertheless they pursue. He was, indeed, intensely sensitive as to public opinion on his novels. But he seems to have felt this sensitiveness, not because unfavorable criticism made him doubt the goodness of his work, but because it hurt his vanity. His reckless expenditure, in the same way, seems to have arisen as much from an uneasy desire to live *en prince* as from simple enjoyment of the good things which his money could bring him. With regard to the famous accusation of "lordolatry" which Thackeray is said to have brought against him, I think that the passage in the "Book of Snobs" has been somewhat misinterpreted. But nobody can read either his novels or his life without seeing that from the last infirmity of British minds he was not free. He gained plenty of money, but he got rid of it in all sorts of ways, to which it is difficult to apply any milder description than that which was applied to the extravagance of his greater countryman Goldsmith. If he did not exactly fling it away and hide it in holes and corners, like Lamb's eccentric friend, he did what amounted to nearly the same thing. He was an inveterate gambler. He kept absurd numbers of horses, and gave unreasonable prices for them. To his lavish hospitality one feels less inclined to object were it not that "wax-candles and some of the best wine in Europe" are not wholly indispensable to literary fellowship. Like many other men of letters in our country, he could not be satisfied without meddling with politics, and endeavoring, though with no great success, to mingle in political society. His wild oats were not of a very atrocious wildness, but he never ceased sowing them. The consequence was, that his literary work was not only an indispensable *gagne-pain* to him, but was also never anything else than a *gagne-pain*. It was always written

* Théophile Gautier: *Entretiens*, etc. Par Emile Bergerat, avec une Préface de Edmond de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier.

Life of Charles Lever. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, LL. D. London: Chapman & Hall.

in hot haste, and with hardly any attention to style, to arrangement, or even to such ordinary matters as the avoidance of repetitions, anachronisms, and such-like slovenliness. It has often been noticed that in "Charles O'Malley" itself it will not do to pay the least heed to the sequence or arrangement of the story. The chronology is utterly impossible, the same things recur again and again as incidents, and the whole book as a connected and coherent story is utterly formless and void. The more one hears of the life of the author and his manner of composition, the less surprising is this. The earlier books, at any rate, appear to have been mere transcripts of actual experience, and reminiscences of things heard and seen in Ireland huddled together anyhow. The works of the second period rested in the same way upon actual observation of Anglo-Continental life, and those of the last, if they had a more original character, were scarcely improved by the change. Lever, in short, was not in the proper sense a man of letters at all. The pen was with him a mere instrument for putting into marketable form the stories which he told so well by word of mouth, and the queer facts, sights, and incidents which he heard, saw, or read of. Of literary form he had little or nothing. Long practice gave him, as it gives most men of talent, a passable style; but this style had little distinction and no special merit. He had neither the industry which tries a hundred phrases till it hits on the right one, nor the genius which hits on the right phrase at once. If his books are acceptable, it is always for the matter of them only.

So "allegorical an autobiographer"—to use a queer phrase of his own—was Lever, that much of his biographer's work is occupied in tracing the original facts and experiences which he incorporated in his stories. The ballad-singing in the streets of Dublin, the upheaval of the pavement in order to liberate an escaped prisoner, the various escapades and pranks of the egregious Frank Webber, in "O'Malley," are known already to everybody. If some of Dr. Fitzpatrick's informants are to be believed, some still more singular experiences have been utilized in "Con Cregan" and "Arthur O'Leary." Early in life Lever went to America, and, it seems, did not like the inhabitants of the States. Thereupon he flung himself into the ranks of the red men, and the following singular episode occurred:

For a time, Lever said, this was pleasurable; but only for a time. He grew weary of barbarism, and sighed for civilization. He endeavored to hide his emotions, and he succeeded with the men; but one of the squaws, looking at him fixedly, read his thoughts. "Your heart, stranger," said she, "is not

with us now. You wish for your own people. But you will never see them again. Our chief will kill you if you leave us. It is the law of our tribe that none joining us can go away. No, no! You will never see the pale-faces again, nor go back to your country. How could *you* find the forest-tracks for yourself if you fled? You would be instantly followed and found; and, when found, you would be slain. Oh, stay!" He feigned to be convinced by her arguments; but all his thoughts were fixed on the one object—flight. How could he effect it?

Every day and every hour he studied to find opportunity; but it was all in vain. He found the customs of the tribe to be as the woman described. There was to be no separation from them, or death the penalty. The same squaw noticed the change in his spirits, and ere long in his health; and her woman's heart was touched with compassion. She even devised the means of his getting away.

A red Indian, named Tahata, came to the tribe once a year, bringing tobacco and brandy from some British settlement, and exchanging them for the peltry the hunters had collected from his previous visit. The squaw told Lever that she would sound this man ("The Post" he was called), and see whether for a sum of money he would appoint some place of rendezvous for him in the forest, and be his guide through its mazes until some outpost or town would be reached. Lever had no money, but "The Post" was to be remunerated by his countrymen on his reaching them. The offer was accepted. Lever, at the squaw's suggestion, feigned sickness, and was left behind in the wigwams with the women while the tribe were out hunting. In the men's absence he made his escape. Tahata was faithful.

At the termination of this remarkable adventure he "walked through the streets of Quebec in moccasins and feathers." It would be satisfactory if the feathers and moccasins, at least, could be produced in proof of the veracity of the story.

In the interval between Lever's return from America and his student-days in Germany not much seems to have occurred; indeed, the extraordinary vagueness of this part of the biography may best be indicated by mentioning that Dr. Fitzpatrick is not quite sure whether the German studies did not occur before the American trip and the Indian episode. The following notice of Dr. Barrett, famous in "O'Malley" for his "May the devil admire me!" occurs, however, in this part of the book, and is worth quoting: "A gentleman at Clontarf who wished to become tenant of some college-lands, invited him, when bursar, with other Fellows to dinner. He had not been so far from college since his childhood. It was then that, passing by Lord Charlemont's beautiful demesne, and seeing the sheep grazing, he asked what extraordinary animals they were, and when told expressed the

greatest delight at seeing for the first time live mutton. As he passed along the shore the sea attracted his particular admiration. He described it as 'a broad, flat superficies, like Euclid's definition of a line expanding itself into a surface, and blue, like Xenophon's plain covered with wormwood.'"

The following is said to have been a hospital experience :

One night a fever-patient died ; the student took up his candle and proceeded to the dissecting-room. To an uninitiated stranger it would have appeared a horrible and ghastly sight ; yet so much are we the slaves of habit that the young student sat down to his revolting task as indifferently as opening a chess-board. The room was lofty and badly lighted, his flickering taper scarcely revealing the ancient writings that he was about to peruse. On the table before him lay the subject wrapped in a long sheet, his case of instruments resting on it. He read on for some time unheeding the storm which raged without, and threatened to blow in the casements, against which the rain beat in large drops. "And this," said he, looking on the body and pursuing the train of his thoughts, "this mass of lifelessness, coldness, and inaction, is all we know of that alteration of our being, that mysterious modification of our existence by which our vital intelligence is launched into the world beyond—a breath and we are here—a breath and we are gone." He raised his knife and opened a vein in the foot. A faint shriek, and a start which overset the table and extinguished the light were the effects of his timidity.

Turning to relight his taper, he heard through the darkness a long-drawn sigh, and in weak accents, "Oh, doctor, I am better now !" He covered up the man thus wonderfully reawakened from almost a fatal trance, carried him back, and laid him in his bed. In a week after the patient was discharged from the hospital cured.

Here, also, one would like a little corroboration. But while these stories, regarded as matters of fact, naturally excite some skepticism, there can be no doubt about one thing. Lever's varied life, his propensity to take hold of every laughable or surprising incident that presented itself, and his faculty of furnishing these incidents (when their own garb was not quite sufficient) with cocked-hats and swords, were of immense use to him in his after-life as a novelist. There are two opinions about the value of actual facts to novel-writers. On the one hand, there is no doubt that, if only for a time, they add a considerable attraction and "bite" to a story ; on the other hand, it is doubtful whether, in the best novels, any but very occasional use has been made of them. Lever's practice, however, was at one time to rely almost wholly upon the scraps of his experience. More than once he got into

considerable trouble by his inveterate habit of introducing real names and real persons into his story. Major Monsoon, indeed, who is perhaps his best single figure, literally sat for the portrait at Brussels, and regarded the proceeding in the light of a regular commercial transaction ; but a Galway priest was less accommodating, and never forgave his insertion in one of the novels. "Harry Lorrequer" is said to have been very largely made up of the local stories current at Kilrush, whither Lever was sent in the cholera-time of 1832. His subsequent employment in Ulster, near the Giant's Causeway, was not less fruitful of stories, and gave him in addition a considerable amount of scenery and character, which he drew upon especially in "The Knight of Gwynne." It is said, too, that in Coleraine Lever himself performed the feat of jumping over a cart and horse, which he afterward introduced in the most popular of his books. In the same way, his visits to Prebendary Maxwell (an exceedingly unclerical representative of the Church of Ireland) supplied him with most of his knowledge of Galway and Mayo. So it continued to be throughout his life. At Brussels, during his reign as editor of the "University Magazine" at Dublin, in his subsequent wanderings about the Continent, and in his residence at Florence and Spezzia, his observation of men and things was the constant source whence he drew his inspiration. Of Trieste the great complaint seems to have been that there was no society, or next to none. In fact, Lever appears to have had a horror of being alone ; though, perhaps, it may be admitted that few people have made such tendency to gregariousness as they might possess conducive to the amusement of so large a number of their fellows.

When he began to write for the press, it was naturally enough in short stories and sketches that he preferred to record the results of his experience. He is said to have actually refused to write a long novel, and for a considerable period nothing like regular planning of his work seems to have entered his head. His biographer says that the prominence of Mickey Free in "O'Malley" was quite contrary to such original design as Lever had formed. The novelist found Mickey a very convenient mouthpiece "for enunciating the good things he had picked up." This fully accounts for Mickey's inferiority to Sam Weller, to whom he has been so often compared. Amusing as he is, any critical reader must feel that he is only a mouthpiece. This could never be said of Sam, even by those who deny to the latter any possible existence out of Topsy-Turvy Land. Perhaps the strongest evidence of Lever's real talent is to be found in the way in which he has succeeded in melting down these innumerable tags and scraps into books which, whatever may

be their literary defects, can at any rate be read, and are not mere collections of jests. But the literary merit of the early novels is in reality almost as scanty as Edgar Poe, in a well-known review, asserted it to be. Toward the end of his life, long practice and some alteration in his manner of composing, improved Lever in this respect. But his early books are in many parts not merely not good as pieces of literary work, but positively and disgracefully bad. He used to say, we are told, that by the time he had got the details of his stories written down, he was so disgusted with them that he could hardly bring himself even to correct the proofs. It is, therefore, not very surprising that as his natural gift for writing was certainly not great, his work should have had a slovenly aspect. Such an aspect it most assuredly has, when compared not merely with great masters of style in French and English, but with practitioners in his own kind, such as Crofton Croker and Carleton. The very abundance, perhaps, of his material made him less careful in using it, and in showing it off to the best advantage. But it would rather seem that he did not possess the requisite faculty for turning nature into art. There were many of his contemporaries—Thackeray is a notable instance—who were by no means averse to the use of actual facts and actual persons as materials and models. But Thackeray invariably worked up his raw material into the peculiar form, at once individual and typical, which literature requires. This is what Lever rarely or never does. His pictures are not portraits, they are merely photographs embellished with the stock appliances and garb of caricature. It is needless to say that anything that is unfavorable in this criticism applies merely to the artist and not to the man. Personally, Lever was doubtless a charming companion, and for mere companionship his books are charming enough still. Only they must not be regarded as books, but simply as reports of the conversation of a lively *raconteur*.

A very different picture is given us by the charming volume in which M. Bergerat has placed on record his remembrances of the last days of Théophile Gautier. The acquaintanceship of the author with his subject was late; it did not, indeed, begin until after the disasters of 1870 had given Gautier his death-blow. But what it wanted in time it gained in intimacy. M. Bergerat was Gautier's son-in-law, and for the last two years of the poet's life the intercourse of father and son, of master and pupil, was constant. The old age of Gautier seems to have been as kindly as it could be, and not in the least frosty. The very prevalent notion that epicurean principles and tendencies insure for their possessor an old age of misery and disgust, finds its appropriate

refutation in this record of the last days of the greatest of nineteenth-century humanists. Certainly Gautier was not without his trials. The preface of M. Edmond de Goncourt, an older friend, shows those trials pretty fully. The siege, the Commune, and the Republic were all heavy blows to Gautier. The siege disturbed the placid life which he had led at Neuilly with his sisters, his daughters, and his cats, afflicted his ardent imagination with its somber ugliness, and wounded the perfectly sincere patriotism, which was none the less fervent in him because it was less vocal than in some of his contemporaries. The outrages and horrors of the Commune jarred upon his kindly nature. Last of all, he had to adjust himself to a new order of things in which, rightly or wrongly, he felt himself a stranger and a foreigner. His meeting after long years of separation with M. Victor Hugo, is strikingly told in these pages. He had parted with his master when that master was still captain of the crew which De Banville has described in one of his matchless parodies:

" Dans les salons de Philoxène
Nous étions quatre-vingt rimeurs."

He met him again, as he told M. Bergerat, surrounded by "toute la rédaction du *Rappel*." To these moral shocks may be added the pressure of failing health, and the necessity for continuing to work for his daily bread at an age when most men have retired to a state of more or less easy rest. Yet the unflinching sweetness of his temper, and the fullness of his trust in his art, carried him through these trials. If he was melancholy at times, as M. de Goncourt relates, it was with a melancholy which had not much bitterness in it. His brilliant days were indeed over—the days when, in half-sincere, half-humorous gasconade, he would cry out, "Moi, je suis fort; j'amène 520 sur une tête de Turc, et je fais des métaphores qui se suivent." The preface contains not a few of these extravagances. There is an appalling description of Louis XIV. which is too Swiftian for quotation. There is a speech to M. Taine, in which that critic's ideas of poetry are treated in a manner which does one's heart good:

"Tenez! Taine, vous me semblez donner dans l'idiotisme bourgeois. Demander à la poésie du sentimentalisme! . . . Ce n'est pas ça. Des mots rayonnants . . . des mots de lumière, avec un rythme et une musique, voilà ce que c'est que la poésie. Ça ne prouve rien . . . Ça ne raconte rien."

I can not, as I read this, help wishing that somebody had suggested to Gautier that poetry was "a criticism of life," as we in England—some of us greatly wondering—have been taught in these latter days by a fine master of criticism.

One very curious statement of M. de Goncourt's is that, to the end of his life, Gautier retained the fine horror of the *bourgeois* which had characterized his earliest days. The ironical felicitations which he addressed to some unfortunate person recall the preface of Mademoiselle de Maupin: "Toi, tu es heureux, tu aimes le progrès, les ingénieurs qui abiment le paysage avec leurs chemins de fer, les utilitaires, tout ce qui met dans un pays une saine édilité." After which he would indulge in the most terrible pictures of *bourgeois* morals, an effect which must have been full of comedy. For, in truth, Gautier's bourgeois was a highly figurative person; and, in one sense of the term, nothing could have been more *bourgeois* than his own placid existence at Neuilly in the midst of his family.

Besides M. de Goncourt's preface, the book has no less than seven different divisions into which M. Bergerat has thrown what he has to say. The section on "Théophile Gautier, peintre," though an interesting one in itself, need not concern us here. It is amusing enough to know that the great writer regarded himself to the last (and was dutifully regarded by his faithful sisters) as one who ought to have been a great painter. "Derniers Moments" contains a sad though in no way repulsive account of the painful malady, or complication of maladies, which proved fatal to Gautier, and need not be much dwelt on. Then there is a section headed "Œuvres posthumes et projets," which contains, among other things, a full account of a ballet in the style of "Giselle," and others which figure among the poet's published work. This ballet is on the subject of the pied piper of Hamelin, and is very gracefully treated. It is said to have been rejected by M. Halanzier (or, rather, to have been denied representation) for a delightfully absurd reason. M. Halanzier, it seems, called to his assistance that responsible and dignified official, the ballet-master of the opera. The ballet-master was dead against the piper and his rats. The rat, he said, was an "animal immonde," and the subscribers would be wholly unable to bear the sight of him. "Encore, monsieur," said he, "si c'était une abeille!" But, unluckily, it was not possible to turn the rats into bees, and so the "Preneur de Rats" remains still in M. Halanzier's portfolios. A section entitled "Souvenirs" is chiefly occupied with defending Gautier from the charge of being a Bonapartist. "He was at most," says M. Bergerat, "a Mathildien," but he admits frankly that the poet had as great a horror of the red specter as any of his enemies the bourgeois, and that his political ideas were limited to a very hearty respect for authority—a respect which did not trouble itself greatly about the authority's source, its manner of exercise, or

anything else connected with it. He tells us, too, what any reader of Gautier will find little difficulty in believing, that political discussion was peculiarly disagreeable to the poet, and that he would leave any table or society where it was started.

More important than these are the sections of the book devoted to a short sketch of Gautier's life, to a selection (all, unfortunately, that can be published) from his charming letters, and to the *Entretiens*, which, indeed, form the bulk of the volume. The biography contains some interesting statements. Even the sternest contemner of trifling literary anecdotes must be pleased to hear that Gautier's father and mother spent their honeymoon in no less a place than the Château d'Artagnan. His earliest years were spent at Tarbes, as is sufficiently well known. But what is not sufficiently well known is the following delightful "story of a desk," which M. Bergerat has preserved:

While I was at Tarbes (said he) I heard from my fellow townsmen that my school-desk was religiously preserved at the town school, and that it was the admiration of tourists. Very much flattered at finding that such honor was paid to me in my lifetime, I resolved to make acquaintance with the curious desk which was attributed to me, and, at the same time, with the school which boasted of having owned me as a pupil. I therefore presented myself *incognito* to the Principal, and, announcing myself as an enthusiastic admirer of my own writings, I begged him to take me to see the beloved desk which had been the witness of my childish precocity.

The Principal insisted upon the honor of being himself my guide. The desk which he showed me, and even allowed me to touch, was certainly a desk of some sort, but, at the sight of it, an irresistible emotion took possession of me. It was assuredly the first time that I and it had ever been face to face with each other, but still, if it was not my desk, it might easily have been. It might have awakened in me a crowd of memories! I sat down on the bench which belonged to it, and which, if fate had so willed it, would have been *my* bench, and, having placed myself in the attitude of a studious scholar, I tried to imagine myself as once again in my own proper position. The Principal, seeing me thus absorbed, could not restrain a smile softened by emotion; he showed me on the desk sundry scratches and cuts made by Théophile Gautier in class, procuring for him, no doubt, many an imposition. I asked if I might carry off a little fragment of the wood as a relic. He gave me permission. Then he led me away, telling me, meantime, a score of authentic anecdotes which appeared even to me conclusive, and from which it resulted that I must have been a marvelous scholar and the glory of his school. A Philistine would have taken a foolish pleasure in robbing the good man of his illusions. I had the less desire to do so, because I shared them with him.

I quitted him without revealing who I really was, and I told no one of my visit. In fact, the Principal was right (added my master) as a question of morality; falsehood is much more amusing than truth, and has sometimes a greater probability. I had had a vision like Musset's, and had made acquaintance with the young man dressed in black, who was as like me as a brother.

Gautier's school friendship with Gérard de Nerval, his initiation in the "Petit cénacle," his presence in the red waistcoat at the first representation of "Hernani," and all the rest of it, are well known from his own account. But as he has sometimes been accused of remaining silent when he should have praised the god of his former and constant idolatry under the empire, it is fair to give the following story, to which it need only be added that M. Victor Hugo's own words sufficiently refute the slander. "Votre main n'a pas quitté ma main," he writes to Gautier:

On the 21st of June, 1867, the Comédie Française reproduced "Hernani." Théophile Gautier was the principal attraction in this reproduction. He was seen in his box smiling, grown young again, without his red waistcoat, but still with his long lion's mane of hair, giving the signal, and, as it were, the tradition of the applause. But it was asked how the critic of the "Moniteur," in his position of official writer, would manage to speak of the author of the "Châtiments" in the Journal of the Imperial Government. The next day Théophile Gautier himself brought his article to the "Moniteur." They begged him to moderate the eulogy, and to soften its enthusiastic tone. Without making the slightest objection, he took up a sheet of blank paper, and wrote on it his resignation. Then, having made them take him to the Minister of the Interior, he laid before M. de Lavalette his article and resignation. "Choose," said he. The Minister ordered the article to be inserted without altering a word of it.

The next thing that I shall extract ought to amuse the most ferocious decriers of his tabooed book:

It would be a mistake to believe that the romantic outpourings of Théophile and the boldness of his pen displeased his family. Pierre Gautier was, as I have already said, a great admirer of the literary and artistic ideas of his son. As for the mother, it is needless to say that she lived in a continual state of dumb ecstasy, in the contemplation of this handsome young man with waving hair, who was gaining in the world every imaginable success. Never was child more spoiled, more petted, more admired by his family. Paternal authority never interfered except to remind the idle writer of the page begun and the end to be attained. Théophile Gautier wrote "Mademoiselle de Maupin" in the room which he occupied in his parents' house in the Place Royale. This work, full of spirit and animation, and which appears

to have been written as it were at one breath, so that many people regard it as his masterpiece, wearied him extremely in the composing. The poet, who lived as a lion and a man of fashion, much preferred writing love-sonnets, and displaying his gorgeous waistcoats and marvelous pantaloons on the boulevards, to shutting himself up before a lamp and blackening fair sheets of paper. Besides, in his character of romanticist he detested prose, and regarded it as in the last degree Philistine. When he came in, therefore, his father used to turn the key on him while he set him his task. "You will not come out," cried he through the closed door, "until you have written ten pages of 'Maupin.'" Sometimes Théophile resigned himself, sometimes he got through the window. At other times it was his mother who let him out by stealth, always anxious and fearing lest her son should be fatigued by so much work.

Here again is a curiously characteristic reminiscence of the connection which existed between Gautier and Balzac:

When Curmer was thinking of his publication, "Les Français peints par eux-mêmes," he applied to Balzac for a contribution. The great novelist agreed to give his assistance on one condition—namely, that the work should contain a study on himself, and that this study should be written by Théophile. Was not this condition included in the spirit of the title, "Les Français peints par eux-mêmes"? Curmer agreed. Balzac instantly hurried to the Rue de Navarin, where Gautier lived, and informed him of the order. It came like a lark from the sky ready roasted. "I will pay you five hundred francs," said Balzac, "for this study on myself." Théophile had soon furnished it and carried it to the publisher, but with his usual timidity did not dare to ask for the money due to him. A week, then a fortnight passed, still no news of Balzac. At last one morning he appeared. "I do not know how to thank you," he said to his friend; "your study is a masterpiece. As I think you may be in want of money, I have brought you the sum agreed upon," and he laid down two hundred and fifty francs.

"But," Gautier ventured to say, "I thought you told me five hundred. I must have misunderstood you."

"Not the least in the world; I did tell you five hundred. But consider a moment. If I had not existed, you could never have said all the good of me which you have said; that is clear. Then, had there been no article of yours, there would have been no money. I take half of the sum as the subject treated, and I give you the rest as the author treating. Is not that just?"

"As Solomon himself," replied Gautier, who many years after, in telling me the story, declared that Balzac was perfectly right.

Besides innumerable personal anecdotes of this kind, the book contains many illustrations,

even more interesting, of literary idiosyncrasy. One of M. Bergerat's notes is that Gautier, who scarcely ever altered a phrase in his manuscript, never would insert any punctuation in it. He held stops and accents as a detail of the printer's business. Unfortunately, printers—may I add editors?—can not be induced to take this admirably reasonable point of view. Another interesting detail is Gautier's idea of a style-school, which seems to have been quite serious, and not to have resembled Baudelaire's possibly borrowed theory of "poetry in twenty lessons." Gautier had a perfectly just idea of the services he had rendered to French, and the following passages, allowance being made for his lively and picturesque language, do not exaggerate these services one whit:

My own part in this literary revolution was very plainly marked out. I was to be the painter of the company. I threw myself vigorously into the quest for adjectives; I dug up charming and even admirable ones, which it would be impossible to do without any longer. I foraged in the sixteenth century, to the great scandal of the subscribers of the Théâtre Français, the academicians, and the close-shaven bourgeois, as Petrus calls them. I came back with my basket laden. I laid on the palette all the tints of dawn and the shades of sunset; I gave back to you red, dishonored by politicians; I composed poems in white major, and when I saw that the result was good, that the best writers followed my lead, and that the professors basked in their chairs, I delivered my famous axiom, "He whom any thought, however complex, any vision, even were it the most apocalyptic, surprises, without words to express it, is not a writer." And the goats have been separated from the sheep, the supporters of Scribe from the disciples of Hugo, in whom dwells all genius. Such is my part in the quest.

"I know not," said my master one day to me, "what posterity will think of me, but I fancy that I shall at least have been useful to the language of my own country. It would be positive ingratitude to refuse to me, after death, the modest merit of a philologist. Ah, my dear child," he added, smiling, "if we only had as many piasters or rubles as the words I have rescued from Malherbe! You young people will thank me some day when you see what an instrument I have left in your hands, and you will defend my memory against those literary diplomats who, having no ideas to express, and no wit to make the most of, wish to reduce us to the hundred words of the language of Racine. Attend to this, that you may remember it at a future day; the day that I am acknowledged as a classic, thought will be very near attaining its full freedom in France!"

In another place I find a curious account of Gautier's belief in his powers of writing the *roman-feuilleton*, the one lucrative branch of the

literary profession in France. In a single instance, as students of his works know, he put his theory into practice, and the result was "La Belle Jenny"—a remarkable book, for which I am glad to see that M. Bergerat, with all his hero-worship, has little more affection than I have myself. The criticism of M. Emile de Girardin, for whom it was written, is charming. He had allowed Gautier to write it as a *tour de force*, and the author, if not the editor, was fully satisfied with the result. In the pride of his heart Gautier wanted to go on *ad infinitum*, after the fashion of the kind of author whose work he was imitating. "Est-ce que l'abonné ne trouve pas qu'il en ait pour son argent?" he asked of the editor of the "Presse." "Mon ami," replied that experienced person, "c'est ça, et ce n'est pas ça. L'abonné ne s'amuse pas franchement: il est gêné par le style."

M. Bergerat has inserted in his volume not a few poetical waifs and strays, which have not as yet found their way into collections of Gautier's works. The best of these is not suitable for quotation here, though some day or other it will doubtless take its place among the other jewels of the "Emaux et Camées." There is, however, one piece which must be quoted:

" Sur un coin d'infini traînant son voile d'ombre
La terre obscure allume à l'éternel cadran,
Sirius, Orion, Persée, Aldébaran,
Et fait le ciel splendide en le rendant plus sombre.

" On voit briller parmi les étoiles sans nombre
L'énorme Jupiter dont un mois vaut notre an,
Et Vénus toute d'or, et Mars peint de safran,
Et Saturne alourdi par l'anneau qui l'encombre.

" A ces astres divers se rattache un destin:
Jupiter est heureux, Mars hargneux et mutin,
Vénus voluptueuse et Saturne morose.

" Moi, mon étoile est bleue et luit même en plein
jour
Près d'une oreille sourde à mes soupirs d'amour
Sur le ciel d'une jeune adorablement rose!"*

* Mr. Edgar Fawcett has furnished us with a translation of this sonnet.—EDITOR APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

Above the vague earth, set in darkening skies,
Eternal constellations gaze toward man,
Sirius, Orion, Perseus, Aldebaran,
And heaven more splendid beams while shadows rise.

Amid the unnumbered star-throngs one spies
Great Jupiter, with his month our year in span,
The all-golden Venus, Mars, deep-red to scan,
Or Saturn, ringed with weighty and cumbrous guise.

These differing stars by fate are each controlled:
Happy is Jupiter, Mars fierce and bold,
Venus voluptuous, Saturn grim and bleak.

For me, my star is blue, and shines by day
Beside an ear deaf to the love I pay,
And on the adored heaven of a rosy cheek!

I can not help remembering, as I read over this splendid sonnet, with its majestic alexandrines, so full of color, of varied harmony, of stately grace, of fervent passion, that we have just been told that French has no adequate form for high poetry. A dissertation on this thesis is, perhaps fortunately, not called for here. Nor would it be in place even to examine the characteristics of Gautier himself as a poet. I could wish for nothing better than an opportunity of so doing. But I shall be perfectly content to rest upon the fourteen lines of this sonnet—a mere waif, be it repeated, casually written and casually preserved—the capacities of the alexandrine for high poetry. In a formal defense of that magnificent metre (none the less magnificent because it has accidentally failed to be much cultivated in English), scores and thousands of examples might be produced far more convincing. In a formal discussion of Gautier's own poetry, the "Comédie de la Mort" and "Le Thermodon," the lines on Corneille, and many of the "Emaux et Camées," the "Elegy on Clémence," and many another early lyric must rank above and before it. But as it is to my hand here, I am content with it as a vindication of Gautier and of the alexandrine.

If the comparison of the lives of two men of such different talents as Lever and Gautier has any lessons for us, it seems to be this, that devotion to art has its rewards. There is the secret of a whole life's consolations in Gautier's boast—a boast perfectly justified—"I defy you to write the *feuilleton* I shall write to-morrow in the language of Racine and Boileau." He knew that he had added to the accomplishments of his own language, and, what is more, that he had added to its capabilities. Perhaps it would be impossible to name any one in this century who has done this to such an extent as Gautier. From very early days his works have always been the special delight of men of letters in his own country. He has, in a different sense, occupied the position of "poet's poet" which has been assigned in our own language to Spenser, and thus his influence has been multiplied and strengthened almost indefinitely. To those who read the preface of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" now, forgetting its date, admiration of it may not be mixed with a feeling of surprise at the extraordinary novelty and originality of the style. But to capable readers in 1836, it must have been simply a revelation. It was as entirely new as the manner with which a few years before Macaulay had surprised Jeffrey, and it had few or none of the drawbacks from which Macaulay's brilliant *argot* suffered. But if we skip thirty years, and turn to the "Capitaine Fracasse," we shall find a style of equal or greater brilliancy, which yet is not in the least mannered or copied from the writer's

earlier work. Throughout his life Gautier was literally what he has been called, a "parfait magicien ès lettres françaises." Yet the magic was, after all, like most of such magic, the result of continual work. Unlike many other men of letters, Gautier was constantly reading. M. Bergerat tells us that when he was not talking, eating, or writing, he was always reading, and that nothing came amiss to him down to mere scraps and waifs of printed waste-paper. The progress of his fatal illness was marked by nothing so much as by the cessation of this inveterate habit. These miscellaneous readings were undoubtedly part of the great "adjective-hunt," as he was wont to phrase it. His *copia verborum* was thus constantly fed and increased, while at the same time his unceasing practice in writing made the store one of constantly circulating capital, and not a mere useless accumulation. There never seems to have been a time when even the most minute question of literary practice, a rhyme-hunt or the like, had not a vivid interest for him. Thus his occupation, however he might occasionally groan at and complain of it, was in practice an unending source of pleasure, of relief from *ennui*, of alternatives from self-regarding cares. It was a strong tower which successfully kept out the enemy, until sheer physical collapse ceased to make it any longer defensible. On the other hand, it would be difficult to find in Lever any trace of love for or interest in his art as an art. It seems to have been always a means to an end, or rather to half a hundred different ends, pursued with less or more zest for the time, but rarely falling in with any possible or coherent plan of life. Though he was a man of letters, his interests were nothing so little as literary. The wildest absurdities of the "Jeunes-France" and the "Bousingsots" were somehow or other connected with literary questions. Lever's youthful escapades and later dissipation had nothing to do with literature at all, and might have been and were shared in by persons of no taste or interest in literature whatever. There is a famous sentence of Thackeray's which has sometimes excited a good deal of surprise: "No class of men talk of books or, as a rule read, books so little as literary men." It is not true of England now perhaps, but it certainly was true of England then. It has never since France possessed a literature been true of France, and the difference is strikingly illustrated in comparing these two volumes. M. Bergerat's book is almost composed of literary conversations, souvenirs, jests. Here the hero is defending a thesis against M. Taine or M. Renan, there expounding another for the benefit of M. Bergerat, everywhere talking of books, the way to write books, and the merits of books when written. In Dr. Fitzpat-

rick's volumes, on the other hand, there is hardly a single literary opinion cited of Lever's, and, except the obligatory notice of his own books, scarcely anything that can be said to possess literary interest. It might as well be the life of a politician or a man of business, for any interest that its subject seems to have taken in things literary. It is quite possible that there may be something to be said in favor of this. The concentration of men of letters and art in literary and artistic sets and cliques has obvious disadvantages, of which the talking of "shop" is not the worst. It tends, no doubt, to promote a severance between the different lines of thought and intellectual occupation in the nation. The eternal hatred sworn to the *bourgeois* is not a necessary or a beneficial phenomenon either to the *bourgeois* himself or the man of letters. Although the tendency of French politics since the Revolution to open political positions to literary men of distinction may have made some compensation, it is still probable that the divorce between the Philistine and the anti-Philistine there is wider than with us. This divorce is at any rate not good for the Philistine himself, while it may tend to force his opponent into Bohemian ways and habits which he might very well avoid. But that it has done good to literature there can be no doubt. With very few exceptions, the service of the English literary man is rendered more or less half-heartedly. He is a journalist, a politician, a man of the world, an historian, a dramatist first, and a man of letters afterward. He wants to influence public opinion, to get into good society, to establish his family comfortably, to do everything, in short, rather than live in companionship with the Muses, and with a few of the elect of their worshipers. Sometimes, no doubt, he achieves all these ends more or less completely; sometimes he fails very completely indeed. In the latter case the art which he has cultivated only with a half devotion naturally does not do much for him at the last. There is a story of a French man of letters who expired, and had

apparently deliberately purposed to expire, while correcting a proof. The person concerned was something of a coxcomb, and his taste in selecting that particular branch of literary employment was certainly peculiar. But there was something not altogether inappropriate in the assertion of devotion to the employment to which he had given himself up.

The spirit of Congreve's famous speech to Voltaire has never, at least since Voltaire's time, commended itself to men of letters across the Channel. With us literature has, until very recently, hardly been even a profession, still less an art having a recognized guild and brotherhood of cultivators. It would be considered an affectation, and a hardly pardonable affectation in any one who had not produced capital works in some popular department of literature, to take the name of a man of letters at all. There may, I have said, be a good many reasons against, as well as for, the definite constitution and herding together of a body of *gens de lettres*. But it certainly has one result which can not be denied. It leads to the display of much greater merit of the purely literary kind in the discharge of merely miscellaneous literary work. The French journalist, novelist, dramatist, may be and often is a man of far less education and information than his English compeer, but at least he does not often produce such slovenly and formless work. Also it has another good result which has been sufficiently indicated already in this review of the memorials of a great man of letters. It gives the *littérateur* all the essentials of a religion, the fellow-feeling, the cardinal doctrines, the prescribed hatreds which go to make up a regular cult. It is an excellent thing to have a religion of any kind, and particularly excellent when the relish of miscellaneous good things is fading, and pleasure, if it has to be found at all, must be sought in quiet occupations and in the performance of daily tasks. The game of the hunter of adjectives never becomes scarce, and his interest and energy in the quest never desert him.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY (*Fortnightly Review*).

VIVIAN THE BEAUTY.

BY MRS. EDWARDES,

AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE LOVELL," "OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?" ETC.

CHAPTER X.

HERE, OR ELSEWHERE.

ST. ULRICH'S clock has struck twelve ere Jeanne and the housekeeper start on their nocturnal mission of seeing that "all is safe": an empty form, gone through by Ange at every season of the year with stoic, albeit fruitless, punctuality. They try kitchen-windows, faithfully barred hours ago by Hans and Elspeth; they shake casement-windows, which opened at their widest could not admit a child of six; they look behind impossible screens, they set in order wires that, in case of burglarious attack, would, it is supposed by the faithful, communicate with a bell in Ange's chamber. And then they turn their attention to the front door, left wide open at the time of Wolfgang's arrival, and through which a dozen robbers abreast might at any moment of the evening have invaded Schloss Egmont, had they listed.

"Yes, yes," says Ange, giving abrupt utterance to some distant train of mental speculation, "there is a screw loose about that master of yours, child. He has not the manners of his station, or the modesty either—the modesty, that is to say, that once belonged to the lower classes; and, if this kind of thing goes on much longer, I shall think it right . . . Heaven save and protect us, Jeanne—a man!"

Ange sinks shivering and panting against the first support that presents itself (Ange, who has always declared herself to be, on an emergency, worth a regiment of soldiers, who has a hundred stories to tell of her own presence of mind, her own desperate valor at different past crises of life). That support is—Mr. Wolfgang's arms.

"I was just smoking my last cigar in the dark," he remarks, quietly depositing Ange and her emotions on a bench that stands outside the door—"Have you noticed the summer lightnings, Fräulein Jeanne? Watch them for a minute, here with me. Even for the Black Forest the effects of sudden silver and purple are something magic."

During the last couple of hours heaven's face has grown overclouded. It is warm as noon; intensely dark, save where, ever and anon, a fire-fly's transitory metallic radiance flashes through

the gloom. Not a vibration of sound is there in air or on earth. Not a fir-needle throughout the vast expanse of neighboring forests seems to stir.

As Wolfgang speaks, comes a sudden pulsating flood of white light, enabling him and his companion to discern every familiar object around—the stiff juniper-hedges of the garden, the moat, the bridge, far away, the granite, fir-girt summits of the Blauen Mountains—with dazzling clearness. Then again sinks down a darkness that can be felt, the sickly ray from Ange's lantern alone enabling them to discern each other's faces; and then, after a pause, during which neither master nor pupil speaks, comes another break of light, longer, more exquisitely heaven-clear, than the last.

"It is a night when one should be abroad in the forest," says Wolfgang, inhaling a mighty draught of air—cool, sparkling air, freshly drawn from the cisterns of midnight. "Often, as a boy, have I spent the hours, from midnight to sunrise, watching such lightnings as these."

"Here, in the valley of the Höllenthal?" Jeanne asks him, startled.

"Here—or elsewhere. What matter longitude and latitude? Nature is the same, whether you look at her among Black Forest firs or the olive and ilex groves of the Alban Hills."

"It is a great deal too late for honest folk to be out of their beds," remarks Ange, establishing herself well within the door. "You have a long walk still before you, Mr. Wolfgang, and, if you take my advice, will lose no time in starting.—Jeanne, my dear, come in. We wish Mr. Wolfgang, do we not, a very good night?"

Ange's figure is looking more grotesquely rebellious to the laws of gravitation than usual. It is said that M. Doré gets suggestions for outlines from the shadows cast by morsels of crumpled paper on a sunlit floor. The profile of Ange's figure at this moment might, assuredly, hint forth any number of weird combinations to an imaginative mind. Her cap, her curls, have suffered during her quasi-faint; the flounces of her company silk bristle forth, fantastically irregular.

Little Jeanne notes a quick smile cross Wolfgang's face.

"What! Do you consider this a fitting hour for me to start across the mountains?" he begins good-humoredly.

"I consider nothing at all about fitting or

not fitting, sir. The last train passed St. Ulrich at eight. When you missed that train you must have known your only alternative was to walk. Jeanne, come in."

The girl obeys, lingeringly. At the same moment Wolfgang makes a strategic backward movement that enables him to plant one foot within the threshold of Schloss Egmont.

"I must throw myself on your compassion, Mamselle Ange," he remarks boldly. "For to-night, such fraction of night as remains between this and dawn, I ask your hospitality."

"Mr. Wolfgang—sir! the servants have gone to rest—every habitable room in the Schloss is full." A look of absolute ludicrous terror is on Ange's face, the lamp in her hand trembles. "I have been here over thirty years," she goes on in a hollow voice, "and I never was placed in such a false position yet. You can walk down to St. Ulrich, surely? Make your way to the Bahnhof, knock up the station people—"

"And be taken for an escaped socialist," interrupts the master, "rewarded with a revolver-shot for my pains. In these days of fraternal equality one does not care to run risks toward the small hours of the morning."

Ange's cheeks turn green. She is a woman deeply read in police history, and on the instant (so she afterward makes confession) the heroes of a dozen stories of midnight violence rise, red-handed, before her vision. What does she know of this *soi-disant* master, or of his antecedents? Who should answer for his intentions? What were the occupants of the Schloss—a handful of women, a servant-lad, a London dandy—if it came to a conflict with a band of *annihilist* desperadoes, armed to the teeth?

"My best Mamselle Ange," says Wolfgang, in the tone of easy command that, despite his sordid surroundings, so well becomes him, "I respect your scruples. You are the guardian of Schloss Egmont, and you shrink, naturally, from affording shelter at midnight to questionable characters."

"To questionable characters!" repeats Jeanne Dempster indignantly.

"But it is possible for you to perform an act of charity with circumspection. Put me in Paul's study. By locking a couple of inner doors you can shut me completely off from the rest of the house. I shall depart through the window by daybreak, and the only thing I could possibly carry away with me would be young Von Egmont's portrait."

Ange has no choice but to consent. Wolfgang assists in barring the front door. As they pass the bottom of the staircase he holds out his hand to Turk the mastiff (gray and toothless now, but who for more than a dozen years has

been the protector of Schloss Egmont). The dog crouches and licks it.

"And still, Jeanne, still, I mistrust the man," says Ange, when a few minutes later her lantern is feebly piercing the gloom of an upper staircase; Wolfgang safely imprisoned, according to his own suggestion, in the oak study. "Turk's instinct? Oh, half the robberies going are brought about through the connivance of house-dogs. Mr. Wolfgang is not what he seems! Even Frau Pastor Meyer—and she has traveled about the world—I won't talk of her breeding, but she is a pious woman, versed in the depravity of our fallen nature—even the Frau Pastor noticed the fineness of his linen. What should a Latin master do with cambric fronts? Why, his laundress's bill alone must eat up half his earnings. Take my word for it, child, when Count Paul returns, Mr. Wolfgang's day will be over. There will not be room for them both under the roof of Schloss Egmont."

At which prophecy Jeanne Dempster holds her peace.

CHAPTER XI.

A HEART.

"HEROES," says the proverb, "are not heroes to their valets." Goddesses, if one may generalize from a solitary example, are in no wise goddesses to their female friends.

In other classes, other manners. Had Vivian been born, as Beauties used to be, in the purple of notoriety, she might have bowed more gracefully to her honors, have submitted with finer self-respect to her dethronement. Beauty, at one time, was a good deal a matter of family connection. There were certain houses in which a complexion, a throat, a line of feature, were held to be hereditary. The future "toast" knew over what kingdom she should hold sway before she left the nursery; was trained to rule, rather than conquer, in the schoolroom—grew accustomed to bear a crown, even before her slender shoulders were adequate to the weight.

Vivian is a usurper. Partly by accident, partly by sheer self-assertion, not a little—so forward is the æsthetic taste of over-civilized man—through the fact that she is *not* beautiful, has she won her perilous way to greatness whereunto she was not born; and her success, of its very nature, has hardened, vulgarized her.

She was elected a beauty—ah, that bitter past tense!—by so powerful a clique, had backers in places so high, that mothers the most watchful, wives the most circumspect, were forced to inscribe her on their visiting list. "An outsider, a

photograph celebrity—the talk of the clubs—the Folly of the moment”—these, and other harder names, the members of her own sex who loved her not might bestow upon Lord Vauxhall's Invention. They could not, dared not, while her star was still in the ascendant, exclude her from their houses.

From their houses—no. But is there any law, written or unwritten, forbidding a hostess to chill as she courtesies, to stab as she smiles?

Patricia may be forced to admit the Folly of the moment to her ballroom, yet will make that Folly feel, as only Patricias can, over what kind of volcano her satin-slippeder plebeian feet trip so lightly.

What exquisite slights, what finished, well-bred insults must not poor Beauty have submitted to from women, even before the slackening homage of men warned her that the hour of her downfall drew near! How bitterly and oft must she have counted upon the gains, the losses, that celebrity had cost her! What visions must have darkened her pillow of the future, hourly becoming more certain, when the fiat of humiliation should have gone forth, and another Lord Vauxhall have invented another Vivian, or another batch of Vivians—is not imitation the Nemesis of notoriety?—for the admiration of the town!

Miss Vivash's success, I repeat, of its very nature, has hardened, vulgarized her. It has done more. It has taken away every wholesome, simple taste of life from her feverish palate. Lady Pamela Lawless, butterfly though she be, has a thousand ways, more or less wise, of massacring time. Lady Pamela is a good walker, a not unintelligent observer of men and things, finds genuine pleasure in every kind of outdoor sport—even in the Kegelbahn! Lady Pamela, ere four-and-twenty hours go by, has settled down with perfect resignation to her fortnight's dose of Schloss Egmont—and the society of Sir Christopher Marlowe.

To poor Beauty all is barren from Dan to Beersheba; the world, in very truth, a doll stuffed with straw, save where the complexion, the slaves, the parasols, the bonnets of Vivian Vivash are concerned.

She detests all that the country yields with a detestation worthy of Miss Kilmansegg. Her ankles are too weak for these horrible hilly walks that surround Schloss Egmont. The smell of the pine-forests is like a benzene-lamp, reminds her of cleaned gloves, of village tea-parties. She is convinced the sun, should she rashly venture in it, would bring on an apoplexy. During the season she was strong enough to waltz for four or five hours every night of her life; to pass her mornings on the historic walking gray, in the Row; to spend her afternoons in shopping or

driving, to dine out seven consecutive days in each week, and generally attend all the races, four-in-hand meetings, Twickenham dinners, and garden-parties going.

But, then, this was *in London!*

There is something really pathetic in the persistency with which her thoughts center on the London she has left, the London which, it would seem, continues to drive, dine, dance—to worship, even, at the shrine of new goddesses, in her absence!

"The whole Beauty question wants ventilating," Lady Pamela will tell her consolingly. "See how much more fairly things are managed on the turf! Every new Beauty ought to be heavily handicapped (a committee of dowagers might decide upon the penalties and allowances), and a first favorite, when her day is over, be provided for by act of Parliament."

"A first favorite had better be pensioned off at the end of one season." Thus Vivian, with a bitter laugh. "Three months is long enough for such a reign. I ought to have had small-pox, or have died, or married, a twelvemonth ago."

"You would, in that case, have possessed exactly a twelvemonth's less bracelets, my dear," answers Lady Pamela calmly.

Bracelets! Listening to the two friends, as they discuss this ever-fresh theme, one would think that human life, with all its complex measure of joy and pain, could be computed by jewelry.

Ovid, wise with the wisdom of his generation, remarks that certain Roman ladies had birthdays as often as it suited them. Martial, in an epigram, reproaches Silva with celebrating eight of these festivities yearly. A modern London beauty, in the matter of presents, if in nothing else, throws the ladies of old Rome into the shade. Quite coolly, Jeanne and Mamselle Ange listening, will Vivian talk of the diamond ring sent her by Prince This, or the pearl and ruby bracelet presented to her by the Duke of That. Her horse, her riding-habit, the opera-tickets, the yachting tours of Lady Pamela and herself, have been obtained free of cost. "Doubtful," so the Beauty playfully declares, "if we have paid our own grocers' bills." As for Mr. Chodd—his gifts, not returned, it would seem, at the rupture of the engagement, must have been legion. Trinkets, silks, laces, all the costliest items in Vivian's possession are spoken of as Samuel's choice, Samuel's fairing, dear good Samuel's latest peace-offering, *u. s. w.* If he was thus amenable to reason as a suitor, what might not consistently have been hoped from Mr. Chodd as a husband!

The loss of her quondam lover occasions Vivian more fond regret than a surface observer

might give her credit for. On the third morning after the London visitors' arrival, Jeanne, stopping before the open door of the improvised "boudoir," discovers poor Beauty in tears; such innocuous tears as may on occasion give safe relief to temper, yet not endanger one's eyelashes or mar one's complexion. It is an art, a science in itself, this knowing how and when to weep.

Everything in the outdoor world is joyous today. A brisk north wind, with a refreshing sense of coming autumn in its breath, stirs among the forests; the sun shines with godlike fervor on the distant Blauen tops; he shines, with purple sweetness, in the hearts of Mamselle Ange's roses. The burn trills out a never-ending song without words as it runs onward, onward, over its bed of moss and stone, toward the Rhine.

But all is tuneless, sunless, to Beauty. She sits at her writing-table—in a morning-wrapper all too ravishing to be described by this homely historian—a jeweled pen (whose gift? Jeanne wonders) between her fingers, a monogrammed sheet of note-paper outspread before her. All is tuneless, sunless, to Miss Vivash. The post has brought her the weekly socials, once the harbingers, the bulwarks of her reputation, and Vivian sees the world through smoke-colored spectacles.

A new Beauty has been invented. Hence these tears! "Metistophiles," "The Star and Garter Gazette," and other such chameleon-like journals of society sing pæans in the new Beauty's favor. What antidote can be offered by July sunshine, by forest, stream, or garden, to shaft so poisoned as this?

"It is monstrous, the work of a cabal," Miss Vivash exclaims, inviting Jeanne, by a glance, to enter, and pushing aside her writing materials with irritation. "And to think that I should have been betrayed by this turncoat, time-serving 'Metistophiles!'" taking up a paper from the heap that lies beside her. "One, two, three—yes, I have had three copies sent me by different dear, good-natured friends, afraid, each of them, lest the vile scandal should not reach me fast enough. A new Beauty, indeed! As if Beauties, like mushrooms, could spring up in a night!"

She turns the pages impatiently; then, in a voice that quivers with genuine feeling, begins to read the vile scandal aloud. It is a panegyric, foreign to this story, upon some freshly imported dark-eyed American, "The Boston Rose," whose charms and whose millinery have been the delight of Goodwood. Every detail respecting the lady's dress, manner, speech, and luncheon is given with delightful outspokenness; indeed, little Jeanne, in her ignorance, can scarce decide whether the racehorses, the jockeys, the three-

card men, or the reigning beauties are the most familiarly criticised. The Rose's parasol was expressly manufactured for her use in Lyons—its device, knots of her emblematic flower, with the initials B. R. on a white-moiré ground. Her bouquet was presented to her, with exquisite grace, on the course, by Lord Vauxhall. No less a personage than his Serene Transparency, Prince Ludwig of Szczakowa, was plateholder while the Beauty picked her chicken-bones and consumed her lobster-salad.

"Although mobbed at every turn," concludes the paragraph, "the roughs crying 'That's her! that's her!' royalty eying her through opera-glasses, a jealous herd of mothers and daughters criticising her every movement as she walked down the course upon her husband's arm, the Boston Rose wore her honors with the quiet unconsciousness that already distinguishes her. Enthusiastic artists and poets declare that such a nose and lips have never before been seen out of marble. In sober prose we may state that no such living goddess, 'ripe and real, worth all the beauties of your stone ideal,' has graced Goodwood during the past dozen years, at least."

"It is written by their own sub-editor," cries Vivian, throwing the paper from her with disgust. "It is the work of Stokes! Could I mistake his style? Did Stokes not give me scores of such notices, did he not give me a leader every second week, until I refused to get him an invitation to Strawberry House? 'No such goddess seen at Goodwood for a dozen years!' And only last July—twelve short months ago—"

She turns abruptly to the glass; she analyzes the reflection it gives her back. Alas! and at this moment lines are on her forehead, hardness is round her lips. It takes no great stretch of prophetic vision to predict what Vivian Vivash will be in half another decade.

"I am not growing old," so she cries harshly, and more as though she apostrophized Fate than addressed her companion. "I have not changed—'tis impossible I should have changed, and me not eight-and-twenty yet!"

Be not over-critical, reader! Can you expect the most beautiful woman the world has seen for four hundred years to be grammatical?

"And this notice in 'The Star and Garter!'" taking up another paper, out of whose sheets drops a lithographed sketch—a short-lipped, high-nosed, drooping-shouldered gem of the aristocracy. "To think that a miserable penny-a-liner, a man whom we used to have to dinner *out of pity*, dares, because I am alone and unprotected, to write of me like this!—

"The success of our deposed queen was, from first to last, a success of esteem. Thanks to a smile, a pair of shoulders, a friendly artist,

and a momentary stagnation in the beauty mart, she awoke one morning, like Lord Byron, to find herself famous. That the descent of the stick has been quick as the uprising of the rocket can surprise no one. The whilom divinity of our smoking-rooms, the V. V. of our breast-pins and pipe-bowls, had not, in plain English, and as the intelligent foreigner told us from the first, a feature in her face.

"And I wish that I were dead—no, I wish Lord Vauxhall were dead, here at my feet!" The light that lies in Beauty's eyes is not a pleasant one. "But for him and his Twickenham dinners—dinners given to ladies of position to-day, to Mademoiselle Sara, from the circus, to-morrow—I should not have angered the one man who loved me."

A look of real emotion sweeps across Vivian's face. Wound the vanity of a woman of her mold, and, in nine cases out of ten, she will unaffectedly believe 'tis her heart that suffers.

"... I should be rich, I should have the world on my side still. During a season and a half, who dared leave me out of anything? I went to all the ambassadors' houses, I used to sit next the prime minister at dinner. If members of reigning families came to London on a visit, I was asked to meet them. My name appeared, as a matter of course, at the concerts and garden parties—and when the Court went in mourning I wore black. If I had married—yes, if I had married even a shoddy *Mecenas*"—let us not ask how Beauty pronounces the word—"I should be in high places at this moment. The American creature is married. To get on in such a horrid, intriguing world, a poor helpless woman wants a protector. Thank Heaven, Jeanne," this with trenchant bitterness, "that you are out of reach of temptation. Thank Heaven, on bended knee, for your homely looks. There was a time," moans Beauty, "when I thought I would rather die than be ugly—yes, and I have said so openly, no matter what fine ladies with plain faces were listening. I had best change my opinions now. To be dowdy and virtuous, to have this hideous Black Forest for a background, to count the spoons, to chronicle the small beer of Schloss Egmont will be my fate, I doubt not, and I—oh, I shall have to bear it, yet neither commit murder nor suicide, if I can!"

And motioning to Jeanne to quit her, Miss Vivash, with a dreary yawn, returns to her letter-writing. Without betrayal of confidence, may we not glance across her shoulder and read?

"SCHLOSS EGDMONT IN BADEN.

"MY VERY DEAREST PRINCESS: All that you told me of your old home falls short of the mark. Schloss Egmont is simply too charming.

Till now I never knew how little I care for the dingy parks, the hot and glaring streets of London. The forests are pretty to a degree, exactly the fashionable shade of deep bluish green that is so becoming—you must remember the *dress I wore* at Lady Flora Walgrave's breakfast? At present I have not got beyond the dear romantic old garden. The fish-ponds, and juniper-hedges, and things do make one feel so *à la Watteau*! It seems a sin to have no aspirant R. A., brush in hand, to paint one. Yesterday I took afternoon tea, merely from artistic sentiment, beside a broken dial on the western terrace, and consoled my solitude by thinking how often you and Count Paul must have *played there* when you were children. I wore an enchanting tea gown of printed washing silk, on a cream ground over blue, the silk made *en sacque*, with cascade of Auvergne lace, folds of Indian muslin (fitting the figure exquisitely), and a cap the same shade, of Pompadour satin. It seems to me, though I have only seen your brother with the eyes of the *spirit*, that I know him better than any of the throng I used to dance and ride with in London. How much more really flattering is his delicate homage than all the noisy fulsome praises of the crowd!—But you must promise never to betray me—never to let him suspect that I wrote thus! Alas! I am too romantic, it is the fault of my character. If my *heart had been* worldly, I should be in a very different position at this moment, as you know.

"Mamselle Ange, the housekeeper, a quite too delicious old oddity, received a telegram from Count Paul this morning, and we are to expect his coming next Saturday. Lady Pamela and Sir Christopher wish to get up theatricals for the evening of his arrival, and I have been persuaded into saying yes. Had my taste been consulted, I would far sooner have met for the first time in the delightful quietness of the country, the budding woods around, the primroses blossoming, the song of the nightingale, or of whatever bird it is that sings at this season of the year, overhead! But poor dear Pamela is as frivolous as ever, and Sir Christopher—

"Ah, my friend, conscience, I confess, pricks me sorely when I look at Sir Christopher Marlowe, and think what manner of man he might have become had *Fate been kinder* to him. But 'tis folly to remember.' Sir Christopher has an ancient name, an unincumbered estate, and I am a lowly born country girl, raised by accident (as some one says, 'Can you help being perfectly beautiful any more than being perfectly clever, or a perfect fool?') out of the ranks. Yes, dearest Salome, though the great ones of the earth have taken me up, I never forget my station, or theirs. But I have A Heart! Any woman who marries

without love, according to my code, commits a *crime*. And so Sir Christopher knows that I am unchangeable, and tries to pretend, poor thing, that he is consoled. Sometimes the fear haunts me that he will turn desperate—at a certain miserable time, don't you remember hearing how wildly he played at loo and baccarat?—and marry Lady Pamela Lawless. Heaven forbid it! Although I can give nothing warmer, the poor little fellow has all my friendship, and I would not see a man I care for marry a milliner's block. A milliner's block, too, without beauty, though no one living underrates pink and white charms, and *worships intellect* more than me.

"As I have spoken of theatricals, you will ask about our *dramatis persona*. Oh, what a falling off is here—and when one remembers my success with Lady Clearwell's Incomparables, every place gone three weeks beforehand, and stalls got for the Portuguese princes only through the very highest influence! But I have drunk the Cup of Ecstasy to the dregs—my ambition now is a fire-side, domestic joy, affection—and I rate such vanities at their true worth. *Ma très chère*, we have got, in addition to the three chief actors that you know, the housekeeper's adopted daughter, little Jeanne. The child is plain to piquancy; her lank locks, lean cheeks, and 'intense' expression would fit her for a model in the art school of ugliness. We have also got—tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in May Fair—a certain Herr Wolfgang, Jeanne's arithmetic master, to take the part of *jeune premier*. The poor man is awkward and uncomfortable, as might be expected from a person in his position; still, as he can speak English decently, one was obliged to enlist him or give up the idea of theatricals. You can imagine, with what you used to call my *patrician proclivities*, that Herr Wolfgang's society must be rather a trial to me. However, I think nothing of myself. All I wish is to insure a brilliant home-coming to the brother of my friend.

"I gather from Mamselle Ange's talk that Count Paul's tastes are admirably simple. In his boyhood he met with some romantic adventure, it seems, that for years has made him shun the world. (Like the hero in that talented novel we read together, don't you remember, the free-thinking Life Guardsman, with fifty thousand a year, and blonde whiskers, who took to wandering about Europe, the curse of Cain on his brow, and singing Anacreontic songs in the *cafés*!) Oh, are not these tastes mine? A country life, a moderate fortune, enough and only enough of London to give zest to the remaining five months of the year! One's friends about one, a little quiet yachting, perhaps, in autumn—ah, dearest friend, will these placid delights of existence ever be mine, or—

"I send a thousand diplomatic good wishes to *ce cher Prince*, and I am my Salome's devotedly attached—VIVIAN."

"Have you heard of this American *parvenue*, whom the newspapers are absurdly trying to write into celebrity? I saw her at the Opera before I left town, a little lean doll, with wide-open, foolish eyes, the manners of a schoolgirl, and a husband who, they say, is a first-rate pistol-shot, and will not allow his wife's photograph to be sold in the shops. My dear, she can come to no good. These barbarous marital virtues might do in California—do for one of the heroes in Bret Harte's novels. They will never pave the way to success in nineteenth-century London."

CHAPTER XII.

FIRST REHEARSALS.

PAUL VON EGMONT'S return is fixed for Saturday. The actors have five days yet before them for the erection of their stage, for the organization of their footlights, for their scenery, properties, programmes, rehearsals, and quarrels.

Quarrels? Who that takes a part in amateur theatricals but must echo the sentiments of quaint old proverb-writer Le Clerq? "*J'adore les proverbes.*" So he makes one of his own stage personages declare. "*C'est la plus belle invention. C'est la source de mille tracasseries. Aussitôt qu'on les introduit dans une maison on est assuré de jouir de toutes les divisions, de toutes les zizanies, les médisances, les calomnies, qui règnent ordinairement parmi les acteurs de profession.*"

"Unless the cast is revised, I owe it to my own self-respect to withdraw from the piece," says Miss Vivash, with uplifted profile. "My recollections of dearest Blanche Plantagenet, of Lord William Frederick de Vesey—such high breeding, such talent—"

"Unless I may stick to Cesario, I act nothing," cries Lady Pamela, stoutly determined. "I have ordered my Hessians to be sent over from London, and unless I can bring them in, like Mr. Crummler's pump, I strike."

"Ladies," interposes Ange, in despair, "remember my larder! self-respect, high breeding, Hessians! I have ordered twenty pair of chickens from France, I have ordered pies from Strasbourg, and salmon from Geneva. And there is thunder in the air!"

"Pity the sorrows of a grand chamberlain," chimes in Sir Christopher Marlowe tragically—"a grand chamberlain in a yellow-flowered waistcoat, an ill-fitting periwig, an ermine-lined

cloak, and knickerbockers of the period. This is my attire. My histrionic genius will be displayed in making fourteen profound salutations, in announcing everybody into everybody else's presence, and in generally tripping myself up on my own sword, from the rising of the curtain until its fall. If I might exchange—"

"No further exchanges are possible," says Miss Vivash coldly. "As dear Lady Pamela inclines so strongly toward hose and doublet, I suppose she must have her way. Such things are matters of taste. You, Sir Christopher, would be too incongruous as the Count Leoni—"

"But congruous, exceedingly, in the yellow-flowered waistcoat and ill-fitting periwig of the Grand Chamberlain! Mein Herr" (and Sir Christopher turns to Wolfgang), "I wish you joy of the part assigned to you to enact. You are to make love, sir, in quick succession to the Duchess of Carrara (as played by Miss Vivash) and to her Maid of Honor (as played by Fräulein Jeanne). You are to be gallant, jealous, ferocious, and irreproachably matrimonial in a breath. You are also to wear a cherry-colored doublet, unearthed from the depths of Mamselle Ange's lumber-room, white boots, a Baden militiaman's sword, a plume, and tights. Receive my best wishes."

The evening of the first set rehearsal has arrived. A stage, at once cumbrous and creaky, after the manner of German carpenter's work, has been put up in the state dining-room; foot-lights are burning and going out at uncertain intervals; properties have been hastily got together; a scene, anachronistic as to date and country, has been brought down from the Fürstentzimmer; and all the members of the corps are quarreling with true theatrical warmth and spirit over their *roles*. The master, who as yet has not heard a word of the play, is to be allowed to read his part. Miss Vivash undertakes the functions of stage-manager and prompter. Ange—sore perplexed as to the likely effect of thunder on poultry and Strasburg pies, hot, disheveled from superintendence of the village carpenters, sits away in the darkest corner of the *salle*, doing audience.

"If you would like to put yourself entirely in my hands, Mr. Wolfgang?" suggests the Beauty, in dulcet tones. "I have acted twice in this piece with Lady Clearwell's Incomparables, Lord William Frederick taking Leoni. I know how every word, every look of the impassioned lover (poor dear Lord William Frederick!) should be rendered. Will you consent?"

"Will you consent to be troubled with such a pupil?" Wolfgang answers, moving instantly to her side. "I have no dramatic genius at the best of times. I am not sure of getting out a single *B* or *P* correctly."

"Oh, we will make allowance for deficiencies!" she interrupts. "Of course, in such a position as yours, it is not likely you should have seen any first-class acting, but you will be on the scene with me nearly all the time, and with my abilities, as Lady Clearwell says, I can pull the greatest stick in the world through." Tact, it may be remarked, is scarcely one of Vivian Vivash's characteristics. "Now, if every one is ready, we may as well begin.—Sir Christopher, you enter from C. to L."

"Wondering which of the seven cardinal sins I have committed, and swearing by every hair in my reverend beard—Garrick himself could make nothing of such a character," breaks forth Sir Christopher, with more energy than it is his custom to show on any subject. "If you are bent on comedy, Miss Vivash, why not choose something all the world knows? There is 'She Stoops to Conquer.' I will undertake to give you Tony Lumpkin, down to the ground, and—"

"'She Stoops to Conquer' requires half a dozen set scenes. We have one—if you can call it one! 'She Stoops to Conquer' requires sixteen performers. The Schloss Egmont Incapables (I hope you admire the title I have found for our company, Mr. Wolfgang?)—the Schloss Egmont Incapables muster five—if you can call them five."

"Then have a farce, something that shall make the gods laugh, even though they do not know a word of English.—'Betsy Baker,' or 'Poor Pillicoddy.' We have about the right number, it seems, for 'Poor Pillicoddy,' and I will take Sarah Blunt. There is not a professional in London can act a servant-girl better than I, and our friend Wolfgang will give us Pillicoddy Germanized."

"With the part of Anastasia Pillicoddy for myself. You are exceedingly appreciative, Sir Christopher! Will Miss Dempster's talents or those of Lady Pamela be best adapted for the colossal mariner, Captain O'Scuttle?"

"Can Captain O'Scuttle wear Hessian boots?" cries Lady Pamela. "I am unburdened by false pride. I will take any character in the English drama which will enable me to bring in my boots."

"Then take the Grand Chamberlain," says Sir Christopher promptly. "Wear your Hessians, spurs and all, Lady Pamela, and let me be the Maid of Honor's lover.—Miss Dempster, you consent to the transfer?"

"It would be a vast deal simpler to give up the idea of acting," says Miss Vivash, with a movement of impatience. "Even in this benighted country I don't choose that people should connect my name with a failure."

"You should have settled these disputes

among yourselves, earlier," cries Ange, in a choked voice. "Only this morning I might have counter-ordered my supper. Twenty pair of chickens, Strasburg pies, salmon—and thunder in the air!"

"Suppose we go through the rehearsal first, and discuss our demerits afterward," suggests Wolfgang, in his tone of quiet mastery—a tone to which Vivian herself unconsciously yields. "The Chamberlain," consulting the book as he speaks, "enters first, and to him Count Leoni. Some one tell me the plot in three words, that I may know what ground the Count Leoni stands upon."

"Plot!" repeats Sir Christopher, with a groan. "As if our splendid play possessed one! I have read it six times, I have learned my part—Lady Pamela, rather, has drilled my part into me—and I know less what the whole thing is about than I did at starting. In the first place, the Count Leoni is not the Count Leoni at all."

"That is wrong," exclaims Ange, glad of an occasion to ventilate her temper at the master's expense. "Give me a man, Mr. Wolfgang, who is what he seems. I am no friend of concealments and disguises."

Under pretext of approaching a lamp, Mr. Wolfgang moves somewhat aside. He bends his face down, as if engaged in conning his part, and replies not.

"I honor your sentiments, Mamselle Ange," remarks Sir Christopher. "But I go a great deal further. I say, give me the man who does not need the same pair of lips to refuse him twice. This wretched Count, who is no count, gets snubbed by every woman in the piece."

("The part will suit me, after all," says Wolfgang in parenthesis, and without looking round.)

"Is rejected by the Duchess, Miss Vivash, flirted with, furiously, by the Maid of Honor, Fraulein Jeanne, and in the end is poor creature enough—"

"The story tells itself, without annotation, Sir Christopher," cries Vivian, her color heightening.—"Mr. Wolfgang, you are this poor creature, this Prince Louis of Savoy, who, disguised as his own envoy, solicits the hand of the Duchess Olympia. Let the rehearsal proceed."

The rehearsal proceeds: more smoothly than might have been hoped for, after prelude so stormy. Whatever the worth of the comedy, as art, it is not ill suited to the powers of the "Egmont Incapables." Vivian has been taught to act by the best professional instructors in London—I should rather say, has been taught to walk "stagily" before footlights, to pose in "stagey" attitudes, to talk in a "stagey" voice: the art of acting is unteachable. Lady Pamela, as an amateur, is above mediocrity. In the char-

acter of the Maid of Honor there is ample scope for Jeanne to display grace, liveliness, and a certain sly, girlish malice that is not without its charm.

At the first telling scene in the play, the interview between Olympia's lover and the mischievous Maid of Honor, even Mamselle Ange applauds.

Giulia. Take my word for it, the Prince of Savoy has had a very lucky escape from the Duchess of Carrara.

Leoni. You amaze me, madame. In what way?

Giulia. She is as capricious as forty duchesses and five hundred maids of honor.

Leoni. A very venial fault.

Giulia. She is haughty.

Leoni. A duchess should be so.

Giulia. Recklessly profuse of expenditure.

Leoni. Her rank may demand it.

Giulia. Of boundless extravagance.

Leoni. Her means may warrant it.

Giulia. Inordinately given to pleasure.

Leoni. The taste is not uncommon.

Giulia. And to conclude, she loves some one else.

Leoni. Ah, now you have me at fault. Louis of Savoy could accept no second love.

Wolfgang pronounces these words with significance; he looks hard across the stage at Miss Vivash.

Accept no second love! A man who should win Beauty's shipwrecked heart must be content to take it with unquestioning faith, content to take it in such shattered, dilapidated condition as it came to him. Second, fifth, tenth—who shall reckon the experiences that poor heart has gone through since the day when Lord Vauxhall first launched his *trouville*, without compass, without anchor, among the perilous shoals and quicksands of London life?

"Second love!" exclaims Lady Pamela Lawless, with her airy laugh. "Vivian, my dear, fancy you or me going back to such preadamite matters as our second loves."

"My first love is the only one to which I have been constant," says Miss Vivash, unconsciously sincere. "By the time I was seven years old, I knew my looking-glass was my best friend, and I fell in love with what I saw there. I shall remain faithful to that attachment till I die."

"Bravissima!" cries Sir Christopher, applauding on his finger-tips. "If it were not for shocking Mamselle Ange, we would imagine ourselves to be in the Palace of Truth, get up a game of 'Confessions,' Miss Vivash enacting the penitential-chief. It would be more piquant than the wickedest play ever written in any language."

The rehearsal has to be thrice repeated. The

master acquits himself creditably, *B's* and *P's* notwithstanding; but Vivian is a severe critic, and professes herself still unsatisfied. Mr. Wolfgang's points are not those with which Lord William Frederick brought down the plaudits of the house at Brighton. Mr. Wolfgang does not show tenderness enough as the lover of the Duchess, he throws altogether unnecessary ardor into his passing flirtation with the Maid of Honor. Especially does his rendering of one little scene go against her critical judgment. Looking after Giulia as she quits the stage, Leoni is made to exclaim:

"At last, then, I obtain what I have sickened for so long—woman's love, without the alloy of woman's vanity and self-interest. I am loved for myself, not for my—"

"Oh dear, no, Mr. Wolfgang, this kind of thing will never do," interrupts Vivian sharply. "You misunderstand the whole drift of the situation. Leoni is thinking of Olympia, only of Olympia."

"But he has that moment besought Giulia, passionately, to marry him," suggests the master.

"In a fit of mistaken jealousy, not caring whether the girl answers yes or no. His manner to her must be supremely indifferent—Lord William Frederick acted it so deliciously that dearest Blanche Plantagenet was just the least bit in the world piqued—his eyes must follow her coldly as she leaves the scene."

"Ach, so! That will want study indeed.—Little Jeanne," says Wolfgang kindly, and holding out his hand to his pupil, "come hither. This 'looking cold' is a part that will, indeed, need practice."

For a moment there is dead silence. Wolfgang's expression of face, the familiar "little Jeanne," the change from the half-deferential, half-bantering manner in which he has been receiving Vivian's instructions, take every one present aback.

Vivian herself is the first to speak.

"If an amateur performance is to have a chance of success, there should be, not half a dozen, but half a hundred rehearsals. Every point, as Lady Clearwell says, ought to be labored at, stippled up like a miniature. 'The Maid of Honor' may not be brilliantly witty!"

"Brilliantly witty!" echoes Sir Christopher, with gloomy emphasis.

"But I have never known it fail of success when I have taken the part of Olympia." A master memory used to keep score of the number of times the heroine fainted throughout a fashionable novel. Could any mind reckon up the "I's" that occur during one half-hour of Vivian Vivash's conversation? "All I ask is—that I should be decently supported. I must

coach you all, separately and individually, in your parts. Now, if Mr. Wolfgang"—she gives a side-glance, then looks down—"if Mr. Wolfgang could run over to Schloss Egmont for an hour or so every forenoon, not exactly for general rehearsal, but just to polish up the scenes of love and jealousy, in which Leoni and the Duchess appear alone?"

What answer but one can Wolfgang, a man in nowise lifted to heroic heights above vanity, return to such an appeal? He will run over to Schloss Egmont to-morrow, will hold himself in readiness at all hours of the day between this and Saturday, if such be Miss Vivash's commands.

"And your pupils in Freiburg," cries Ange, looking up with a queer expression from her corner—"those excellent, studious lads you have so often told us about, to whom work means work, and Euclid, Euclid. What is to become of the pupils' mathematics while the master is junketing and play-acting about the country?"

"The pupils need rest," says Wolfgang gravely. "Overwork is sapping their intellectual strength. I shall give my excellent, studious lads a holiday until the morrow of Paul von Egmont's return."

"The studious lads, and their mathematics, too, seem to be of an elastic nature," retorts Ange dryly.

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD VAUXHALL'S INVENTION.

WOLFGANG keeps his word. The scenes of love and jealousy are as conscientiously labored at as though the great Lady Clearwell were stage manageress, and everything augurs well for Vivian's approaching triumph.

Laces, satins, paste brilliants, Hessian boots, are on their road from London; pink satin play-bills, with Vivian Vivash's name preëminent in big capitals, are ordered from Baden; notes of acceptances, yes, even from their Serene Transparencies at the Residenz, pour hourly in. Mamselle Ange, over head and ears in the preparation of calves'-feet jelly, English plum-cakes, and German zuckerbkherei—Mamselle Ange, more confused of thought, more uncertain of temper than usual, declares that a new reign of folly and ruin is being inaugurated at Schloss Egmont. From father to son, the Von Egmonts have ruined themselves after one fashion. It will be the same story now: the only difference that, with fast London notions, with a set of fast London prodigals to assist him, Paul's ruin is likely to come about at a somewhat quicker pace than that of his ancestors.

Everything augurs well for Vivian's approaching triumph; but Vivian herself is bored well-nigh to extinction! When the English post is in, when the late breakfast is dawdled through, when Wolfgang has received his daily dose of poison from the flattering, cold eyes of his preceptress, how, in very truth, should poor Beauty occupy herself? After Paul von Egmont's return, things may be better. Von Egmont, so she will say pleasantly to Jeanne and Mamselle Ange, between her yawns, will, at least, be *human*. He will have subjects of conversation (by "conversation" Vivian means the gossip of the clubs, the last scandal of the turf, or of the law-courts), and he will have taste—to appreciate Miss Vivian Vivash's charms!

Meanwhile there are endless hours still to be slaughtered before his arrival—in this July prime, this perfect weather; no fleck of cloud, from dawn to even, on heaven's blue face; every black aisle of the forest warm with piny fragrance; the distant mountains steeped, from pinnacle to base, in sunshine!—endless hours of the too transient Schwarzwald summer to be slaughtered, not delighted in. Are there no Big Houses in the neighborhood, no resident families, no mortal means that shall rescue one from Schloss Egmont and from the vacuum of one's own thoughts? Is there nothing profitabler to listen to than the sougling of the fir-boughs, the fall of the wood-cutter's axe, the cadence of the little burn as it runs on for ever through the drowsy, carnation-scented Schloss gardens to the Rhine?

Providentially, at a late hour on Wednesday, a passing chance of self-escape presents itself. Mamselle Ange's errand-maiden, toughest, most weather-beaten of Ariels, the carrier, news-bearer, hucksterer, and general diplomatist and emissary of the district, brings word that an afternoon *fête*, with concert and dancing, is to take place at Badenweiler to-morrow, Thursday. A special train will leave St. Ulrich at four, returning before midnight; carriages will be in waiting to convey the *sommer frischlers* from Mülheim station to Badenweiler; and five marks a head, so cheap is pleasure in the Fatherland, will cover the expenses, entrance-tickets included, of the day.

"Let us have our five marks' worth, by all means," says Vivian, coming languidly to life at even this mildest prospect of dissipation. "I will enlighten the savage mind by wearing my Derby white, and *the* parasol. A pity the only hearts to break will be those of a few provincial *Fraus* and *Fräuleins*."

It is characteristic of Miss Vivash that, in reckoning up the probable number of her slain, she ever gives precedence to the women who

shall die for envy over the men who shall die for love.

"And I," cries Lady Pamela, "will wear my pocket-handkerchiefs.—Oh, you may open those eyes of yours, little Jeanne!—I have a dress of spotted blue handkerchiefs, sewed together, and look charming in it. I wore my handkerchiefs at Ascot, and was called by my enemies a symphony in spots, and by my friends the ugliest woman in the ugliest dress on the course. You will see if I do not make the Badenweiler notabilities wake up a little."

"If we could only organize a party," sighs Vivian, looking hard at her own fair, discontented face in the glass. Schloss Egmont is rather worse off than most German country-houses for mirrors, yet it would seem that the Beauty never sits, stands, or leans, save at some angle from which she can contemplate the reflection of her own charms. "Sir Christopher, I suppose, *toujours* Sir Christopher, and the inevitable Wolfgang must be the limit of our ambition. If we could only run across some chance man of one's own set, some civilized being, at least, to tell the people *who one is!*"

"Why not advertise?" suggests Lady Pamela. "Mamselle Ange assures me that everything—from barrels of herrings and betrothals up to challenges and Beethoven concerts—is advertised in the St. Ulrich newspaper. It would be a cheap short-cut to celebrity. 'A noted London Beauty, attended by foil and friends, is positively engaged to appear at the Badenweiler *fêtes*. The Beauty will wear the genuine dress and parasol, a little the worse for wear, that obtained so startling a success at the last Derby. Foil in pocket-handkerchiefs. Show-hours from four till eleven. OBSERVE! No extra charge made on admission-tickets.'"

"Would it not be excellent?" cries Vivian, unsuspecting of irony. "Would it not wring the provincial female breast with envy?" Lacking all natural sense of humor, poor Beauty is self-absorbed (even when the sacred theme of her own charms is touched upon) to a degree that curiously deadens her perception of ridicule.—"Jeanne, my dear," turning with her accustomed frank contempt to the Ugly Duckling, "how do you propose to array yourself? In white muslin—oh, quite impossible. I am not afraid of rivalry," with her thin, cold laugh, "but I can not allow two shades of white in the same group.—Lady Pamela, advise Miss Dempster what toilet will best suit her complexion, and at the same time throw up my dress, and yours."

To bid little Jeanne relinquish white muslin is to bid her relinquish her confirmation frock, the one fresh dress her modestly-stocked wardrobe can furnish forth. "Decide for me as you

like, Miss Vivash; I am quite familiar with the part of Cinderella," she exclaims ruefully. "My only other clean frock is a pink print, washed out until there is not a trace of pattern left, and so much" (measuring off a goodly distance on her arm) "too short in the skirt."

"Delightful! The pink will be exactly the thing," cries Vivian. "Cinderella married a prince in the end. Who shall say what may be in store for you? Wear the washed-out print, my dear, and the coral beads as well. Pink and scarlet, for some complexions, go together charmingly."

Jeanne's pillow, ere she sleeps, at night is wet with saltiest tears! When next day comes, however, when she stands beside the Derby white and the symphony in spots on the St. Ulrich railway-platform, she feels that there may be worse parts to play than that of Cinderella, more conspicuous evils in the world than a washed-out print without a trace of pattern left, and a string of coral beads!

Lady Pamela's appearance is, of course, frankly grotesque. You look at her with a sigh of pity for the generation in which such things are possible; still, the spotted blue handkerchiefs are clean. Her attire may be the result of caprice, fashion, a wager, madness. Want of beauty may have impelled her, in default of legitimate admiration, to challenge men's notice by a freak. Still she is clean. But her companion . . .

No doubt when that training Indian silk first started for the Derby it was fresh as the delicate cream and rose-bloom of its wearer's complexion. Through what hard professional wear and tear, what theatre-going, what champagne suppers it has since passed, who shall say? It is fashioned with the long cuirass bodice Miss Vivash ordinarily affects. The sleeves are slashed with gold, the skirts are so narrow that one calculates, with painful uncertainty, as to Beauty's chance of surmounting the two-foot high step of a German railway-carriage. She wears an uplooped Rembrandt hat over one ear, ruffles of lace (so yellow they might have belonged to Queen Elizabeth herself) around her throat and wrists, and the parasol, a gorgeous, half-Japanese construction, with the monogram V. V. embroidered in gold and silver—now, alas! tarnished—on a white ground. What idle apprentice but took note of that parasol at the World's Fair; what idle apprentice but listened dutifully to the legend which gave that parasol interest?

The station-master and porters stare in official silence. The assembled crowd of pleasure-seeking St. Ulrichers stare also; not in silence. With fine, trenchant impartiality they criticise the Beauty's narrow, trailing skirts, Lady Pamela's spotted pocket-handkerchiefs, the tall hat, close-

cropped hair, square elbows, crutch, and bracelet of Sir Christopher. Relying on the strangers' ignorance of German, they hazard plainest practical guesses as to the social status, age, wealth, occupation, and morals of each member of the group.

Hot with shame, Jeanne Dempster shrinks away from her party; she essays to hide herself among the crowd. If this be the effect produced by Hyde Park divinities in St. Ulrich, what sensation shall they not cause upon a larger scene, before a larger audience, at Badenweiler?

"Tell me what the popular mind thinks of us?" says Vivian, the moment they find themselves within friendly shelter of the railway-carriage. "Be amusing, with all your might, little Jeanne, and be candid. Translate, in detail, every compliment you have heard."

"The popular mind does not think much of us," answers Jeanne sententiously. "The popular mind is uncertain whether we belong to a millinery establishment, a minor theatre, or a traveling circus from Leipsic Fair."

"Thank Heaven the good souls think nothing worse!" cries Lady Pamela. "The ferocious way in which one old lady eyed our charms made me really believe she was going to cry 'Police!'"

"They are a set of utter barbarians, of ignorant, uncultivated boors," remarks Miss Vivash. "There is not a shopboy in London but knows who one is—yes, and what sort of deference is due, too, to people of position."

And, leaning back in her place, Vivian folds her statuesque arms, and bestows looks of thunder on the smiling landscape—every league a new picture of sun-tinted beauty—through which they travel. Vistas of primeval forest; villages where the stork builds in the quaint wood-spires; the alder-fringed river; the poplar avenues, stretching away toward purple Alsace—what does Vivian care for such sights as these!—Vivian, to whom our whole fair planet's crust is but a kind of filigree-work for the setting of dresses, bonnets, parasols, and whose higher ideas of landscape are comprised by Kensington Gardens when the band is playing, or the drive to Twickenham!

The pleasure-seekers leave their train at Mülheim. From thence a rickety, open *shandry-dan*, dignified, like everything which goes on four wheels throughout Germany, by the name of *drachka*, conveys them, through a succession of old-world hamlets, past rushing streams and busy saw-mills, to Badenweiler. Everywhere is the same sensation caused by London art-dress, by London beauty. Housewives rush forth, bare-armed, from kneading-pan or washing-tub, sawyers suspend their sawing, children their play; all stare with startled bovine wonder (like Eng-

lish rustics before a hurdy-gurdy and white mice) at the strangers as they pass.

"We should have done better to advertise and placard," says Lady Pamela, when they find themselves, by this time with an attendant crowd, in the straggling mountain-lane that leads up from Badenweiler proper to the Kursaal. "The masses must be educated before they can appreciate the *Æsthetic*.—Janet, child, I don't know, all things considered, that I would mind changing dresses with you for the remainder of the day."

Sir Christopher looks, gravely admiring, at Jeanne's plain cotton frock, at her broad-brimmed peasant's hat.

"Miss Dempster's dress is idyllic," he remarks, with his little air of *dilettante* conviction. "Gainsborough would have been glad of her, just as she stands, as a model."

"Washed-out prints, cobbler-made shoes, coral necklace, and all," interrupts Jeanne, quickly fearful of ridicule. "I wonder, in Mr. Gainsborough's absence, how many conquests my idyllic appearance will make at Badenweiler?"

"Herr Wolfgang is to be there," observes Vivian laconically. "He asked leave to meet us with such pretty humility that I had not the heart to say nay. Of one conquest Jeanne is certain."

"Yes, of one conquest *Fräulein* Jeanne is certain," repeats Sir Christopher, in a tone that brings the color to the girl's cheeks.

Kit Marlowe is free to pay idle compliments, as he lists. There his liberty ends. The precise length of tether that shall be accorded to him for the remainder of the afternoon is speedily measured out by Miss Vivash.

"Gainsborough may have had his own crotchety ideas," so she remarks, as they enter the wicket-gate of the Kurgarten. "I have mine; and I say that the coloring of our group does not harmonize. Our group, as a natural consequence, must divide—do not all the painters declare that, if I am not artistic, I am nothing? Who comes with me? Will you, Sir Christopher?" (This in a sweet little tone of coaxing entreaty. She is not generally sweet to Sir Christopher Marlowe.) "Bygones shall, for once, be bygones, and we will try, really and honestly, if we can not remain half an hour in each other's society without quarreling."

Sir Christopher's afternoon, I repeat, is laid out for him: pleasantly, surely. What better fate could a man desire, under summer sunshine, with music playing, and soft winds blowing, than to be Beauty's escort?—what better fate—unless it chance that he and Beauty have gone through the like kind of paradisiacal experiences already, and grown sick of them!

As the two move slowly away down the central alley of the garden—every head turning to gaze after the trailing Indian silk, the marvelous parasol, the fair "unconscious" face of Vivian—a new possibility flashes across Jeanne's mind. Miss Vivash is ambitious, disappointed, has newly lost a wealthy lover—conditions, surely, under which a heart like hers might easily be caught in the rebound. Why weave romances about German counts or German professors when the solid English acres, the position, the title of Sir Christopher Marlowe may lie at Beauty's very door?

Lady Pamela seems to guess her thoughts.

"A stranger might wonder, might he not, at the position in which our friends, yonder, stand toward each other. I wonder at it myself, sometimes. But you must know, my dear, we are people with a past—Kit Marlowe, Vivian, and I. At your age, naturally, all verbs are conjugated in the present tense, '*J'aime, tu aimes, il aime.*' We have reached the *passé indéfini*—you see I have not quite forgotten my French grammar—we have got to *nous avons aimé.*"

"Who is 'we'?" asks Jeanne with interest. "*Not*—Lady Pamela Lawless and Sir Christopher Marlowe?"

"We show so many lingering symptoms of sentiment, do we not?" replies Lady Pamela—Jeanne thinks of a somewhat heightened color. "Everything about us so clearly denotes a pair of antiquated turtle-doves? No, child, no!

"*'Je l'aime.*

"*'Tu l'adores.*

"*'Il l'épouse.'*

"If Kit Marlowe and I were to conjugate the verb '*aimer*,' we should do so, depend upon it, according to the most advanced spirit of an enlightened age."

As Lady Pamela speaks, they turn into one of the narrow paths that lead up through coolest emerald shade from the main avenue of the gardens. Five or six minutes' brisk ascent brings them to the summit of the hill—the steepest, surely, of any Kurgarten in Germany—among the ruins of the Schloss. Immediately below is a sheer declivity, clothed in every varied green of juniper, beech, and mountain-ash. Behind and to the left are the Black Forest highlands; crest after crest succeeding each other in long, soft stretches of wavy outline; a very sea of hill, blue, undulating, as old Ocean himself. To the west is open plain, here purple, here golden, as the clouds slowly succeed each other athwart the sinking sun. The chimneys and roofs of Mühlhausen glisten, like points of fire, in the middle distance. In the foreground are a coffee-table, three or four painted chairs, and one of those gigantic revolving spyglasses, with varicolored compartments, through which the German holi-

day-maker loves, in the intervals between Wagner's music of the future, and the present consumption of cakes and coffee, to gaze on nature.

"Awfully jolly machine!" exclaims Lady Pamela, turning the wheel briskly. Would the Pyramids, St. Peter's, the Venus of Milo, elicit any higher form of approval from her lips? "Life seen under difficulties of every shade and complexion. Rose-color! Ah, I knew the meaning of rose-color, myself, at the age of fifteen, and with Uncle Paget's stud still to the fore. Green! Yes, and I have lived for two long years in *that* atmosphere, grass-green as the monster jealousy could make it. Yellow! Artificial sunshine, champagne, gaslight; pleasures high-rouged and spicily flavored; life as it is, now—as it has been, rather, any time during the past six seasons. And next, smoke-color! Rheumatism, district-visiting, the odd trick, a father confessor—the future.—Be thankful, little Jeanne, that you are only seventeen, further off by a dozen years than I from the smoke-colored department; the mixed process of satiety and regret that men term 'sobering down.'"

She puts her hand under Jeanne's arm, and they continue their walk; emerging ere long upon the Frühlingsblume Plateau, a terrace immediately above the Kursaal, thronged at this sunset hour with loungers, and where the symphony in spots attracts nearly as much attention as Beethoven's Symphony in B flat (an epitome, say the Germans, of every phase of happy love!), which the band, at the present moment, plays deliciously.

But Lady Pamela's thoughts and converse still are grave. "Yes," she goes on, leading her companion apart from the crowd, "we have got, all three of us, Herr Wolfgang will soon make an indifferent fourth, to the *passé indéfini*. Nous avons aimé, poor little Kit Marlowe, I will say, to his credit, very honestly. You think it strange, do you not, that we should all be as good comrades as we are, and nothing more? Janet, I will whisper you a secret that is the secret of half London as well. In days gone by, exactly a twelvemonth ago next November, Sir Christopher Marlowe was over head and ears in love with Miss Vivash (or with the reputation of her Beauty—I have never been quite sure which), and she laughed at him."

There is no mistake about it this time. The color does deepen on Lady Pamela's cheek; her lip trembles.

"Laughed at him, relented, accepted an engagement-ring—we have it still, among our museum of trophies—and threw him over; all within the space of six short November days. Ah! those miserable days—I never thought a man could be so hard hit—just at the beginning of

the hunting season, too, when you would say the human heart could brood over nothing long—save a black frost! I have told you, have I not, how Vivian and I first became allied? Grandpapa Vauxhall had disinterred her during his autumn's yachting, in some little village, westward ho! He announced his discovery, as an astronomer might announce the finding of a new planet, in the clubs, engaged a painter and a poet to give his *trouvaille* the hall-mark of fashion, and brought her and her mamma to stay with the Ladies Vauxhall in London. Mamma, as a first condition of success, we had to dismiss. It seems undutiful, you think, Jeanne; but what should a Beauty Regnant do with a dowdy little Devonshire parsoness dogging her steps? Mamma, her honest head turned by her daughter's budding greatness, we had to pack up and send home, and Vivian and I, under grandpapa's auspices, set up our joint establishment.

"That establishment was of a most delusive and transitory nature," muses Lady Pamela mournfully. "A nutshell of a house, abutting on the Park, certainly, but so small, cruel tongues averred, that our maids had to lodge under the kitchen table and our page in the coal-scuttle. A nutshell of a house, a miniature brougham, a family coachman (from the livery stables), and a couple of riding-horses, all paid for—perhaps I ought to say all *not* paid for—by the month. For the yachting and hunting seasons we trusted to the hospitality of our friends, and our child-like faith was rewarded—I don't say without occasional rebuffs; but these were large-souled enough to overlook. Aspirant Beauties must have no flesh and blood about them, as the man who was pilloried said of tradesmen; no passions, no resentments! August saw us on board the easiest-laced, most convivial yacht in Cowes. In September we were on the moors. Winter found us at Leamington. At Leamington poor little Kit Marlowe came to grief."

Lady Pamela stops short, a flush on her cheek, a light unwonted in her eyes. All the plainness of her face seems at this moment to be swept away, as if by magic.

"Beauty, Jeanne," she resumes, presently, "has its peculiar temptations (I wonder how often I have heard that phrase?), with which no ugly woman can really sympathize. Beauty may lure on an honest man to the utmost, refuse, accept, refuse him, all in half a week, and then make a jest of him among his friends afterward. The world will shrug its shoulders over his fate. Heartless? My dear fellow, who would credit a professional Beauty with a heart? Coquetry, vanity, greed—qualities which in other women may be vices—are *her* virtues. Kit Marlowe jilted? Kit Marlowe must accustom himself to

his position, as his betters, not a few, have done before him.

"The old Duke of Beaujolais, I should tell you, was in Leamington just then; padded, decrepit, one foot in a slipper, the other in the grave, needing a couple of servants to support him to his wheel-chair, or lift him from his carriage. And a horrid whisper ran through the length and breadth of Leamington society that his Grace might remarry. 'Twas a whisper only; but it decided Kit Marlowe's fate. What chance for a poor little country-gentleman, with his three or four thousand a year, against the bewildering, pulse-stirring possibility of winning the Duke of Beaujolais's heart?"

"Sir Christopher took his punishment stoutly," Lady Pamela finishes. "He did more. He continued, as not one man out of fifty would have done, a friend of the woman who had jilted him. Half a dozen times since, when events have been taking a threatening enough turn for us, Sir Christopher has worked them straight again, and not in the Vauxhall fashion. From first to last, Lord Vauxhall's patronage of Vivian was—an advertisement of Lord Vauxhall's vanity. 'The town wanted a new beauty,' grand-papa used to say, with his big laugh, 'and I invented one. I hope I am not to be made sponsor for all my invention's future career.'

(To be continued.)

And the words had a sneer in them. Sir Christopher has been loyal as a brother through good report and through evil—through evil, especially."

"And is brotherly loyalty a state of feeling sure to last?" asks little Jeanne.

"It will last in this case, child. Sir Christopher is not made of such poor stuff as to pin his heart upon his sleeve a second time. No; Kit Marlowe will remain a bachelor, and I—well, there is some kind of cousinship between us to start with, and I already am 'nine-and-twenty, and used up.' It will not take many more years before I shall be old and staid enough to keep house for him with propriety. . . . Did any civilized people ever stare like these?"

Four white-capped Freiburg students have stretched themselves across the path, and gravely, as though they were conducting some scientific research, are examining the symphony in spots through four pairs of spectacles.

"One would think they had never seen an ugly woman queerly dressed in their lives before," says Lady Pamela calmly. "Let us hope that the native mind will recover its equilibrium before the ball begins. I mean to dance every dance throughout the programme, if the Teuton will only collect his scattered wits sufficiently to invite me."

THE MALAKANI; OR, SPIRITUAL CHRISTIANS IN EASTERN RUSSIA.

"THE Russian Government has invited the Malakani, a sect of milk-drinkers, to settle in the Kars district." The sect to which this recently issued telegram of Reuter's office* refers, having most of its adherents in certain villages of Eastern and Southern Russia, was introduced to the notice of the British public by Mr. Wallace, who, in 1872, visited several of its congregations, and held colloquies with the elders. The Malakani's Presbyterian organization, their familiarity with the Bible, the eagerness, earnestness, and shrewdness displayed by them in controversy, strongly reminded Mr. Wallace of his Scotch home and elicited his lively sympathy. Nor are their own countrymen less favorably disposed toward them—a fact all the more remarkable, as the Russian law classes the Malakani

among the most pernicious sects, and as their wealth might be supposed to arouse envy. What fixes the eyes of Europeans, as well as of Russians, upon them, is indeed the unqualified praise bestowed upon them by every one; and the sharp contrast universally acknowledged to exist between them and their surroundings. In order to enable the reader to understand this, we must begin by throwing a glance on the other peasants of the East Russian steppes.

Those other peasants are in no respect much above, and in some important points decidedly below, the neighboring Kirghiz nomads. Their villages, very similar to the winter quarters of well-to-do Kirghiz, are as gray and uniform as nomad encampments. The low, lengthy huts, with roofs of half-rotten thatch, are built of mud mixed with chopped straw, and stand in vast irregular yards, inclosed by crumbling walls of the same material. Only a few two-storied wooden

* Dated St. Petersburg, January 21, 1879; see the "Times" and other newspapers of the 23d.

houses belonging to corn-dealers and usurers somewhat diversify the long winding rows of mud huts and mud walls. No grass, no tree, not even a kitchen-garden enlivens such a village; and its soil, either buried in snow, or parched, cracked, and covered with a thick layer of dust, or turned by snow and rain into a quagmire, is far drearier than even the sunburned steppe on which the nomad pitches his felt tent. It is difficult to say whether that tent or the hut is more scantily furnished, and as regards every kind of disgusting disorder the hut is unquestionably worse than the tent. Even the domestic economies of the peasant and the nomad are surprisingly similar. The peasant is in perpetual search for fresh land; he cultivates the same field only two years in succession, and then leaves it for a number of years, until, by thus lying fallow, it has recovered sufficient fertility—a system exactly alike in principle to the nomad's wandering in quest of fresh grass-plots. Still more in accordance with nomad usages is the peasant's pasturing. The animals of all the families in the village are intrusted to shepherds and herdsman hired by the community, who drive them as long as the season permits over the far-stretching village commons. These herds and flocks, the peasants' only means of investment—for they spend nothing on the improvement of their agriculture, and the land itself is partly community-land distributed for cultivation, partly rented—are a very precarious kind of property in these regions, where the cattle-plague is endemic, and where the scum of all the nationalities on the steppe—Russians, Malorossians, Germans, Tartars, Kirghiz, Calmucks—unite in horse-stealing, passing the booty rapidly from hand to hand until it disappears in some nomad herd often hundreds of miles from where it was taken. Another mighty impediment to the peasants' economical progress is their savage-like improvidence. They no doubt dispose of masses of land which to the European farmer would appear fabulous, and therefore require no manure. These advantages, however, are widely outbalanced by the distance of markets and the uncertainty of prices; by a winter so severe and capricious that little more than five months are left for agricultural labor; by droughts, untimely frosts, sudden blights, rust, mice; in years of good growth, enormously dear labor and wet autumns, an average yield less than a third of that habitual in England; bad years being the rule, and somewhat satisfactory ones the exception, and at least one harvest in ten returning less than the seed. These things are of course well known to the peasant; and yet, after every harvest, he is, as long as the money lasts, in a state of bestial besottedness, accompanied on festive days by coarse feasting on a grand scale.

The total result is that the increase of wealth scarcely keeps pace with the growth of population, and that the aspect of the peasant's life is as stationary as in Asia. The peasant's religion, though called Christian, is far more heathenish in its practices and superstitions than the by no means pure Mohammedanism of the Kirghiz; and, while these nomads mostly receive some kind of instruction from their mollahs, the minds of the peasants remain entirely uncultivated. Their morality is such as under these circumstances may be expected. That every man is a thief, is, according to a proverb current among them, a matter of course; no one would tell the truth where a lie seems more profitable; and the brute passions, though somewhat hidden by a superficial kindness, assert their rule on every occasion, and sometimes burst out with fearful fury. Thus, not long ago, a troop of peasants from some of the villages we are here speaking of tried to put a stop to horse-stealing by striking terror into the souls of the Kirghiz. Armed and on horseback, and having drunk a whole tun—one hundred and forty gallons—of spirits, they sallied forth into the Kirghiz territory and murdered every man, woman, and child they could lay hands on, seizing the babes by the legs and hurling their heads against those of their parents. Such is the civilization in the midst of which the Malakani live, for those very villages from which the expedition just described was recruited are noted abodes of Malakanism; and at a distance of about sixty miles from them is Alexandroff Gai, where Mr. Wallace, guided by the Russian friends with whom he was traveling, went to hold his principal conference with the Malakan elders.

That town-like village is indeed specially fit to impress the stranger, for here the Malakani have, favored by exceptional circumstances, been able to settle in a quarter of their own, apart from the other inhabitants, and to build up, out of the same materials which the surrounding barbarism employs, a civilized life well adapted to the opportunities and requirements of the steppe on the border of Asia. The streets in the Malakan quarter of Alexandroff Gai, though straight and of great breadth and considerable length, do not contain many houses; the yards being of unusual vastness even here. The walls, extending from house to house, by which these yards are separated from the streets, as well as the stables, barns, and granaries within the yards, though built of mud-bricks, are even, regular, and in good repair; and the whole homestead, however strange to the European eye, on account of the enormous waste of space, the long, low, earth-colored farm-buildings, the absence of verdure, the unwonted human figures—peasants with long beards, dressed in cotton shirts and wide, baggy

breeches, and horsemen in Kirghiz array, and with Mongol features—differs most markedly from the dilapidation and wild disorder customary in Russian farmyards. As regards the houses, the best of them, similar in shape to those of the dealers in other parts of Alexandroff Gai, are wooden, brightly painted, two-storied, with an outside staircase leading to the gallery which runs along the upper story; and over that story a garret with a small balcony—altogether a stately-looking building. The second-rate houses, one-storied and of weather-stained wood, and the still poorer huts of mud bricks, are remarkable only by their neatness. The center of the upper story in the best houses is formed by a large, hall-like room with broad benches along the walls and one or two tables. Here prayer-meetings are held and guests are received. On either side of the hall is a good-sized room, inhabited, the one by the elder, the other by the younger members of the family. On the ground-floor are the kitchen and the store-rooms. The whole house is neat and orderly; and the poorer houses, though less attractive, are also pleasant and homelike. The dress of the inhabitants is analogous to their abode; that is to say, it differs from that of the other peasants only in neatness and substantiality, not in material or cut. All the clothes—with the exception of the elderly men's cloth caftans, the baggy trousers of black cotton velvet or other thick cotton stuff, and the sheepskin furs—are made of cotton prints or scarlet cottonades, and the men are girt with twisted woollen shawls. Yet, in spite of this attire, and of the hair dressed and cut, and the beards worn just as other peasants have them, the fact that the Malakani are very different from their fellow villagers is apparent at the first sight of most of them, in the honest, beaming eyes, the mild expression of the faces, and the frankness of the address, though that is somewhat subdued by a but too easily explicable shyness.

The Malakani's prosperity is owing to their intelligence, their frugality, to the confidence they enjoy, to the unity within their families, and to their mutual assistance. In Alexandroff Gai, where, notwithstanding the abundance of land, there is much poverty among the other peasants, every Malakan household is at least above need; and the twelve wealthiest Malakan families hold together two hundred thousand acres of crown land, the individual holdings varying between three and forty thousand acres. Each of these vast tracts is used principally for cattle- or sheep-breeding, and a small part for wheat-growing in the above-described fashion; that is to say, every year some of the pasture is turned into fields, and each field, after having been cultivated for two years, is again turned into pasture. The

cattle, three to five hundred on the largest holdings, and the still more numerous sheep, are placed in the hands of Kirghiz herdsmen, who, having felt tents, horses, and some cattle of their own, encamp the whole year on the steppe, and, living exactly like other Kirghiz, perform their herdsmen's duties on horseback. Their pay is quite sufficient for their small wants; and they, as well as the numerous farm-servants and laborers in the Malakani's employ, are faithful to their masters because they are treated, not as beasts of burden, but as fellow men. "We feed our work-people with beef," said one of the largest Malakan farmers to me, "because what tastes sweet to us also tastes sweet to them."

Such farming as that which I have just described is possible only in a very thinly inhabited part, where land may be had from the crown at a yearly rent of about twopence an acre. In the somewhat more westerly districts, life is not so easy; but there are other advantages of which the Malakani avail themselves with much energy and skill. My host, in one of the villages which shared in the murdering raid into the Kirghiz territory, devotes his attention to a variety of pursuits. Land in that neighborhood, which, though sixty miles farther westward than Alexandroff Gai, is nearly sixty miles from the Volga, is proportionably dear (ten shillings an acre yearly rent for the best land), on account of the competition of the German colonies in the vicinity. Yet my host, nothing daunted, extends his farming from year to year, and has now six hundred acres under wheat, recouping himself by the high quality of his produce, part of which he sells for seed. He owns two flour-mills. When cattle are cheap he takes to slaughtering, and sells the hides, tallow, and meat. The village fair is leased to him, and he lets the permanent booths and the places for temporary stalls. His house, similar to the best houses in Alexandroff Gai, is used by him for receiving travelers, chiefly corn-dealers, from the ports on the Volga, whom he attracts by assisting them in their purchases, and by the fairness of his terms. Some Malakani have large orchards systematically tended and watered, and producing rich harvests of valuable apples; some are carriers, some are tanners and dealers in leather, some are carpenters, some are house-painters; some of the women make thick, velvety rugs for which they themselves dye the wool; and, whatever the Malakani undertake, every one likes to have intercourse with them, convinced of the soundness of their labor and of their faithfulness in keeping their word—rare satisfactions in Eastern Russia. My own business transactions with two of my Malakan hosts strongly reminded me of some of the best traits of European life. I had furnished my room, in

the house of one of them, with the articles necessary for a few months' stay; and when I was going to leave I asked the landlady how to dispose of the furniture. "How much do you want for it?" asked she. I named the price for each article. "I shall take them at those prices," answered she, without any attempt at haggling. The second affair is still more characteristic. I had lived five weeks with my host, Athanas Gavrilévitch Orloff, the owner of the two flour-mills mentioned above. Our agreement was that I was to pay three rubles a week for board and lodging; it, however, happened that I was, by various misunderstandings with my banker, nearly without money, and had not paid Orloff anything until my departure, and he knew that I had then only twenty-five rubles. In consequence of this situation the following dialogue took place:

The evening before my departure I said, "Here are twenty-five rubles, take fifteen and return me ten."

Ath. Gavr. "I have not time just now."

Thereupon in the morning:

I. "Here are twenty-five rubles, take fifteen and return me ten."

Ath. Gavr. takes the money reluctantly, and, saying nothing, brings back eighteen rubles.

I. "You have made a mistake; here are eighteen rubles instead of ten."

Ath. Gavr. "No, don't you see, three rubles a week I take from the corn-dealers, who give me no end of trouble; how could I take so much from you?"

The Malakani's family life moves in the same patriarchal form as that of the other peasants. Not only the unmarried children, but also the married sons and their sons and unmarried daughters are under the progenitor's roof and rule. But while this organization is in other Russian peasant families a source of brutal and capricious despotism, and of endless quarrels and heartburnings, it is in the Malakani's home ideally harmonious. Its principal traits here are the zeal of the paterfamilias to fulfill his duties with dignity and with equal justice and affection toward the whole household; his family's loving reverence for him; the high position of his wife; the total equality between daughters and sons—in spite of the harsh treatment of the female sex under the Russian law—and the absolutely free choice of partners in matrimony. The contrasts between the Malakani and the other peasants become still more striking when we enter into the details of their daily lives. The delight of the other peasants is the squalid, tumultuous dram-shop; in their homes, bestiality, noise, and filth; a coarse show of opulence one day, and misery a few days af-

ter; ferocious domestic despotism and the vices engendered by it, are constantly to be witnessed. The flow of the Malakani's life, on the contrary, is so still and even that Europeans, accustomed to hurry and turmoil, can not imagine it. Work performed without haste, and yet steadily, and in willing coöperation with all the members of the family; instruction of the children by their parents, prayers, psalm-singing, colloquies on religious subjects, reading of the Bible, and congregational assemblies, constitute the Malakani's whole existence. Their religious exercises, showing none of the enthusiasm and the self-consciousness which appear to us essential to sectarian piety, are for them inexhaustible sources of quiet enjoyment.

The Malakan religion exceeds all other religions in the want of established outward marks, and is therefore not easy to describe. It certainly bears some trace of the sources from which it sprang—that is to say, of the influence of two older sects—the one originated by the teaching of English Quakers in Moscow, the other Judaizing. But since the foundation of Malakanism a century has elapsed, and the remnants of those influences are now of small significance for its essence; and, in comparing Malakanism with other religions, we obtain little more than negations. The Malakani abhor image-worship, have no priests, no dogma, no sacraments, no symbols of faith, no consecrated forms of worship, no sacred buildings, no peculiar dress and manner, and do not imagine themselves to be inspired by the Holy Ghost. Although their congregational meetings mostly take place on Sundays and other great church holidays, they do not scruple to transact business on those days; and any day appears to them fit for congregational devotion. Even their Presbyterianism, very unlike that of the Calvinists, scarcely deserves the name of a constituted church government. For their elders are simply old men, well read in the Scriptures, who owe their authority to tacit consent, not to election; and it is not easy to draw a line where eldership begins. Mere negations can not, however, give an idea of Malakanism; and we must try to collect its positive traits.

Its outward form is the very extreme of plainness. The locality where the congregation assemblies is, as a rule, one of the hall-like rooms; but a smaller room, or a yard, or even a field, also answers the purpose. The service is described in the following manner by a witness who often saw it celebrated:

"In the large room where the assembly is going to take place a table is covered with a white cloth, and upon it a number of Bibles and psalters are placed. When the presiding elder enters the room all the others rise and salute him by

bending their heads; he also bends his head, and all pray in silence. He then proceeds to his seat, indicates the chapters of the prophets, the Psalms, the New Testament, to be read; after the reading he points out the Psalms or chapters intended to be sung; all then go nearer to the table. The singing itself is melancholy, resembling that of popular ballads. After the singing there is again some reading, and then a prayer, likewise composed of Bible verses. At the end of the prayer the whole congregation, led by the elder, prostrate themselves. Some other prayers are performed kneeling."

My own experience of Malakani congregational worship is slightly different from this description, but agrees with its most prominent trait, the total absence of settled liturgical forms and of an established order. No one knows before the beginning of the service what is going to be read and sung. The presiding elder himself chooses the texts during the service. Not unfrequently several elders preside, and the choice is made by consultation, or sometimes alternately by the one, sometimes by the other. Colloquial commentaries, principally by the elders, on the passages which have been read, are not uncommon. Most congregations have a few traditional prayers in prose, and some religious songs, which are occasionally, according to the presiding elder's choice, employed in the service. More settled, and even approaching to a liturgical ritual, are the services for weddings, the reception of the new-born, and burial. But the presiding elder is here also at liberty to choose and alter as he deems appropriate. Family devotion is still more devoid of set rules. It is not usual in Malakan families to gather regularly for any purpose; and even the meals are about as uncertain and prolonged as breakfast in an English country mansion where there are many visitors. There are, therefore, no established usages for saying grace, nor is there anything at all akin to English morning and evening family worship. All the above-mentioned private religious exercises are quite free, according to each member's own choice. Even fasts are kept in the same way. They are self-imposed penances, and though, like the Jewish fasts, consisting in total abstinence from food, often last several days. The only other remnant of Judaism in the congregations I have here more specially in view is a peremptory objection to pork. In some other congregations, however, the Saturday Sabbath is kept exactly as in Jewish houses, and even minute details of Jewish Sabbath-customs are observed. Some congregations in the Caucasus even used, twenty years ago, to have certain Hebrew prayers, and perhaps have them still.

The three great events of family life—mar-

riage, birth, and death—are, as I have already said, consecrated by congregational worship; and the marriage ceremony, though absolutely colorless, is very impressive. The whole congregation assembles in one of the vast yards, and its representative on this occasion is the very oldest man, white-haired, trembling, and so all the more venerable. This service is very lengthy, and consists principally of prayers, composed of Bible verses, which the elder reads, the congregation joining only in the *amens* and prostrations. The burial service is less long, but else of a similar nature.

As regards the doctrines professed by the Malakani, they can not properly be said to have any other established faith than that the Bible is God's word, and ought therefore to be obeyed. The teaching derived by them from this axiom is not at all dogmatical, but merely practical, and exclusively consists in the application of the commands of the gospel to the duties of every-day life, an endeavor in which they have acquired a great proficiency, even their young people, girls especially, vying with each other in the quoting of texts. The practical lessons thus deduced are well fitted to meet with the approval of the educated—whether religious or not—in Western Europe. Their treatment of what we call "the rights of the female sex," is especially remarkable. Such "rights" they do not acknowledge, because, as they instinctively feel, religion teaches only duties, not rights; and yet they manage to assure to women as lofty a position as any enthusiast could desire. The matrimonial relations are based upon the rule that "the husband ought to love his wife as Christ loves his Church." This rule is not only accepted and applied throughout private life, but is also the source of the juridical decisions of elders and congregations in questions of marriage law. The reason alleged for granting equal advantages to daughters and sons is that "God commands us to love all our children alike, and that therefore to give a preference to sons would be sinful." All the other teachings are analogous to these. A superficial observer might, however, be misled into the belief that, besides these practical lessons, there is in Malakanism, as in other religions, some formulated dogmatical creed. For there are scores of Malakan professions of faith, much more similar to each other than the creeds of the various branches of Calvinism. But all of them form part of those enormously voluminous secret documents of the Ministry of the Interior relating to the criminal prosecutions and police investigations of sectarianism, some specimens of which, stolen from the archives, were published by Kelsieff, one of Herzen's followers (4 vols., London, Trübner & Co., 1860-1862). The Russian law

considers sectarian propagandism as a crime, and the Malakani as sectarians of the most dangerous kind; and thousands of reports and protocols of criminal inquests into Malakanism, therefore, exist in the head office and the branch offices of the Ministry of the Interior, to whose functions those inquests, which were indeed more administrative than juridical, appertained till not long ago. The inquisitors were of course obliged to ask the accused, "What is your faith?" and the accused were obliged to answer. All these professions of faith are therefore, in fact, answers to questions of men belonging to the orthodox Church, although their form does not always indicate it. E. g.:

"*Priests and Bishops.*—'We have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession' (Heb. iv. 14).

"*Images.*—We have a priceless image, the Son of God, 'Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature' (Coloss. i. 15).

"*Censer and Incense.*—Our incense consists in prayers. 'Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense' (Ps. cxli. 2)."

The scarcely veiled meaning of the above and of a number of similar answers is, "We do not accept the rites and dogmas of the established Church, because they are not in accordance with the Bible." Besides such negations there is in these professions of faith a much more positive element; for instance:

"*Baptism.*—The soul's diving into God's word and love.

"*Communion.*—The soul's partaking in the good word of God.

"*Confession.*—The prayer addressed to Jesus that he may act as mediator for the forgiveness of sin."

Although these answers fully agree with the Malakani's convictions, we should be much mistaken if we considered them as their intellectual property. They are, indeed, nothing but the petrified remnants of the doctrines of *Duchobortsi* (spiritual warriors), the older sect, from which Malakanism sprang. That sect, which, as already said, derived its origin from Quaker teaching, is perhaps even more remarkable than the Malakani. Its principal abode, on the Molotchnaya River, in the Crimea, was visited in 1818 by the Quaker R. Allen and two other Quakers, and in 1842 by Baron Haxthausen; and all these travelers were astonished by the Duchobortsi's mystical speculations and the dialectical subtlety with which they defended them. The Malakani, on the contrary, are as far as possible from being great thinkers. They no doubt show some adroitness in fencing with the orthodox clergy; but their principal arm in such disputes is their

own absolute incapacity to follow up a theological argument. They drive their adversaries—themselves no very great lights—to despair by persistently misunderstanding them, and by over and over again repeating the same texts. Malakanism is an entirely practical and absolutely undogmatical religion. It takes its foundation for granted, and makes no effort to investigate it.

All the Malakani can and do read; but, having no literature of their own except some manuscript prayers and religious songs, they must look elsewhere for intellectual food; and the choice made by them throws a curious light on their intellectual sphere, proving how completely they are cut off from the general movement. Besides Bibles and psalters in Slavonic—the same which are used in the orthodox Church—New Testaments, and a few parts of the Old Testament in modern Russian, and still fewer commentaries on the whole or part of the gospels, all of them likewise published by the orthodox Church, the Malakani read, as far as I was able to discover, only four books—the "Magazine of all the Amusements," the "Writings of Skovoroda," "Jung Stilling's Autobiography," and Livanoff's "Essays on Russian Sects." The latter author, though employed by the Government to attack sectarianism, and having for that purpose free access to the archives of the Ministry of the Interior, extols the Malakani almost beyond measure, and draws, with wonderful audacity, ironical parallels between them and the adherents of the established Church. The "Magazine of all the Amusements" is a collection of astrological, chiromantic, and other mantic tracts, apparently translated about fifty years ago from much older German publications. Skovoroda was a Cossack, a quaint Christian philosopher and poet of the last century. "Jung Stilling's Autobiography" was translated into Russian in 1815, and was in high favor with the mystics of St. Petersburg. It probably reached the Malakani from Sarepta, the Hernhut colony on the river Volga; and an adversary of the Malakani asserts that they at one time prized that book above the gospel. Malakan owners of books certainly glory a little too much in the possession of these treasures, frequently mixing scraps from them with their conversation. For, though quite without spiritual pride, they are not free from a *naïve*, childlike vanity.

The Malakan congregational organization is, according to their own opinion, the counterpart of the organization of the early Church, and the resemblance is undeniable, because there is some similarity between the two situations. The Malakani, long accustomed to be treated by the law as dangerous sectarians, and to be deprived of many of the natural rights of unoffending men,

look upon the Emperor and the Government much as the early Christians did, scrupulously obeying the authorities and laws, but obeying them as strangers. They call the established Church "Russian," and its adherents "Russians," just as if they themselves were foreigners. Their congregational assemblies have for that very reason a signification very similar to that which the "ecclesia" had for the early Christians. We have already seen that marriages and births are consecrated by the congregation; and these public acts have, in the eyes of the Malakani, a not merely sacramental but also a legal authority: nay, the Government itself, having no other means to ascertain the status of Malakan families, accords—though not openly and distinctly—some weight to those acts. All legal disputes between Malakani are brought before the congregation; and the elders are in their jurisdiction guided by their notions of Bible law; for the Bible is their only law-book, and when they sit in judgment it is constantly in their hands. The congregational assembly also admits new members, exercises a disciplinary authority, and receives confessions of sin. That no regular contributions are raised, and that the elders are entirely unpaid, are other important points of resemblance between the church government of the Malakani and that of the early Christians. The education of the young is not among the functions of the congregation; there neither are, nor ever were, any Malakani schools, but the somewhat desultory instruction of the Malakani children is performed solely by their relatives.

Malakanism originated about a century ago, and its beginnings are fit to form the theme of a stirring novel. Its founder, the village tailor Uklein, left his legitimate wife to marry the daughter and become one of the principal followers of the village heresiarch Hilarion Pobirochin, a wealthy peasant in one of the villages of the province of Tambov (to the southeast of Moscow). Pobirochin had, during a residence in Poland, been imbued by some of the mystics of that country with ideas belonging rather to India than to Europe. On his return to his native village he placed himself at the head of the Duchobortsi of those parts, who, at that time, divided and uncertain in their doctrines, were, with the submissiveness of Russian peasants, disposed to accept the commands of his despotic will. He taught that there is no God, save in the persons of the righteous; that when one of these dies another one is born into whom the deceased's soul passes, while the souls of the lawless pass into the bodies of animals. Himself he considered as the incarnation of the Son of God. In order to enforce these doctrines he was surround-

ed by twelve unconditionally devoted adherents, called the "angels of death," who maintained his authority by means of threats, blows, and even murder. Uklein, disgusted by Pobirochin's forbidding his followers to read the Bible, soon fell out with him. In one of the congregational meetings he opposed his father-in-law so violently, that only the alarm raised by the housewife saved him from the clutches of the "angels of death."

The teachings of the Duchobortsi, independently of Pobirochin's extravagances, are, as I have already pointed out, nearly akin to those of the Quakers, and these same doctrines formed the fundamental stock with which Uklein started when founding his new sect. He, however, reverted to the Bible, which had been somewhat set aside by the Duchobortsi in favor of their inspirations and mystical speculations; and he, moreover, became the associate in propagandism of the head of a widespread Judaizing sect, receiving them into his fold, and adopting some of their tenets, especially the objection to pork. It seems strange that the necessarily confused ideas arising from this mixture achieved a large and rapid success. The fact is, that among the Russian lower classes there is a craving for spiritual food, because the established Church offers them nothing but forms, which, though full of beauty, become mere idolatry in the hands of a drunken and contemptible village clergy, performing the rites mechanically, and without even the pretense of an interest in them. The persecution of Malakanism, on account of its close resemblance to the "pernicious" Duchobortsi creed, also contributed mightily to its spread, which was, moreover, favored by the locality where the new sect originated. The province of Tambov borders on the vast steppe region, stretching from the confines of Asia across the river Volga, which is in some of its southeastern and eastern districts still inhabited by Calmuck, Kirghiz, and Bashkere nomads. The greatest part of that region had, in January, 1771, become nearly empty by the exodus of the Calmuck nation, which, justly alarmed by the establishment of the German colonies, fled into Asia, leaving only a few fragments on the right bank of the river, and entirely deserting the left bank—that is to say, the whole wide space between the rivers Volga and Ural. The Kirghiz afterward pressed forward into that space; but up to Uklein's time they had only made some raids into it, ravaging some of the German settlements, and driving the inhabitants and their herds and flocks to Asiatic markets. The German colonists, though by far the densest population of the region, numbered barely thirty thousand, spread over one thousand square miles. The remaining parts of the population were some

clusters of serfs surrounding their self-exiled masters; the sparse descendants of the Astrakhan Tartars and of two Finnish tribes; some Russians in Astrakhan and in the villages along the two branches into which the Volga is here divided; and the Volga Cossacks in widely dispersed *stanitzas* and isolated farmyards. This region, little interfered with by the Government, was the scene of Uklein's labors after he had left his native province. In the then most completely deserted parts, close to the frontier of Asia, Alexandroff Gai was founded, and received its Malakan settlers from Tambov, whence persecution had driven them. Most of the above-mentioned Malakan congregations had a similar origin; but Uklein had also considerable success among the Cossacks and the other peasants, both free and serfs. The Crimea, Grusia, and Siberia, likewise received crowds of Malakani, transported there in order to prevent the infection of more populous localities; and Malakanism, wherever thus planted, continued to propagate itself among its neighbors.

But why were Uklein's followers called Malakani—a name evidently derived from *moloko* (milk)? To this question the Russians usually give the absurd answer, "Because the Malakani do not, like the orthodox, abstain from milk on the fast-days of the Church." The fact is, that the name *Malakani* was originally a popular nickname of the *Duchoborts*,* most of them having, by order of the Government, been made to emigrate to the banks of the *Molotchnaya* (Milk River) in the Crimea; and that the name afterward, apparently in the years 1812 to 1820, shifted over to Uklein's sect, on which it fixed itself so firmly that its real origin is long forgotten. It was, indeed, in the beginning of Uklein's sect, almost impossible for outsiders to distinguish the new sect from the parent stock, especially as both loved to call themselves "Spiritual Christians," and as the professions of faith in both were the same, or nearly the same.

Between the two sects themselves there has, nevertheless, been not only no renewed connection, but, on the contrary, a continually increasing distance; nor have the Jewish influences been renewed, except on a few isolated spots whence they have not again extended. Thus, by the gradual extinction of the traditions of the two parent sects, and the exclusive prevalence of practical deductions from the Bible, Malakanism has developed itself into a homely Christian philosophy, and has, as such, by its wonderful results, earned universal, unqualified, and well-deserved praise. All the deeper is our regret to observe the numerous and continually increasing

symptoms of decay which are at present manifesting themselves. Kissing and spasmodic dancing have made their appearance in the common worship of some congregations; some were, not long ago, under the paramount influence of a prophet, according to trustworthy testimony a runaway private soldier, born at Alexandroff Gai, who obtained large sums, married in Mormon fashion two young and handsome girls, and at last perished in an attempt to cure himself from inebriety. These movements were and are merely reactions against the indifferentism everywhere setting in—the slackened interest in religious affairs, the waning attendance at congregational devotion. The good treatment of humble dependents, though continued because it has proved profitable, begins to be directed and modified by calculation; drink finds its way into many Malakan homes; nay, there are confirmed drunkards in some of the most prominent and most anciently renowned Malakan families. The concurrence of this decay with the Russian public's admiration of Malakan virtue and the Government's kind interest in it, is by the Malakani themselves admitted to be not accidental. The impetus and bitter relish imparted by persecution appear indeed to have been necessary for the preservation of pure Malakanism, which is else too pale and sober to satisfy even those born and brought up to it.

The fundamental principle of the laws and regulations directed against sectarianism has outwardly remained nearly the same during the whole century since Malakanism was founded; but in its application there have been very considerable variations, nearly corresponding with the reigns to which they belong. There is, according to the Russian law, to be no constraint upon the conscience; but every attempt to bring about apostasy from the established Church is to be severely punished. The first part of this principle was, in the early years of Malakanism, nothing but a mockery; for every manifestation of sectarianism, its congregational worship more especially, was regarded as an attempt to convert orthodox Christians; and the punishment was, in many cases, the extreme penalty of the Russian law, the knout, followed by penal servitude in the Siberian mines. The lighter punishments were compulsory military service, which then lasted more than twenty years; banishment into the fortresses, to Siberia, Grusia, the Crimea, and other desert provinces; mostly preceded by flogging with the "plet," the short and thickly-plaited horsewhip borrowed from the nomads. More terrible than these lighter punishments was the protracted preliminary inquest, the brutal driving of the prisoners, heavily chained, over long, dreary distances, until they reached the in-

* See Livanoff's "Sectarians," vol. iii., p. 401.

expressibly foul and vile places of temporary confinement, and the iniquitous procedure in which the inquisitor had unlimited power, and the prisoner no right. With the accession of Alexander I., in 1801, there came a mighty change for the better. He declared that persecution merely served to spread and confirm sectarianism, and that the only true means for eradicating it was kindly persuasion and good example. Every case of sectarianism was to be laid before the council of ministers, and, as the Emperor himself took a lively interest in these matters, most of them were brought to his own cognizance; and many such opportunities were made use of for the further development of his enlightened ideas. Especial favor was shown to the Duchoborts, for whom Alexander, the friend of the Quakers, had an almost unconcealed liking, though pretending to consider their doctrines as the errors of well-meaning but misled simpletons; and some of that favor also reached the Malakani. Nicholas, on the other hand, believed the established Church to be the mainstay of the state, and naturally considered sectarians, who all regard the orthodox as "idolaters," to be especially dangerous. There were again endless vexations and extortions, and numerous criminal prosecutions leading to banishment, and some to still severer punishments. Alexander II. almost abolished—practically though not formally—the criminal

treatment of sectarianism. The press was at liberty to praise the Malakani, although the collection of regulations in matters of sectarianism, secretly printed by the Ministry of the Interior at the beginning of the present reign, continued to describe them as an especially pernicious sect—a contradiction which the Malakani could not fail to experience in practice. Thus there was, in Alexandroff Gal, some time after Mr. Wallace's visit, a criminal inquest, because, according to the denunciation of a priest, two orthodox soldiers were said to have been present at a congregational prayer-meeting. The only results, however, were some protocols, and the prayer-meetings continue to be held quite openly. The minor official fry, and even some of the orthodox clergy, are on the very best terms with the Malakani; and officials of good standing, such as Mr. Wallace's traveling companions, do not hide their predilection for the sectarians. The Government itself shows, by the invitation quoted at the beginning of this essay, that it not only understands, but has the courage to acknowledge and utilize, the colonizatory capabilities of the Malakani. The success of this measure is undoubtable, and there is every reason to hope that, in the pursuit of their difficult and noble task, the Malakani will in time get rid of all their recently developed taints.

G. M. ASHER (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

MR. MACVEY NAPIER AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.*

MR. MACVEY NAPIER, who succeeded Francis Jeffrey in the editorship of the great Whig "Review," had, of course, a perfect right to preserve the letters which are published in this volume, and to study them in private as much as he pleased. Indeed, for anything that appears to the contrary in the "Introduction" by his son, the present Mr. Macvey Napier, they may have been bequeathed by the original recipient with instructions that they should some day be published. An edition, privately circulated a short time ago, led to "representations that a correspondence of so much interest ought to be made more accessible," and the present volume is the result; but it might be maintained that the writers of such letters would, if they could have

been consulted, have objected to their publication; and that to send them forth to the world in all their nakedness was, at all events, not a delicate or magnanimous thing to do. "Much might be said on both sides." Paley, in his chapter on the original character of the Christian Morality, remarked that though a thousand cases might be supposed in which the use of the golden rule might mislead a person, it was impossible in fact to light on such a case. That was a hazardous observation, for the truth is that, when we once get beyond elementary conditions of being and doing, we find human beings differ so very widely, and in such utterly incalculable ways, that it is in vain to poll the monitor in the breast on questions that do in fact arise daily—five hundred in a thousand will vote one way, and five hundred in another. "How would you like it yourself?" is a question that elicits the most

* Selection from the Correspondence of the Late Macvey Napier, Esq. Edited by his Son, Macvey Napier. London: Macmillan & Co.

discordant replies. I have a very positive feeling that I should have left many of these letters in the portfolio, or put them into the fire; but, when I look about me for a standard which I could take in my hand to Mr. Napier, I am baffled—he might produce one of his own that would silence me on the spot. And, when one has taken up a book to comment upon it with as little reserve as may be, it seems idle, if not Irish, to begin by saying that the most amusing or most fertile things in it ought never to have seen the light.

This point may recur before we have done; and in the mean time it should be remarked that nothing very momentous, either to the honor or the disgrace of human nature in general, or literary human nature in particular, can be extracted from this correspondence. A late essayist used to tell a true anecdote of a distinguished statesman who had lived many years and seen as many changes as Ulysses. A friend asked him something like this: "Well, now, you have had a great deal to do with mankind, and you have outlived the heats and prejudices of youth; what do you think of men in general?" And the veteran replied: "Oh, I like them—very good fellows; but"—and here we shall mollify his language a little—"but condemnably vain, you know." And really that is about the worst thing you can find it in your heart to say of literary men after running through these letters—"very good fellows, but very vain, you know."

Another point which lies less near the surface, and has at least the look of novelty, would perhaps be this: It is the most frequent and most voluminous of the writers who unconsciously tell us the most about themselves; and who, with the pleasing exception of Jeffrey, show us the most of their unamiable sides. But there is comfort for impulsive people in the fact that it is not always the most self-controlled and inoffensive of the writers who win upon us. The Brougham-Macaulay feud runs sprawling through these pages till we are tired of it; and some of poor Brougham's letters are downright venomous. But the total absence of disguise and the blundering boyish inconsistency disarm us. Taking the letters one by one, the moral superiority is with Macaulay on Brougham as against Brougham on Macaulay, but taking the correspondence in the lump, it is something like Charles Surface against Joseph Surface, in another line—only, of course, there is no hypocrisy. While you come to feel for Brougham in his spluttering rages, you feel also that Macaulay, in his too-admirable self-containment, can do very well without your compassion, whatever he may have to complain of. It is easy to discern that Brougham honestly believed in his own superiority to the young rival who outshone him, and yet

that he was inwardly tormented. Macaulay's forbearance was of the kind *qui coûte si peu au gens heureux*. The editor, Mr. Napier, was, we may conjecture, the greatest sufferer of the three. Much was owed to Brougham as a man of enormous intellectual force; to which, apart from his past services, great respect was due: but Macaulay was by far the best writer, and (to employ a bull which is common enough) incomparably the most attractive contributor. The strength of his hold upon the "Review" and its editor is apparent on every tenth page of the book, and comes out forcibly enough in a letter from Sir James Stephen to Mr. Napier. Mr. Napier had written to Sir James, expressing some delicate surprise that no article from his pen had reached the "Review" for a long time. Sir James excuses himself in this fashion:

I know that many of your contributors must be importunate for a place; that you must be fencing and compromising at a weary rate; that there are many interests of the passing day which you could not overlook; and that we should all have growled like so many fasting bears if denied the regular return of the Macaulay diet, to which we have been so long accustomed.

Sir James was an exceedingly busy man, and he was not professedly a man of letters like Macaulay; but we may, if we like, read between the lines in these excuses and find a little pique there, as well as a just sense of an editor's difficulties.

Another point which lies broadly and prominently upon the surface in these letters is a very unpleasant one. It is scarcely credible how much dull conceit and sheer ignorant arbitrariness there often is in the minds of able and cultivated men. It does not seem even to occur to them that their own range may be limited, and their judgments upon many (or even a few) topics not worth ink or breath. It should hardly be offensive to an ordinary man to be told, or at least to find it tacitly assumed, that he could not have invented fluxions, painted like Rembrandt, or sung like Pindar. Why, then, should it be difficult for any cultivated specialist, of more than ordinary faculties, to make the reflection that he must be deficient in some direction or other? Yet we find in practice that it is not only difficult, but impossible, in the majority of cases. Mr. Napier seems to have invited, or at all events not to have repelled, free criticisms on his Review from the contributors in general, and the outcome is little short of appalling. If ever there was an able man it was Mr. Senior, yet these are the terms in which he allows himself to speak of an article on Christopher North—or rather of Christopher North himself: "The article on

Christopher North is my abomination. I think him one of the very worst of the clever bad writers who infest modern literature; full of bombast, affectation, conceit, in short, of all the *vitia, tristitia*, as well as *dulcia*. I had almost as soon try to read Carlyle or Coleridge." Now, Mr. Senior was, of course, entitled to dislike Christopher North, and there is plenty to be said against him in the way of criticism; but the charge of "affectation" is foolish, and the whole passage pitched in the most detestable of all literary key-notes. John Wilson was a man of genius, whose personal likings and rampant animal spirits led him most mournfully astray. He was wanting also in love of truth for its own sake; but he was as much superior to Mr. Senior as Shakespeare was to him. And the addition about Carlyle or Coleridge—or Coleridge!—is just the gratuitous insolence of one-eyed dullness. There is enough and to spare of blame ready in any balanced mind for either of these great writers, but they can do without the admiration of wooden-headed prigs, however able. The point, however, is that it never dawns upon the mind of even so clever and cultivated a man as Mr. Senior, that his head may have gaps in it.

Another instance to the same purport may be selected from a letter from Mr. Edwin Atherstone, the poet—for it would perhaps be hard and grudging to deny him the title, since he found an audience, and I have a vague recollection of having once read verses of his about Nineveh or Babylon which had in them power of the picturesque-meditative order. Now, this is the way in which Mr. Edwin Atherstone speaks of Dr. Thomas Brown, the metaphysician: "For myself, I know not a writer, with the exception of Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, and Scott, from whom I have derived such high delight as from Dr. Brown."

Was ever such a category put on paper before? It is as if a man should say his favorite musical instruments were the organ, the harp, the trumpet, the violin, and the sewing-machine. Brown was one of the most readable of metaphysicians; he made some acute hits, and he wrote elegant verses; but his position in Mr. Atherstone's list is as inexplicably quaint as that of "Burke, commonly called the Sublime," in the epitaph on the lady who "painted in water-colors," and "was first cousin to Lady Jones."

The worst examples of all, however, come from the letters of Francis Jeffrey himself. Jeffrey has been underrated, and he was a most amiable man; but some of the verdicts he thought fit to pronounce upon articles in the "Edinburgh," when edited by Mr. Napier, are *saugrenus*. In one case he is about suggesting a contributor, to deal with a certain topic, and is

so polite as to say that the name of Mr. John Stuart Mill had struck him: "I once thought of John Mill, but there are reasons against him too, independent of his great unreadable book and its elaborate demonstrations of axioms and truisms."

There might be weighty "reasons against" Mr. Mill, but what his "Logic" could have to do with the question is not clear. It never seems to have crossed Jeffrey's mind that he *might* be totally disqualified for forming an opinion of a book like that; and, having called it "unreadable" (though to a reader with any natural bent toward such matters it is deeply interesting), he actually puts forward the fact that Mill had written it as a reason against his being intrusted with the treatment of a political topic in a Whig review. Editors are human, and the editorial position is a very troublesome one. An editor may lose his head, as an overworked wine-taster may lose his palate. In a word, allowances must be made; but, after a disclosure or two like this, it is difficult not to conclude that the "Review" owed no more of its success to its former editor than it might have owed to any intelligent clerk. But we can not let Jeffrey go yet. The following passage relates to an article on Victor Cousin:

Cousin I pronounce beyond all doubt the most unreadable thing that ever appeared in the "Review." The only chance is, that gentle readers may take it to be very profound, and conclude that the fault is in their want of understanding. But I am not disposed to agree with them. It is ten times more *mystical* than anything my friend Carlyle ever wrote, and not half so agreeably written. It is nothing to the purpose that he does not agree with the worst part of the mysticism, for he affects to understand it, and to explain it, and to think it very ingenious and respectable, and it is mere gibberish. He may possibly be a clever man. There are even indications of that in his paper, but he is not a *very* clever man, nor of much power; and beyond all question he is not a good writer on such subjects. If you ever admit such a disquisition again, order your operator to instance and illustrate all his propositions by cases or examples, and to reason and explain with reference to these. This is a sure test of sheer nonsense, and moreover an infinite resource for the explication of obscure truth, if there be any such thing.

Now, the writer of the article in question was Sir William Hamilton. "He may possibly be a clever man, but beyond all question he is not a good writer on such subjects." So much for Jeffrey.

"Nec sibi coenarum quivis temere arroget artem,
Non prius exacta tenui ratione saporum."

Poor Mr. Carlyle is again dragged in, and Sir

William is pronounced "ten times more *mystical*" than he—"mystical" in italics. When a writer, using the word mystical opprobriously, prints it in italics, it is usually safe to decide that he knows nothing of metaphysics. The concluding sentences are instructive examples of editorial self-confidence: "If ever you admit such a disquisition again, *order your operator to*" do so-and-so. Thus, the treatment of Mill and Hamilton being equally ignorant and inept, there is no escape for the ex-editor. Both verdicts were after the too-celebrated "this-will-never-do" manner, and that is all.

In the communications from literary men there are some fine instances of just self-consciousness. Tom Campbell writes, with great warmth and alertness, to promise an article upon a new work about the "Nerves"; but shortly afterward writes again, candidly confessing that he had found, upon looking again at the work, that his aptitude for scientific detail was not great enough to enable him to do justice to the subject. A letter from William Hazlitt is so striking, both for its truthfulness and its clearheadedness, as to deserve quoting in full. He had been written to by Mr. Napier for some contributions to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and he replies, from his well-known retreat at Winterslow Hut, in these terms:

I am sorry to be obliged, from want of health and a number of other engagements, which I am little able to perform, to decline the flattering offer you make me. I am also afraid that I should not be able to do the article in question, or yourself, justice, for I am not only without books, but without knowledge of what books are necessary to be consulted on the subject. To get up an article in a Review on any subject of general literature is quite as much as I can do without exposing myself. The object of an encyclopædia is, I take it, to condense and combine all the facts relating to a subject, and all the theories of any consequence already known or advanced. Now, where the business of such a work ends, is just where I begin—that is, I might perhaps throw in an idle speculation or two of my own, not contained in former accounts of the subject, and which would have very little pretensions to rank as scientific. I know something about Congreve, but nothing at all of Aristophanes, and yet I conceive that the writer of an article on the drama ought to be as well acquainted with the one as the other.

The honesty of this is quite refreshing. There is one more letter, of a similar order, which deserves to be signalized. In August, 1843, Macaulay, being pressed for more frequent contributions, writes from the Albany that he can promise, at the very utmost, no more than two articles in a year:

I ought to give my whole leisure to my History; and I fear that, if I suffer myself to be diverted from that design as I have done, I shall, like poor Mackintosh, leave behind me the character of a man who would have done something if he had concentrated his powers instead of frittering them away. There are people who can carry on twenty works at a time. Southey would write the history of Brazil before breakfast, an ode after breakfast, then the history of the Peninsular War till dinner, and an article for the "Quarterly Review" in the evening. But I am of a different temper. I never write so as to please myself until my subject has for the time driven away every other out of my head. When I turn from one work to another, a great deal of time is lost in the mere transition. I must not go on dawdling and reproaching myself all my life.

There is something melancholy in this, admirable as it is. Macaulay had begun to watch the shadow on the dial too closely to permit him to do much miscellaneous work with an easy mind. There is an important lesson for men of letters in the sentence, "When I turn from one work to another, a great deal of time is lost in the mere transition." Here lies the great difference between serious literary work and that of ordinary business, where the mind is solicited by one thing after another in rapid succession. In the first case, time and energy have to be expended in evolving from within a fresh impulse for every topic. The most readable writings of Southey are those which he produced fragment by fragment, on topics for which little renewal of impulse was required. To write a great poem in scraps, all by the clock, was a task which only a very conceited and rather wooden man would have attempted; and the result we know, though there are fine things in Southey's longer poems. A powerful passage by Cardinal Newman on the difficulties of literary work is almost too well known to bear quoting, but a living poet, Mrs. Augusta Webster, has put the case so fairly that Macaulay's shade—which is, of course, a shade that reads everything—may be gratified by seeing in a handy way a few of her sentences:

Occupations of study, scientific research, literary production—of brain-work of any kind that is carried on in the worker's private home with no visible reminder of customer or client—are taken to be such as can lightly be done at one time as well as another, and resumed after no matter what interruptions, like a lady's embroidery, which she can take up again at the very stitch she left her needle in. Professions of this sort not only admit, but in many instances require, considerable variation in the amount of daily time directly bestowed on them—*directly*, for the true student is not at his work only when he is ostensibly employed, but whenever and wherever he may have his head to

himself—and there is no measure of visible quantity for the more or less results of application. . . . The literary man probably fares the worst of all. He is not merely not protected by the manual part of his processes, but it is his danger. It is so easy—what anybody can do at any time! . . . Of course the simple fact is, that it is more difficult for this class of persons to practice their vocations under the drawback of perpetual breaks, actual and (what comes to nearly the same thing) expected, than it is for "business men." Let the attention of the solicitor, for instance, busied on the points of an intricate case, be perforce diverted to another matter, there is lost from that case just the time diverted, and a little extra to allow for the mind which returns to any interrupted course of thought, never returning to it exactly at the point at which it was forced to leave it. But there are the recorded facts; the direct conclusions to be drawn remain unaltered; nothing has disappeared, nothing has lost its identity. But suppose, let us say, a dramatist, devising his crisis after hours, perhaps days, of gradual growth, to the moment when he sees it before him as a reality. . . . Force his attention away, and he has lost, not merely the time he needed to complete a spell of works, with something over for the difficulty of resuming, but the *power* of resuming. All has faded into a haze; and the fruit of days, maybe, has been thrown away at the ripening, for such moments do not come twice.

There are but few of Mr. Napier's own letters in this volume, so that we have only indirect means of measuring his idea of his editorial rights or duties as against contributors. There is one case in which Macaulay complains strongly of certain excisions, and there is another in which he defends certain phrases of his own which appear to have offended the taste of Mr. Napier, who found them undignified, if not slightly vulgar. He submits of course—all the mutilated ones submit—and he says he submits "willingly"; but all the while we can too plainly see the wry faces he is making. Mr. Napier was, apparently, a purist in the matter of style; but there is something almost grotesque in the spectacle of a man of his quality correcting Macaulay. It reminds one of *cet imbécile Buloz*.* The case of Leigh Hunt was very different, for he sometimes went to the extreme verge of decorum—quarterly review decorum, that is—and beyond it. But we may safely conclude that Macaulay knew much better than his editor how to turn a sentence, or when the use of a French locution was desirable for ends of literary effect. Upon this subject of imported phrases Mr. Na-

pier was, it seems, very punctilious, for with Mr. G. H. Lewes he must have had a brisk correspondence about it. Mr. Lewes, who was then a young writer, anxious to get his feet well planted, submits, with every possible expression of acquiescence, one might almost say, of abject agreement; but it is easy to see that his compliance was forced. Macaulay in his discussion of this little matter with Napier, easily and decisively lays down the true guiding principle: "The first rule of all writing—that rule to which every other rule is subordinate—is that the words used by the writer shall be such as most fully and precisely convey his meaning to the great body of his readers. All considerations about the purity and dignity of style ought to bend to this consideration."

This, indeed, exhausts the subject; and leaves the editor only one question to solve—namely, whether the writer whom he employs has presumably a meaning fit to be conveyed to the readers of his periodical. Upon that point he must use his own judgment; but it was idle for a man like Mr. Napier to criticise the phrasing of a man like Macaulay, who had ten thousand times his reading. For it is upon the "reading" that the matter very largely turns. The force of a quotation or a phrase imported from a foreign tongue depends, not upon the bare meaning of the words, but upon the suggestiveness of certain associations. This does not necessarily imply that the precise context is recalled, or certain hackneyed trifles from Lucretius and Horace, and a score of such chips in porridge, would be indecent. If it be said that all this implies that an editor should be omniscient, or at lowest an omnivorous reader, the reply is, that it certainly does—unless the principle adopted in the conduct of the periodical be the more recent one of choosing contributors largely on account of their names, and then leaving them to answer for their own sins, if any. One thing is clear, that if a man like Jeffrey—or like Napier—could be shown the number of blunders he made in mutilating the writings of his contributors, he would feel very much humiliated. Thackeray complains very bitterly of the suppression of some of his touches of humor, and his sufferings at the hands of a critic like Mr. Napier (able man as he was) must have been terrible indeed.

The system recently adopted, of having every article signed, has not yielded the results which were predicted or expected by those who so long struggled to get it introduced. It has led to "starring" more outrageous and more audacious than any that was ever seen upon the stage, and to mischief far more serious. The worst of these is the substitution of a spurious sort of authority for the natural influence or weight of the writing,

* One, at least, of the contributors whom Buloz tortured (George Sand wrote that she wished him "au diable" ten times a day, only he held her purse-strings) used to date his letters in this style: "A vingt-cinq lieues de cet imbécile Buloz."

even upon some of the most important topics which can engage the human mind. The opinion, for example, of a versatile politician, or traveler, or physicist, on a question of religion or morals may be of no more value than that of the first man you meet on passing into the streets. But it will attract attention in proportion to the notoriety of the author, and, though wise men may know that it is weak or foolish, they may wait a long while for the chance of saying so from any pulpit worth preaching in, because the platforms are preëngaged; and also because, the "organs of opinion" being bound to live by keeping up a succession of attractive names in their pages, it will not do to offend the owners of such names. One other result of the recent system (not everywhere and always, of course, but generally and most frequently) is a want of freshness in periodical literature. This evil our American friends manage to escape; only they are much bolder than we are, and do not stand in terror of the charge of levity. But, as a rule, writers who are fit for starring purposes lose freshness in a very short time; and then they do a still further mischief by striking that key-note of second-hand thought which is so prevalent, or at least so common, in even our better literature.

It is amusing enough to recall the superstition of secrecy which inspired the policy of the first Edinburgh Reviewers. Lord Jeffrey has told us how the conspirators, Brougham, Sydney Smith, Horner, and himself, used to meet by night in the back room of a printing-office, and steal to their work by winding paths and back stairs, like assassins. This was folly, though not inexcusably without rational ground or motive, and one can not resist the belief that the more modern plan will work well some day, if it does not now. But the difference in the results is not so great as might have been hoped for. Men of letters do not now openly insult each other for differences of opinion in politics or theology; but it is not any variation of mechanism which has made the change, and, though less brutality of phrasing is now permitted, it would be difficult to surpass in bitterness or unfairness some of the signed and accredited criticism of our own day. On the whole, it comes to this—you can get no more out of given moral conditions than there is in them. If public writers are clique-ish (a word to disturb Mr. Napier in his grave, and certainly an ugly one) and unjust to each other, it is because you can not change the spots of the leopard. A man who loves the truth will employ his pen conscientiously and kindly, whether he writes anonymously or otherwise. To this it may be added that there is something extremely quaint in one thing that we may see taking place every

week—the greater part of our newspaper writing is still unsigned, and, considering what a hastily got-up miscellany a newspaper necessarily is, it can hardly be otherwise. A column of reviews in a newspaper is sometimes the work of as many hands as there are books reviewed in it. But it might certainly have been expected beforehand that reviewers who write without signature should be both careful and moderate in attacking writers who sign, and who, presumably, take more time over their work than contributors to newspapers can generally do. Yet the newspaper columns in which quarterly and monthly periodicals are reviewed are "too often" (we must round the corner with the help of that commonplace) models of flippancy and dogmatism.

On the whole, it is not from any mechanical changes of method that we must expect improvement in Review literature. Of course, in largeness, fullness, richness, and versatility the review-writing of to-day is immeasurably superior to that of the days when Macaulay and Brougham fought for precedence in the "Edinburgh." But so is the literature reviewed—one is a big "rolling miscellany," and so is the other. It does not seem to some of us that, *other things being made equal*, the literature of our modern reviews (using the word widely) is either superior or inferior to that of the "Edinburgh," for example. The growth, however, of literature generally in force, color, range, and effectiveness, is something astounding. We note this, or rather it overwhelms us, in turning over such a book as the "Memoirs of Harriet Martineau"; and there is more than the insolence of new-fangled tastes in putting such a question as—where would Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" be if it were published to-morrow? One day when Brougham had just left (for London) a country-house where he had been staying, Rogers, who was a fellow guest with him, made some such remark as this: "In that post-chaise went away this morning, Bacon, Newton, Demosthenes, and Solon." It is not recorded that Rogers meant this as a joke; but where would Brougham be after a little manipulation by Mr. Jevons or Mr. Goldwin Smith? It would be tiresome to dwell upon this, and wrong to suggest that the men were smaller because the outlook was less; but this view, if anything, helps us to see the direction in which one of our best hopes for literature must lie—namely, in its ever-increasing volume. There will always be hostile camps, and there will always be warriors of low *morale*, but, as each camp enlarges, the *average* pain of those who suffer from injustice or neglect will be lessened. And this observation is by no means addressed to mere questions of reviewing in the

minor sense, but rather to literature in the mass as representing the culture of the time.

Since the time when Jeffrey ruled the "Edinburgh Review," and even since the death of Mr. Napier, "the advertising element" and commercial elements in general have played a great and new part, an increasing part, too, in the fortunes, and thus in regulating the quality and tendency, of current literature. One result of this state of things is an ever-increasing tendency to compromise in the expression of opinion. In spite of the spirit of tolerance of which we hear so much, there was perhaps never a time in which the expression of opinion was so much emasculated in the higher periodical literature, or in which so much trickery of accommodated phraseology was going forward. This will last for a long time yet—as long as periodical literature is a matter of commercial speculation. It is an evil omen that the greatest amount of freedom now displayed is in political and scientific discussion. It is difficult to see where the remedy is to come from in discussions of another kind. Probably we shall have a lesson by the cataclysmic method before very long. There is in this volume a letter from Brougham to Napier, in which Brougham is very angry about an indirect disclosure of Romilly's heterodoxy, and he goes off at a tangent to express a doubt whether Macaulay was any better than Romilly, but is very anxious that conventional conformity should be strictly maintained in the "Review," even to the length of concealing from the general reader as far as possible such facts as that a man so good and "religious" as Romilly could be a disbeliever in this, that, or the other. We have now got beyond that; the accredited policy is in a vague way to trump the cards of the dangerous people, and then nobody shows his hand fairly and freely. Meanwhile, everybody feels uneasy, from a latent sense of insincerity; and, when once the excitement is off, the natural perception, that out of nothing nothing can come, reassumes its sway. The game can not go on in this way for ever, though no one can foresee by what accident the lights will be blown out, the tables thrown over, and the stakes roughly dealt with at last.

A great difference, as might be expected, arises from the incredible widening of what might be called the constituencies of opinion. Political articles of the "inspired" order do not count as they did, or were supposed to do, in the days of "Coningsby" even, much less as they did a decade or two sooner. The effective currents of thought are far too numerous and far too

massive to be guided—nay, too numerous and too massive for even the most conceited of propagandists or prophets to fancy he could calculate them. What sort of figure as a publicist or "inspired" political writer would a man like Croker cut at this end of the century? It must have been a dolorous day for such as he when they first felt sure the tides were coming up which were to sweep them and their works into oblivion, or at least into limbo, and make successors to their function impossible in future. We do not affirm that the present phase of change is for the best; no theory of progress will justify statements of that kind. In fact, things are quite bad enough; but some security against certain evils there must be, in the fact that these are days in which it is difficult to hide a wrong, or an error, which has an immediate sinister bearing upon ends cherished by any school of opinion. Who on earth would now think of calling the "Times" the Thunderer? Just when middle-aged men of to-day were babies it was thought finely argumentative, if not conclusive, to call the London University "Stinkomalee," in the interest of Church and King; but the "hard hitting" of our own time is done in other fashion. Even if the Marquis of Salisbury were to edit a paper he would not be able to make much out of Titus Oates. But the allusion to that episode in another sphere of action may remind us of the late Lord Derby, who might almost be called the last of the old school of politicians. The mere mention of his name seems to flash light upon the gulf we have traversed since the days when the world was divided between a Whig organ and a Tory organ.

Simultaneously with the incalculable increase of devotion to science, we have had an increase of devotion to ends held to be practical, and this has largely governed our literature. The subject now barely hinted at is well worth extended treatment. It is, however, no more than the truth that there has been recently a great diminution of speculative enthusiasm of all kinds, with a largely increased tendency to make things pleasant for all parties. Convenience, in fact, becomes more and more the governing factor of life; this tells upon our better literature; and until the wind sets again from the old quarters—as it certainly will some day—we shall feel the want of certain elements of freshness, individuality, and moral impulse which touch us more closely than we at first recognize in reading the old Edinburgh Reviewers.

MATTHEW BROWNE (*Contemporary Review*).

A WALK IN A WOOD.

THE most difficult thing that a man has to do is to think. There are many who can never bring themselves really to think at all, but do whatever thinking is done by them in a chance fashion, with no effort, using the faculty which the Lord has given them because they can not, as it were, help themselves. To think is essential, all will agree. That it is difficult most will acknowledge who have tried it. If it can be compassed so as to become pleasant, brisk, and exciting as well as salutary, much will have been accomplished. My purpose here is to describe how this operation, always so difficult, often so repugnant to us, becomes easier out among the woods, with the birds and the air and the leaves and the branches around us, than in the seclusion of any closet.

But I have nothing to show for it beyond my own experience, and no performances of thought to boast of beyond the construction of combinations in fiction, countless and unimportant as the sand on the seashore. For in these operations of thinking it is not often the entire plot of a novel—the plot of a novel as a whole—that exercises the mind. That is a huge difficulty; one so arduous as to have been generally found by me altogether beyond my power of accomplishment. Efforts are made, no doubt—always out in the open air, and within the precincts of a wood if a wood be within reach; but to construct a plot so as to know, before the story is begun, how it is to end, has always been to me a labor of Hercules beyond my reach. I have to confess that my incidents are fabricated to fit my story as it goes on, and not my story to fit my incidents. I wrote a novel once in which a lady forged a will; but I had not myself decided that she had forged it till the chapter before that in which she confesses her guilt. In another a lady is made to steal her own diamonds—a grand *tour-de-force*, as I thought—but the brilliant idea only struck me when I was writing the page in which the theft is described. I once heard an unknown critic abuse my workmanship because a certain lady had been made to appear too frequently in my pages. I went home and killed her immediately. I say this to show that the process of thinking to which I am alluding has not generally been applied to any great effort of construction. It has expended itself on the minute ramifications of tale-telling: how this young lady should be made to behave herself with that young gentleman; how this mother or that father would be affected by the ill conduct or the good of a son or a daughter; how these words or

those other would be most appropriate and true to nature if used on some special occasion. Such plottings as these, with a fabricator of fiction, are infinite in number as they are infinitesimal in importance, and are therefore, as I have said, like the sand of the seashore. But not one of them can be done fitly without thinking. My little effort will miss its wished-for result, unless I be true to nature; and to be true to nature I must think what nature would produce. Where shall I go to find my thoughts with the greatest ease and most perfect freedom?

Bad noises, bad air, bad smells, bad light, an inconvenient attitude, ugly surroundings, little misfortunes that have lately been endured, little misfortunes that are soon to come, hunger and thirst, overeating and overdrinking, want of sleep or too much of it, a tight boot, a starched collar, are all inimical to thinking. I do not name bodily ailments. The feeling of heroism which is created by the magnanimity of overcoming great evils will sometimes make thinking easy. It is not the sorrows but the annoyances of life which impede. Were I told that the bank had broken in which my little all was kept for me I could sit down and write my love-story with almost a sublimated vision of love; but to discover that I had given half a sovereign instead of sixpence to a cabman would render a great effort necessary before I could find the fitting words for a lover. These little lacerations of the spirit, not the deep wounds, make the difficulty. Of all the nuisances named noises are the worst. I know a hero who can write his leading article for a newspaper in a club smoking-room while all the chaff of all the Joneses and all the Smiths is sounding in his ears; but he is a hero because he can do it. To think with a barrel organ within hearing is heroic. For myself I own that a brass-band altogether incapacitates me. No sooner does the first note of the opening burst reach my ear than I start up, fling down my pen, and cast my thoughts disregarded into the abyss of some chaos which is always there ready to receive them. Ah, how terrible, often how vain, is the work of fishing, to get them out again! Here, in our quiet square, the beneficent police have done wonders for our tranquillity—not, however, without creating for me personally a separate trouble in having to encounter the stern reproaches of the middle-aged leader of the band when he asks me in mingled German and English accents whether I do not think that he too as well as I—he with all his comrades, and then he points to the nine stalwart, well-cropped, silent, and

sorrowing Teutons around him—whether he and they should not be allowed to earn their bread as well as I. I can not argue the matter with him. I can not make him understand that in earning my own bread I am a nuisance to no one. I can only assure him that I am resolute, being anxious to avoid the gloom which was cast over the declining years of one old philosopher. I do feel, however, that this comparative peace within the heart of a huge city is purchased at the cost of many tears. When, as I walk abroad, I see in some small, crowded street the ill-shod feet of little children spinning round in the perfect rhythm of a dance, two little tots each holding the other by their ragged duds while an Italian boy grinds at his big box, each footfall true to its time, I say to myself that a novelist's schemes, or even a philosopher's figures, may be purchased too dearly by the silencing of the music of the poor.

Whither shall a man take himself to avoid these evils, so that he may do his thinking in peace—in silence, if it may be possible? And yet it is not silence that is altogether necessary. The wood-cutter's axe never stopped a man's thought, nor the wind through the branches, nor the flowing of water, nor the singing of birds, nor the distant tingling of a chapel-bell. Even the roaring of the sea and the loud splashing of the waves among the rocks do not impede the mind. No sounds coming from water have the effect of harassing. But yet the seashore has its disadvantages. The sun overhead is hot or the wind is strong—or the very heaviness of the sand creates labor and distraction. A high-road is ugly, dusty, and too near akin to the business of the world. You may calculate your five per cents. and your six per cents. with precision as you tramp along a high-road. They have a weight of material interest which rises above dust. But if your mind flies beyond this—if it attempts to deal with humor, pathos, irony, or scorn—you should take it away from the well-constructed walks of life. I have always found it impossible to utilize railroads for delicate thinking. A great philosopher once cautioned me against reading in railway-carriages. "Sit still," said he, "and label your thoughts." But he was a man who had staid much at home himself. Other men's thoughts I can digest when I am carried along at the rate of thirty miles an hour; but not my own.

Any carriage is an indifferent vehicle for thinking, even though the cushions be plump, and the road gracious—not rough nor dusty—and the horses going at their ease. There is a feeling attached to the carriage that it is there for a special purpose—as though to carry one to a fixed destination; and that purpose, hidden per-

haps but still inherent, clogs the mind. The end is coming, and the sooner it is reached the better. So at any rate thinks the driver. If you have been born to a carriage, and carried about listlessly from your childhood upward, then perhaps you may use it for free mental exercise; but you must have been coaching it from your babyhood to make it thus effective.

On horseback something may be done. You may construct your villain or your buffoon as you are going across country. All the noise of an assize court or the low rattle of a gambling-table may thus be arranged. Standing by the covert side I myself have made a dozen little plots, and were I to go back to the tales I could describe each point at the covert side at which the incident or the character was molded and brought into shape. But this, too, is only good for rough work. Solitude is necessary for the task we have in hand; and the bobbing up and down of the horse's head is antagonistic to solitude.

I have found that I can best command my thoughts on foot, and can do so with the most perfect mastery when wandering through a wood. To be alone is of course essential. Companionship requires conversation—for which indeed the spot is most fit; but conversation is not now the object in view. I have found it best even to reject the society of a dog, who, if he be a dog of manners, will make some attempt at talking. And, though he should be silent, the sight of him provokes words and caresses and sport. It is best to be away from cottages, away from children, away as far as may be from other chance wanderers. So much easier is it to speak than to think that any slightest temptation suffices to carry away the idler from the harder to the lighter work. An old woman with a bundle of sticks becomes an agreeable companion, or a little girl picking wild fruit. Even when quite alone, when all the surroundings seem to be fitted for thought, the thinker will still find a difficulty in thinking. It is not that the mind is inactive, but that it will run exactly whither it is not bidden to go. With subtle ingenuity it will find for itself little easy tasks instead of settling itself down on that which it is its duty to do at once. With me, I own, it is so weak as to fly back to things already done—which require no more thinking, which are perhaps unworthy of a place even in the memory—and to revel in the ease of contemplating that which has been accomplished rather than to struggle for further performance. My eyes, which should become moist with the troubles of the embryo heroine, shed tears as they call to mind the early sorrow of Mr. —, who was married and made happy many years ago. Then—when it comes to this—a great effort becomes necessary, or that day will for him

have no results. It is so easy to lose an hour in maundering over the past, and to waste the good things which have been provided in remembering instead of creating!

But a word about the nature of the wood! It is not always easy to find a wood, and sometimes, when you have got it, it is but a muddy, plashy, rough-hewed congregation of ill-grown trees—a thicket rather than a wood—in which even contemplation is difficult and thinking is out of the question. He who has devoted himself to wandering in woods will know at the first glance whether the place will suit his purpose. A crowded undergrowth of hazel, thorn, birch, and alder, with merely a track through it, will by no means serve the occasion. The trees around you should be big and noble. There should be grass at your feet. There should be space for the felled or fallen princes of the forest. A roadway, with the sign of wheels that have passed long since, will be an advantage, so long as the branches above head shall meet or seem to meet each other. I will not say that the ground should not be level, lest by creating difficulties I shall seem to show that the fitting spot may be too difficult to be found; but, no doubt, it will be an assistance in the work to be done if occasionally you can look down on the tops of the trees as you descend, and again look up to them as with increasing height they rise high above your head. And it should be a wood—perhaps a forest—rather than a skirting of timber. You should feel that, if not lost, you are losable. To have trees around you is not enough unless you have many. You must have a feeling as of Adam in the garden. There must be a confirmed assurance in your mind that you have got out of the conventional into the natural—which will not establish itself unless there be a consciousness of distance between you and the next plowed field. If possible you should not know the east from the west, or, if so, only by the setting of the sun. You should recognize the direction in which you must return simply by the fall of water.

But where shall the wood be found? Such woodlands there are still in England, though, alas! they are becoming rarer every year. Profit from the timber-merchant or dealer in firewood is looked to or else, as is more probable, drives are cut broad and straight, like spokes of a wheel radiating to a nave or center, good only for the purposes of the slayer of multitudinous pheasants. I will not say that a wood prepared, not as the home but the slaughter-ground of game, is altogether inefficient for our purpose. I have used such even when the sound of the guns has been near enough to warn me to turn my steps to the right or to the left. The scents are pleasant even

in winter, the trees are there, and sometimes even yet the delightful feeling may be encountered that the track on which you are walking leads to some far off, vague destination, in reaching which there may be much of delight because it will be new—something also of peril because it will be distant. But the wood, if possible, should seem to be purposeless. It should have no evident consciousness of being there either for game or fagots. The felled trunk on which you sit should seem to have been selected for some accidental purpose of house-building, as though a neighbor had searched for what was wanting and had found it. No idea should be engendered that it was let out at so much an acre to a contractor who would cut the trees in order and sell them in the next market. The mind should conceive that this wood never had been planted by hands, but had come there from the direct beneficence of the Creator—as the first woods did come—before man had been taught to recreate them systematically, and as some still remain to us, so much more lovely in their wildness than when reduced to rows and quincunxes, and made to accommodate themselves to laws of economy and order.

England, dear England—an dcertainly, with England, Scotland also—has advanced almost too far for this. There are still woods, but they are so divided, and marked, and known, so apportioned out among game-keepers, park-rangers, and other custodians, that there is but little left of wildness in them. It is too probable that the stray wanderer may be asked his purpose; and if so, how will it be with him if he shall answer to the custodian that he has come thither only for the purpose of thinking? "But it's here my lord turns out his young pheasants!" "Not a feather from the wing of one of them shall be the worse for me," answers the thinker. "I dun-na know," says the civil custodian; "but it's here my lord turns out his young pheasants." It is then explained that the stile into the field is but a few yards off—for our woodland distances are seldom very great—and the thinker knows that he must go and think elsewhere. Then his work for that day will be over with him. There are woods, however, which may with more or less of difficulty be utilized. In Cumberland and Westmoreland strangers are so rife that you will hardly be admitted beyond the paths recognized for tourists. You may succeed on the sly, and, if so, the sense of danger adds something to the intensity of your thought. In Northamptonshire, where John the planter lived, there are miles of woodland—but they consist of avenues rather than of trees. Here you are admitted and may trespass, but still with a feeling that game is the lord of all. In Norfolk, Suffolk, and Es-

sex the gamekeepers will meet you at every turn—or rather at every angle, for turns there are none. The woods have been all refashioned with measuring-rod and tape. Two lines crossing each other, making what they call in Essex a four-want way, has no special offense, though if they be quite rectangular they tell something too plainly of human regularity; but four lines thus converging and radiating, displaying the brazen-faced ingenuity of an artificer, are altogether destructive of fancy. In Devonshire there are still some sweet woodland nooks, shaws, and holts, and pleasant spinneys, through which clear-water brooks run, and the birds sing sweetly, and the primroses bloom early, and the red earth pressing up here and there gives a glow of color—and the gamekeeper does not seem quite as yet to dominate everything. Here, perhaps, in all fair England the solitary thinker may have his fairest welcome.

But though England be dear, there are other countries not so small, not so crowded, in which every inch of space has not been made so available either for profit or for pleasure, in which the woodland Rambler may have a better chance of solitude amid the unarranged things of nature. They who have written and they who have read about Australia say little and hear little as to its charm of landscape, but here the primeval forests running for uninterrupted miles, with undulating land and broken timber, with ways open everywhere through the leafy wilderness, where loneliness is certain till it be interrupted by the kangaroo, and where the silence is only broken by the noises of quaint birds high above your head, offer all that is wanted by him whose business it is to build his castles carefully in the air. Here he may roam at will and be interrupted by no fence, feel no limits, be wounded by no art, and have no sense of aught around him but the forest, the air, and the ground. Here, too, he may lose himself in truth till he shall think it well if he come upon a track leading to a shepherd's hut.

But the woods of Australia, New Zealand, California, or South Africa, are too far afield for the thinker for whom I am writing. If he is to take himself out of England, it must be somewhere among the forests of Europe. France has still her woodlands—though for these let him go somewhat far afield, nor trust himself to the bosky dells through which Parisian taste will show him the way by innumerable finger-posts. In the Pyrenees he may satisfy himself, or on the sides of Jura. The chestnut-groves of Lucca and the oak-woods of Tuscany are delightful, where the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa lie thick—only let him not trust himself to the mid-day sun. In Belgium, as far as I know it, the

woods are of recent growth, and smack of profitable production. But in Switzerland there are pure forests still, standing, or appearing to stand, as Nature caused them to grow, and here the poet or the novelist may wander, and find all as he would have it. Or, better still, let him seek the dark shadows of the Black Forest, and there wander, fancy free—if that, indeed, can be freedom which demands a bondage of its own.

Were I to choose the world all round, I should take certain districts in the duchy of Baden as the hunting-ground for my thoughts. The reader will probably know of the Black Forest that it is not continual wood. Nor, indeed, are the masses of timber, generally growing on the mountain-sides, or high among the broad valleys, or on the upland plateaux, very large. They are interspersed by pleasant meadows and occasional corn-fields, so that the wanderer does not wander on among them as he does, perhaps hopelessly, in Australia. But as the pastures are interspersed through the forest, so is the forest through the pastures; and, when you shall have come to the limit of this wood, it is only to be lured on into the confines of the next. You go upward among the ashes, and beeches, and oaks, till you reach the towering pines. Oaks have the pride of magnificence; the smooth beech, with its nuts thick upon it, is a tree laden with tenderness; the sober ash has a savor of solitude, and of truth; the birch, with its May-day finery springing thick about it, boasts the brightest green which Nature has produced; the elm—the useless elm—savors of decorum and propriety; but for sentiment, for feeling, for grandeur, and for awe, give me the forest of pines. It is when they are round me that, if ever, I can use my mind aright and bring it to the work which is required of it. There is a scent from them which reaches my brain and soothes it. There is a murmur among their branches, best heard when the moving breath of heaven just stirs the air, which reminds me of my duty without disturbing me. The crinkling fibers of their blossom are pleasant to my feet as I walk over them. And the colors which they produce are, at the same time, somber and lovely, never paining the eye, and never exciting it. If I can find myself here of an afternoon, when there shall be another two hours for me, safe before the sun shall set, with my stick in my hand, and my story half-conceived in my mind, with some blotch of a character or two just daubed out roughly on the canvas, then, if ever, I can go to work and decide how he, and she, and they shall do their work.

They will not come at once, those thoughts which are so anxiously expected; and, in the process of coming, they are apt to be troublesome, full of tricks, and almost traitorous. They

must be imprisoned, or bound with thongs, when they come, as was Proteus when Ulysses caught him amid his sea-calves—as was done with some of the fairies of old, who would, indeed, do their beneficent work, but only under compulsion. It may be that your spirit should on an occasion be as obedient as Ariel, but that will not be often. He will run backward—as it were down hill—because it is so easy, instead of upward and onward. He will turn to the right and to the left, making a show of doing fine work, only not the work that is demanded of him that day. He will skip hither and thither, with pleasant, bright gambols, but will not put his shoulder to the wheel, his neck to the collar, his hand to the plow. Has my reader ever driven a pig to market? The pig will travel on freely, but will always take the wrong turning, and then, when stopped for the tenth time, will head backward, and try to run between your legs. So it is with the tricky Ariel—that Ariel which every man owns, though so many of us fail to use him for much purpose, which but few of us have subjected to such discipline as Prospero had used before he had brought his servant to do his bidding at the slightest word.

It is right that a servant should do his master's bidding; and, with judicious discipline, he will do it. The great thinkers, no doubt, are they who have made their servant perfect in obedience, and quick at a moment's notice for all work. To them no adjuncts of circumstances are necessary. Solitude, silence, and beauty of surroundings are unnecessary. Such a one can bid his mind go work, and the task shall be done, whether in town or country, whether amid green fields, or congregated books, or crowded assemblies. Such a master no doubt was Prospero. Such were Homer, and Cicero, and Dante. Such were Bacon and Shakespeare. They had so tamed, and trained, and taught their Ariels, that each, at a moment's notice, would put a girdle round the earth. With us, though the attendant spirit will come at last and do something at our bidding, it is but driving an unwilling pig to market.

But at last I feel that I have him—perhaps by the tail, as the Irishman drives his pig. When I have got him I have to be careful that he shall not escape me till that job of work be done. Gradually as I walk, or stop, as I seat myself on a bank, or lean against a tree, perhaps as I hurry on waving my stick above my head, till, with my quick motion, the sweat-drops come out upon my brow, the scene forms itself for me. I see, or fancy that I see, what will be fitting, what will be true, how far virtue may be made to go without walking upon stilts, what wickedness may do without breaking the link which binds it to humanity, how low ignorance may grovel, how high

knowledge may soar, what the writer may teach without repelling by severity, how he may amuse without descending to buffoonery; and then the limits of pathos are searched, and words are weighed which shall suit, but do no more than suit, the greatness or the smallness of the occasion. We, who are slight, may not attempt lofty things, or make ridiculous with our little fables the doings of the gods. But for that which we do there are appropriate terms and boundaries, which may be reached but not surpassed. All this has to be thought of and decided upon in reference to those little plottings of which I have spoken, each of which has to be made the receptacle of pathos or of humor, of honor or of truth, as far as the thinker may be able to furnish them. He has to see, above all things, that in his attempts he shall not sin against nature, that in striving to touch the feelings he shall not excite ridicule, that in seeking for humor he does not miss his point, that in quest of honor and truth he does not become bombastic and strait-laced. A clergyman in his pulpit may advocate an altitude of virtue fitted to a millennium here or to a heaven hereafter; nay, from the nature of his profession, he must do so. The poet, too, may soar as high as he will, and, if words suffice to him, need never fear to fail because his ideas are too lofty. But he who tells tales in prose can hardly hope to be effective as a teacher unless he binds himself by the circumstances of the world which he finds around him. Honor and truth there should be, and pathos and humor, but he should so constrain them that they shall not seem to mount into nature beyond the ordinary habitations of men and women.

Such rules as to construction have probably been long known to him. It is not for them he is seeking as he is roaming listlessly or walking rapidly through the trees. They have come to him from much observation, from the writings of others, from that which we call study, in which imagination has but little immediate concern. It is the fitting of the rules to the characters which he has created, the filling in with living touches and true colors those daubs and blotches on his canvas which have been easily scribbled with a rough hand, that the true work consists. It is here that he requires that his fancy should be undisturbed; that the trees should overshadow him, that the birds should comfort him, that the green and yellow mosses should be in unison with him—that the very air should be good to him. The rules are there fixed—fixed as far as his judgment can fix them, and are no longer a difficulty to him. The first coarse outlines of his story he has found to be a matter almost indifferent to him. It is with these little plottings that he has to contend. It is for them that he

must catch his Ariel, and bind him fast; but yet so bind him that not a thread shall touch the easy action of his wings. Every little scene must be arranged so that—if it may be possible—the proper words may be spoken and the fitting effect produced.

Alas, with all these struggles, when the wood has been found, when all external things are propitious, when the very heavens have lent their aid, it is so often that it is impossible! It is not only that your Ariel is untrained, but that the special Ariel which you may chance to own is no

better than a rustic Hobgoblin, or a Peaseblossom, or Mustard-seed at the best. You can not get the pace of the race-horse from a farmyard colt, train him as you will. How often is one prompted to fling one's self down in despair, and, weeping between the branches, to declare that it is not that the thoughts will wander, it is not that the mind is treacherous! That which it can do it will do; but the pace required from it should be fitted only for the farmyard.

Nevertheless, before all be given up, let a walk in a wood be tried.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE (*Good Words*).

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE REMUSAT.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the date—1848—in which I commence this recital, I shall make no attempt to excuse the motives which induced my husband to attach himself to the person of Bonaparte; I shall merely undertake to explain them, as justifications in politics amount to nothing. There are at this time a certain number of persons in France who only returned to this country nine years since, and who, having up to that time taken no part in public affairs, now anathematize those of our citizens who for twenty years have not held themselves aloof from the current of events. When they are told that their prolonged slumber has disqualified them from correct judgment, and they are requested to remain neutral on certain subjects, they repel this suggestion with all the strength imparted by their advantageous position. They dispense blame most ungenerously, since there is no risk in proclaiming the duties of the present day. And yet who in a revolutionary epoch can flatter himself with having always followed the direct road? Who among us is not fully conscious that his conduct has been influenced by circumstances? Who, then, will hasten to throw the first stone, without fearing to see it fall back on the arm of him who threw it? More or less wounded by the blows they strike—for they are

more united, as inhabitants of the same land, than they believe—they should spare each other; and, when a Frenchman pitilessly pursues another Frenchman, let him take care, since he always offers to the looker-on arms against them both.

It is by no means one of the least misfortunes of these times, when troubles exist between people of the same land, that this bitter party spirit produces inevitable distrust and perhaps contempt; and this is called public opinion. The shock of passions permits to each a denial. Meanwhile men live for the most part so outside of themselves that they have few occasions to consult their consciences. In times of peace—as regards ordinary and common acts—the judgments of the world take the place of this conscience; but how is one to submit to them when one sees them ready to strike down those who would consult them?

The surest and safest plan, then, is to keep one's conscience in such a healthy condition that it may be interrogated with impunity. That of my husband and my own never reproached us. The entire loss of his fortune, experience and the march of events, a moderate and lawful desire for comfort and ease, induced Monsieur de Remusat to seek in 1802 a position of some kind.

To enjoy the repose given by Bonaparte to France, and to confide in the hopes which he permitted us to conceive, was to commit a mistake undoubtedly, but it was a mistake shared by the rest of the world.

The gift of foresight is rare; and who at that time could have imagined that Bonaparte, who after his second marriage had maintained peace, and employed that portion of the army which he had not disbanded in protecting our

* The literary event of the day," remarks a Paris correspondent, "is the appearance of the 'Mémoires de Madame Remusat,' edited by her grandson Paul de Remusat. Madame de Remusat was maid of honor to Josephine, with whom she remained from 1802 to 1808, and so followed her in her imperial fortunes." The work here referred to has not yet appeared in Paris, but chapters from it have been published in advance in the "Revue des deux Mondes," from which the extracts here given have been translated.—EDITOR APPLETON'S JOURNAL.

frontiers—who, I say, could have doubted the duration of his power and the strength of his position? Bonaparte reigned over France with her own consent. This is a fact which only blind hatred or private vanity and pride can today deny.

He had reigned over France to our misfortune and to our glory—the connection of these two words is only too natural whenever the question arises of military glory.

When he reached the consulate a breath of relief was drawn. At first he inspired entire confidence; later certain anxiety was felt. But the die was cast. He caused generous spirits who had believed in him to shudder; and by degrees true citizens desired his downfall at the risk even of the losses and disasters they foresaw for themselves. This was the case with Monsieur de Rémusat and myself. In this avowal there is nothing humiliating, for it is honorable to have breathed freely when the country was reassured, and to have desired its deliverance and welfare before all else. No one will ever realize what I suffered during the last years of Bonaparte's tyranny. It is impossible for me to depict the disinterested good faith with which I panted for the return of the King, who in my opinion was to bring with him peace and liberty.

I foresaw all my personal deprivations, and Monsieur de Rémusat foresaw them even more clearly than I. We both of us realized that the fortune of our children would be lost; but this fortune, which we could only retain by the sacrifice of all elevated sentiments, never caused us a sigh. The wounds of France were at that time too recent, and cried too loud, "Shame to those who would not hear!"

It costs me nothing now to avow boldly that we served Bonaparte faithfully. We loved and admired him. It seems to me that it is never humiliating to admit a real feeling. I am never embarrassed by finding that my opinions at one time of my life have differed entirely from those at another.

In beginning these memoirs, I shall touch as briefly as possible on our personal history preceding our introduction to the court of Napoleon.

From no woman can a recital of Napoleon's political life be expected. He was always mysterious to those about him, and to such an extent was this the case that those persons in the *salon* next his own were often ignorant of things with which Paris was acquainted in some degree, and which were thoroughly well known out of France.

Thus it is that I, who was so very young when I was first received at Saint-Cloud, have

been able to snatch in some instances at isolated facts occurring at long intervals.

I shall simply state what I believe myself to have seen, and it will not be my fault if my representations are not always as faithful as sincere.

I was just twenty-two when I was appointed *dame du palais* to Madame Bonaparte. I was married at sixteen, and had been happy despite the terrors of the Revolution. The death of my father in 1794 under the revolutionary axe, the loss of our property, and the tastes of my refined and cultivated mother, had kept me out of the world, of which I was utterly ignorant, and for which I cared nothing.

Taken suddenly from this peaceful solitude to be thrown upon the strangest possible stage, without having known the intermediate ground of society, I was naturally extremely struck by the violence of the transition; and my character has always retained the impression it then received.

With my husband and my mother, both of whom I tenderly loved, I had formed the habit of yielding to the impulses of my heart, and later, with Bonaparte, I was accustomed to interest myself only in that which most strongly excited my sympathies. All my life long I have known nothing of the indolence and indifference of that which is called "*le grand monde*." My mother brought me up with the greatest care, but my education was solidly finished by my husband, who was sixteen years my elder, and extremely cultivated. I was by nature rather serious, which disposition is generally accompanied by a certain amount of enthusiasm. Consequently, during the first years of my sojourn near the persons of Madame Bonaparte and her husband, I was not lukewarm in the sentiments which I believed it to be my duty to feel toward them.

We had had certain relations with Madame Bonaparte during the expedition to Egypt, after which we lost sight of her, until the time that my mother, having formed a project of marrying my sister to one of our relatives whose name was on the list of *émigrés*, applied to her to obtain permission for his return to France. The affair was quickly terminated. Madame Bonaparte, in all kindness, cleverly saw the wisdom of drawing persons of a certain class about her husband, and appointed an evening when my mother and Monsieur de Rémusat should call upon her to thank the First Consul. Of course, this was equivalent to a command. We therefore one evening repaired to the Tuileries;* it was shortly after the date on which Bonaparte had established himself there, when he—as his

* It was on February 19, 1800, that the First Consul took possession of the Tuileries.

wife subsequently told me with her own lips—had said with a laugh just as they were about to retire the first night that they were to sleep under that roof, "Come on, little creole, come on, and take possession of your master's bed."

We were shown into the grand *salon* in the Rez-de-Chaussée: he was seated upon a sofa; at his side was General Moreau, with whom he appeared to be deep in conversation. Both men at this time were eager to establish cordial relations between themselves.

A *mot* of Bonaparte's was at this time in everybody's mouth—a *mot* which was more amiable than was habitual to him. He had ordered a pair of superb pistols made, and had engraved upon them in letters of gold the names of all Moreau's battles.

"Pardon me," said Bonaparte, as he presented them to him—"pardon me that they are not more ornamented; the names of your victories took up all the room."

In the *salon* were ministers, generals, and young and pretty women: Madame Louis Bonaparte,* Madame Murat, who was just married, and struck me as very charming, Madame Maret, who was paying her bridal visit, and was then very beautiful.

Madame Bonaparte held her reception with perfect grace, and was carefully dressed in a style that approached the antique. This was the fashion of the time, when artists had a great influence over society.

Bonaparte rose to receive us, and, after a commonplace word or two, reseated himself, and paid no further attention to any of the women in the room. I must admit that on this occasion I paid less attention to him than to the luxury and magnificent elegance on which my eyes rested for the first time. After this we fell into the way of making an occasional visit to the Tuileries. By degrees we received the impression that it would be desirable for Monsieur de Rémusat to fill some position which should restore to us some of those comforts and amenities of life of which we had been deprived by the loss of our property. Monsieur de Rémusat, having been a magistrate before the Revolution, would have liked a similar office. The fear of giving me pain by separating me from my mother, and taking me from Paris, induced him to ask for a place in the Council of State, rather than for any of the prefectures. But we knew little or nothing of the workings of the Government at that time. My mother had spoken of one situation to Madame Bonaparte, who had taken a great fancy to me; she also professed to admire my husband's manners, and

suddenly conceived the idea of having us both about her.

About this time my sister, who had not married the relative of which I had spoken, wedded Monsieur de Nansonly, general of brigades, a nephew of Madame de Montesson, and a man who was highly esteemed in the army and in society.

This marriage involved us more closely with the consular government, and a month later Madame Bonaparte said to my mother that she hoped it would not be very long before Monsieur de Rémusat would be nominated *préfet du palais*.

I will pass over in silence all the excitement caused in our family circle by this intelligence. I was much startled. Monsieur de Rémusat was resigned rather than pleased, and soon after his nomination—which quickly followed these words of Madame Bonaparte—he applied himself with his usual conscientiousness to mastering the minutest details of his new position.

Not long after this I received the following letter from General Duroc, governor of the palace:

MADAME: The First Consul has designated you as *dame du palais*. The personal knowledge which he has of your character and of your principles gives him the assurance that you will acquit yourself with the courtesy which distinguishes Frenchwomen, and with the dignity which befits the Government. I am happy that I was intrusted with the pleasant duty of announcing to you this evidence of his esteem and confidence.

Accept, madame, my respects, etc.

Thus it was that we were installed at this most singular court. Although Bonaparte showed excessive anger at this time if any one appeared to doubt the sincerity of his words, which were then absolutely republican, he nevertheless made daily changes in his manner of living which were calculated to impart to his surroundings, and to the place he inhabited, much of the air of the palace of a reigning sovereign.

His taste led him in this direction so long as his personal habits were not encroached upon; and he intrusted to those about him all the responsibilities of the various ceremonies. Besides, he was convinced that the French are always influenced by pomp and splendor. Simple in his own dress, he nevertheless exacted from his officers great extravagance in the matter of uniforms. He had already placed between himself and the other two Consuls a marked difference; and even on all the government documents, after having employed this form—"By order of the Consuls, etc."—his own signature was the only one affixed. In the same way it was he alone who held his court, either at the Tuileries or at Saint-Cloud,

* Hortense de Beauharnais had married Louis Bonaparte on January 4, 1802.

receiving the ambassadors with the ceremonious etiquette known among crowned heads, appearing in public always surrounded by a numerous guard, while he allowed his colleagues only two grenadiers before their carriages, and had finally begun to give to his wife a certain rank in the government.

In the beginning we found ourselves in a position which, although extremely delicate, was not without its advantages. Military distinctions, and the rights they gave, appealed strongly to the generals and the aides-de-camp which surrounded Bonaparte. They had come to believe that all honors belonged exclusively to themselves. Meanwhile the Consul, who appreciated all conquests, and who had formed a secret plan to gain over to him all classes of society, was considerably annoyed by the ideas of his people of the sword, whenever he wished to attract people of other avocations toward him by showing them certain favors.

Consequently, Monsieur de Rémusat, clever, brilliant, and learned, understanding himself and others very thoroughly, and vastly superior in his conversational abilities to any of his colleagues, was promptly distinguished by his master, who was certainly wonderfully clear-sighted in discovering what individuals he could best utilize.

Bonaparte liked those persons, moreover, who knew just those things of which he was ignorant. He found in my husband a knowledge of certain usages which he desired to reestablish, perfect tact and familiarity with the manners and customs of good society; he indicated his wishes promptly, was heard and understood immediately, and was as promptly served.

This gave considerable umbrage to the soldiers about him: they foresaw that the day was near at hand when they would not be sole favorites, and that they would, moreover, be soon called upon to correct that roughness and informality of manner which they had acquired on fields of battle; our presence disturbed them. I was young, but more formed in character than their wives; the most of my companions were ignorant of the world, silent and timid, and were never comfortable in the presence of the First Consul. I, as I have before said, was keenly open to impressions, easily moved by novelty, and with a certain amount of cleverness, and kept my eyes wide open to enjoy the spectacle afforded me by this crowd of unknown personages. I found no difficulty in pleasing my new sovereign, because I really found pleasure in listening to her.

Madame Bonaparte saw in me the woman of her choice; she was flattered, moreover, by having conquered my mother, whose value, as belonging to a family of consideration, she fully estimated.

She treated me with entire confidence, and I felt toward her a genuine attachment. Before long she imparted to me all her secrets, which I received and guarded with entire discretion, although I might have been her daughter.* I often had it in my power to give her good advice, because the habits formed during my quiet domestic youth made me take a serious view of life. We were soon, my husband and myself, in a conspicuous position, to which we attained by degrees, all the time continuing to preserve entire simplicity in our manners, and avoiding anything which could enable any one to think that we wished to ground any assumptions on the favors we received.

It was in the autumn of 1802 that I established myself first at Saint-Cloud, where the First Consul then was. Four ladies† passed each of us a week in succession with Madame Bonaparte. It was the same with all those who came under the head of the service of the *préfets du palais*—the generals of the Guard and the aides-de-camp. The governor of the palace, Duroc, lived at Saint-Cloud; his house was maintained with extreme order; we dined with him. The Consul and his wife took their meals alone. Twice each week he invited government officials; once in the month he gave a great dinner in the Galerie de Diane to a hundred persons, after which a reception was given to all who held less important positions, civil or military. Strangers of distinction were also to be met there. During the winter of 1803 we were at peace with England, and a large number of English were in Paris and excited much curiosity, as we were not in the habit of seeing them.

Extreme luxury was displayed at these entertainments. Bonaparte liked to see women much and well dressed, and excited his wife and sisters to emulate each other. Madame Bonaparte and Mesdames Bacciochi and Murat (Madame Leclerc, afterward the Princess Pauline, was in 1802 at Saint Domingo) were resplendent. Each corps had its own costume, the uniforms were rich, and this pomp, which succeeded a time when an affectation of disgusting uncleanness was combined with that of an incendiary civism, seemed in itself a guarantee against the return of the melancholy *régime* the recollection of which still weighed upon us.

It seems to me that Bonaparte's costume at

* The Empress Josephine was born at Martinique in 1763. She had married Monsieur de Beauharnais in 1779, and had separated from him in 1783. After her husband's death she married, *civilement*, General Bonaparte on March 9, 1796.

† Madame Talhouet, Madame de Luçay, Madame Lauriston, and I.

this epoch deserves to be recorded. He wore on ordinary occasions the uniform of some corps in his Guards; but he had ordained for himself and his two colleagues that on days of ceremony they should all three wear scarlet coats, embroidered in gold—of velvet in winter, of cloth in summer.

The two Consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun, middle-aged, powdered, and erect, wore this brilliant coat with laces and a sword, as in other days they had worn their dress-suits. Bonaparte, who was uncomfortable in this costume, got out of it whenever he could. His hair was cut short, laid flat to his head, and was badly combed. With this scarlet and gold coat he kept on his black cravat, a *jabot* of lace from beneath, and no cuffs; sometimes a white vest, embroidered with silver, oftener his uniform vest, as well as his uniform sword, and breeches, silk stockings, and boots. This toilet, and his insignificant height, gave him the oddest possible look, at which, however, no one ventured to take exception.

When he became Emperor, his *habit de cérémonie*, with a small mantle and a plumed hat, was very becoming to him. To these he added a magnificent collar of the Order of the Legion, all in diamonds; but on ordinary occasions he wore only the silver cross.

I remember that, the evening before his coronation, the new marshals he had shortly before created came to pay their respects to him, all superbly dressed. Their showy costumes were in such strong contrast to the simple uniform which he wore, that he smiled. I was standing very near him, and, when he saw that I also smiled, he said in a low voice:

"The right of being simply dressed does not belong to everybody!"

A few moments later the marshals of his army were wrangling on some question of precedence, and finally came to the Emperor to ask him to settle the order of their rank in the ceremonies of the next day.

These pretensions were unanswerable, since each of them enumerated his victories. Bonaparte listened, and amused himself with another glance at me.

"It seems to me," I said to him, "that you have stamped your foot to-day on France, and said, 'Let all these vanities rise from the earth!'"

"That is true," he answered, "but it is easier to rule the French through their vanity than in any other way."

But, to return. The first months of my duties, sometimes at Saint-Cloud, sometimes at Paris, during that winter, I found very agreeable. The mornings were spent very uniformly. At eight o'clock Bonaparte left his wife's room and entered

his cabinet. At Paris he joined her often for breakfast; at Saint-Cloud he breakfasted alone, and often on the terrace which opened from his cabinet. During breakfast he received artists and actors. He talked with some volubility and pleasantly at that hour. Then he was occupied with public affairs until six o'clock. Madame Bonaparte remained within, and received any number of visits, generally women whose husbands held positions under the Government—others belonging to what was called the *ancien régime*—who did not desire to have, or did not wish to seem to have, relations with the First Consul, but who were trying to obtain, through his wife, certain favors—names to be struck from the list of *émigrés*, or restoration of property.

Madame Bonaparte received everybody with charming grace, she promised all that was asked, and sent every one away highly pleased. The petitions left with her were sometimes mislaid, but others were brought in their stead, and she never seemed tired of listening.

At six o'clock in Paris they dined; at Saint-Cloud they went to drive—the Consul alone in a *caldche* with his wife, and the rest of us in other carriages. Bonaparte's brothers, Eugène Beauharnais, and his sisters, could one and all present themselves at dinner if they pleased. Madame Louis came sometimes, but she never slept at Saint-Cloud. Her husband's excessive jealousy and her own extreme diffidence made her very unhappy at this time. They sent little Napoleon—who subsequently died in Holland—once or twice each week. Bonaparte seemed to love this child, and had certainly hung his hopes upon him. Perhaps this was the sole reason why he cared for the child, for Monsieur de Talleyrand told me that when the news of his death reached Berlin Bonaparte was so little moved that, when he was about to appear in public, Monsieur de Talleyrand hurriedly whispered to him: "You forget that a great misfortune has just befallen your family. You should assume an air of sadness."

"It does not amuse me," answered Bonaparte, "to think of dead people!"

It would be somewhat curious to compare these words with the discourse of Monsieur de Fontanes, who, called upon at this same time to make an address on the occasion of the Prussian flags being brought to the Invalides, took occasion to describe the majestic grief of a conqueror, forgetting his glorious victories to weep over the death of a child!

After the Consul had dined, we were notified that we could enter the *salon*. Conversation was prolonged according to the humor he was in; then he disappeared, and was not often seen again that evening. He went to his work, gave some especial audiences, received some minis-

ter, and went to bed at a very good hour. Madame Bonaparte finished the evening with a game of cards. Between ten and eleven the following announcement was made: "Madame, the First Consul has retired."

She then dismissed us. In her rooms there was never any mention of public affairs. Duroc, Maret, then Secretary of State, and all the secretaries, were impenetrable. Most of the military men, I believe, abstained from thinking in order to avoid speaking, and there was little expenditure of brain or wit in that circle.

As I had never had any of the terror with which Bonaparte had for some time inspired those about him, I never experienced in his presence the embarrassment felt by many others, and had never conceived it to be my duty to submit to the system of monosyllables, which was religiously and possibly prudently adopted throughout the house.

This made me noticed and ridiculed in a way that I did not at first suspect, which then amused me, and which I finally sought to avoid. Let me here describe one scene which took place on a certain evening when, Bonaparte speaking of the talent of Monsieur Portalis, the father, who was then at work on the Code Civil, Monsieur de Rémusat said that it was more especially the study of Montesquieu that had formed Monsieur Portalis, whose model he had been, who had read and learned him as one would a catechism. Bonaparte, turning to one of my companions, said, with a laugh, "I would be willing to wager that you do not know who Montesquieu is."

"Pardon me," she answered; "who does not know 'Le Temple de Gnide'?"

At this Bonaparte burst out laughing, and I could not restrain a smile. He looked at me, and said, "And you, madame?"

I answered quietly that I did not know the "Temple de Gnide," that I had read the "Considérations sur les Romains," but that I did not believe either of these works was the catechism of which Monsieur de Rémusat spoke.

"The devil take it!" said Bonaparte; "are you a *savante*?"

This epithet embarrassed me, and I felt that the risk I ran was very great that it would adhere to me. A moment later Madame Bonaparte spoke of some tragedy I have forgotten. The First Consul passed in review all living authors, and spoke of Ducis with little admiration. He deplored the mediocrity of our tragic poets, and said that he would gladly bestow any reward on the author of a fine drama. I ventured to say that Ducis had spoiled Shakespeare's "Othello." This long English word uttered by my lips had an extraordinary effect on our audience of epaulets, who were silent and attentive.

Bonaparte was unwilling to hear any one utter a word of praise of anything that in any way appertained to the English. We argued for a little while. I said nothing in any way extraordinary. But I had mentioned Shakespeare; I had held my own against the First Consul; I had praised an English author. What audacity! what a prodigy of erudition!—and I was compelled to maintain a profound silence for several days, to do away with the effects of a superiority which I had never supposed could be acquired at such small expense.

When I left the palace, and went home to my mother's, I generally found there a number of charming, cultivated women and men of distinction, who talked most agreeably, and I smiled to myself at the difference between their conversation and that of the court of which I formed a portion.

This habit of almost complete silence preserved us, at all events, from that which was then called in society *les caquets*. The women were without coquetry, the men were usually occupied in the duties of their various positions; and Bonaparte, who dared not then abandon himself to all his fancies, and who believed that the appearance of regularity would be useful to him, lived at that time in a way to deceive me entirely in regard to his morals. He seemed to love his wife; she appeared to satisfy him. Nevertheless, I discovered in her great uneasiness, which amazed me. She was very jealous by nature; love was not, I think, the primary cause of this jealousy.

To her it was a grave misfortune that she could bear her husband no children; she sometimes evinced his chagrin, and then she trembled for her future. The family of the Consul, who were always bitter against the Beauharnais, made constant allusions to this, which led to many stormy passages. Sometimes I found Madame Bonaparte in tears, and then she would burst forth into complaints against her brothers-in-law—against Madame Murat and Murat himself, who sought to strengthen themselves with the Consul by arousing in him certain passing fancies which they would then countenance and favor.

I entreated her to be calm and moderate. It was easy for me to see that if Bonaparte loved his wife it was that her gentleness gave him a sense of repose when he was with her, and that she would lose her empire by becoming excited.

During the first year that I was attached to this court, the light altercations which took place between Madame Bonaparte and her husband were invariably followed by satisfactory explanations and renewed affection.

At the time of which I speak, Monsieur de

Talleyrand was in great favor—all the most involved questions of politics passed through his hands. Not only did he manage all foreign affairs and determine as he did, just at this time, the new state constitutions to be given to Germany—which was the sort of work that laid the foundation of his immense fortune—but he had also long and daily conversations with Bonaparte, when he impelled the First Consul to all the measures which could establish his power on a satisfactory basis.

Even at this time I am quite certain that they had many discussions as to the expediency of reestablishing a monarchical form of government, which Monsieur de Talleyrand always believed to be the only one fitted for France. Besides, under such a government he would resume all the habits of his early life, and replace himself on familiar ground.

The advantages and abuses which spring from courts offered him great opportunities of power and of credit.

I did not know Monsieur de Talleyrand, and all that I had heard of him prejudiced me strongly against him. But I was always struck by the elegance of his manners, so strongly contrasting with the rough soldiers by whom I was surrounded. He stood out from among them with the air of a grand seigneur. He was imposing from his disdainful silence, by his patronizing politeness, against which no one could arm himself. He arrogated to himself the right of ridiculing those persons whom the subtlety and delicacy of his jests terrified. Monsieur de Talleyrand, more imitative than can well be imagined, made up an apparently natural character out of a series of habits carefully formed; he preserved them in every possible situation, as if they were absolutely a part of himself. His light manner of treating the most important things has often been useful to him, but it frequently injured that which he did.

I was many years without having any relations with him; I vaguely distrusted him, but I liked to hear him talk, and I liked to watch the charming ease with which he did everything, and the peculiar grace of his manners, which in any one else would have been called affectation.

Meanwhile Paris, and more especially the Tuileries, seemed given over to pleasure and gayety. The château was quiet until one day the First Consul's fancy for a young and beautiful actress of the Théâtre Français disturbed Madame Bonaparte, and gave rise to many scenes.

Two remarkable actresses, Mademoiselles Duchesnois and Georges, had made their *début* about the same time in tragedy: one was very

plain, but with talents which had won for her the approbation of the public; the other was not so good an actress, but wonderfully beautiful. The Parisian public wavered between the two, but talent outweighed beauty finally. Bonaparte, however, thought most of the latter; and Madame Bonaparte speedily learned, through the espionage of her valets, that Mademoiselle Georges had been secretly introduced, on several occasions, to a small apartment slightly apart from the château. This discovery was a sore grief to her. She spoke of it with extreme emotion, and shed more tears than it seemed to me such a passing fancy demanded. I believed it to be my duty to represent to her that sweetness and patience were her sole remedies for a sorrow which time would surely bring to an end; and it was in the conversations which we had at this time that she gave me many new ideas in regard to her husband. The discontent that she showed induced me to believe, however, that there was more or less exaggeration in the bitterness of her complaints. This was what she said: "He had not the smallest moral principle; he concealed his vices merely because he found that they would do him harm; but if he were allowed, and no complaint was made, it would be seen how quickly he would abandon himself to the most shameless passions. . . . Did he not think himself placed in the world merely to gratify all his fancies? And then, too, would not his family profit by her weakness to induce him to relinquish the domestic life he had hitherto led and to alienate him from her? Would not the consequence of this or a similar act be the divorce which she saw always suspended over her head, and of which there had already been some question?"

"It is the greatest misfortune in the world for me," she added, "that I have given no son to Bonaparte. Then no hatred, however venomous, could have troubled my repose."

"But, madame," I answered, "it seems to me that your daughter's child repairs this misfortune; the First Consul loves him, and will probably end by adopting him."

"Alas!" she replied, "would that this might be so; but Louis Bonaparte's jealous and suspicious character forbids the realization of this hope. His family have malignantly informed him of all the outrageous gossip which they have themselves put in circulation in regard to my daughter's conduct and the birth of her child. Hatred gives this child to Bonaparte, and this is reason enough for Louis never to give his consent to any arrangement in regard to the boy. You see how he keeps himself aloof, and how excessively guarded my daughter is compelled to be in her every act. Besides, independent of the higher considerations which will not allow me to

endure with patience these infidelities on the part of my husband, they are always the signal for a thousand annoyances against which I am compelled to arm myself, and which I can only summon all my patience to endure."

And, in fact, I have always noticed that as soon as the First Consul occupied himself with another woman, whether from the despotism of his character, which induced him to think it very strange that his wife would not quietly submit to this exercise of the independence which he always carefully preserved, or from the fact that Nature had endowed him with so small a power of loving that it was absorbed by the person momentarily preferred, leaving him without even ordinary kindness for any other—be this as it may, it is certain that he was hard, violent, and pitiless toward his wife as soon as he had a mistress.

He forced the knowledge upon her without delay, and showed a surprise that was almost savage that she did not approve his abandoning himself to these distractions which he demonstrated mathematically, so to speak, as being allowable and necessary.

"I am not a man like other men," he would say, "and laws of morality and propriety were never made for me."

Such declarations naturally excited the discontent, tears, and complaints of Madame Bonaparte, to which her husband frequently responded by violence, the details of which I should not dare give. This went on until his last fancy suddenly evaporated, and his affection for his wife sprang once more into being. Then he was touched by her grief, and his caresses were as unrestrained as had been his violence. She, naturally of an aimable and trusting disposition, was soon reassured.

But, as long as the storm lasted, I was constantly embarrassed by the strange confidences of which I was the recipient, and even sometimes by the steps which she compelled me to take. I remember one especial evening when I had a terrible fright, at which I have often laughed since.

That winter Bonaparte had not relinquished the habit of coming every night to his wife's bed. She had had the address to persuade him that his personal safety demanded this.

She said she "slept lightly, and, if any nocturnal attack should be made upon him, she would be there to call for help."

She never retired until she was informed that Bonaparte was in bed. But, when he was under the influence of his passion for Mademoiselle Georges, he received her very late, after his work was completed, and did not come to his wife's room until toward morning. One evening Ma-

dame Bonaparte, more jealous even than usual, kept me with her, and spoke with bitterness of all she suffered. It was one o'clock in the morning; absolute silence pervaded the Tuileries. Suddenly she started up.

"I can not endure it!" she exclaimed. "Mademoiselle is certainly up stairs. I will go and surprise them."

Considerably disturbed by this sudden announcement, I did what I could to induce her to give up the project; but I could produce no effect upon her.

"Come with me," she said; "we will go together."

I represented to her that such espionage, while admissible on her part, would be utterly inexcusable in me; and, in case she made the discovery she feared, that I should be entirely *de trop* in the scene which would follow.

She would not listen to one word I said. She reproached me vehemently with abandoning her in her troubles, and urged me with such entreaty of word and voice that I could not refuse to accede to the repugnance I felt. I consoled myself, however, with the thought that our enterprise would amount to nothing, as undoubtedly adequate precautions against a surprise were taken on the next floor.

Imagine us stepping softly after each other. Madame Bonaparte went first, in a state of great excitement, and I followed. We crept up a private staircase which led to Bonaparte's cabinet, I being very much ashamed of the part I played.

Half way up we heard a noise. Madame Bonaparte stood still and whispered in my ear:

"It is probably Rustan, Bonaparte's Mameluke, who guards the door. The creature is quite capable of strangling us both!"

At these words I was overwhelmed with such mortal terror, which was undoubtedly ridiculous, that I waited to hear no more, but turned and fled, and, without thinking that I left Madame Bonaparte in complete darkness, carried off the candle with me. I hurried back to the *salon* as fast as my feet could take me. She followed as quickly as the darkness would permit. When she saw my frightened face she began to laugh, as I did in a moment or two, and we relinquished our undertaking. I left her, saying I was glad that I had yielded to my impulse—glad that she had frightened me.

This jealousy, which affected Madame Bonaparte's naturally sweet temper, was not a mystery to any one. She placed me in the embarrassing position of a confidante whose advice had no weight, and gave me the air of sharing the displeasure I witnessed. Bonaparte at first believed that one woman necessarily enters into the feelings of another, and he showed excessive ill

humor when he discovered that I knew what went on in his home.

Paris in the mean time began to side more and more with the ugly actress. The beauty had been hissed more than once. Monsieur de Rémusat tried to accord an equal protection to these two *débutantes*, but whatever he did for one or the other was received with discontent, either by the public or by the Consul.

All this occasioned some disturbance in our circle. Bonaparte, without confiding to Monsieur de Rémusat the secret of his interest, complained to him, and declared that I should not receive his wife's confidences, unless I promised to give her sensible advice. My husband represented me to be a reasonable person, who was by nature and education thoroughly versed in the proprieties of life, and who could not possibly be guilty of the mistake of adding to Madame Bonaparte's exasperation.

The Consul, who was pleasantly disposed toward us, consented to suspend his opinion of me. After this followed another inconvenience. He took me as umpire often into his conjugal disputes, and insisted on appealing to what he called my common sense to support him in his condemnation of the jealous whims of which he complained, and of which he was weary.

As I had not acquired the habit of dissimulating my thoughts, I, when he talked to me of the annoyance he felt at such scenes, told him frankly that I pitied Madame Bonaparte sincerely, whether her sufferings were needless or otherwise—that it seemed to me that he should find every excuse for her; but I admitted also that I thought her lacking in dignity when she set her servants to watch for proofs of the infidelities she suspected.

Bonaparte speedily informed Madame Bonaparte that I blamed her, and then I found myself involved in endless explanations from husband and wife; as a matter of course, I was carried away by the vivacity of my years, and by the sincere attachment I felt for the First Consul and his wife.

Then followed a succession of scenes, whose details are effaced from my memory, when I saw Bonaparte imperious, hard, and defiant, then all at once softened, almost agitated, kind, and gentle, hastening to repair the wrongs he had committed, and which should never again occur.

This light storm blew over, and the winter passed peacefully. Several new institutions indicated the return of order. Colleges were organized; robes and some importance were given to the magistrates. All the French pictures at the Louvre were assembled together under the name of a museum, and Monsieur Denon was intrusted

with the superintendence of this new establishment. Pensions and rewards began to be bestowed on men of letters, and on these points Monsieur de Fontanes was constantly consulted. Bonaparte liked to converse with him, and these conversations were often very amusing. The Consul delighted in attacking the pure and classic taste of Monsieur de Fontanes, who defended our French *chefs-d'œuvre* with an ability which induced lookers-on to regard him as possessed of a certain kind of courage. For there were already in this court people so adapted to the *métier* of courtier that any one was regarded as a Roman who ventured to express admiration for "Mérope" or "Mithridate," since the master had declared that he liked neither the one nor the other of these works.

He was greatly amused by these literary controversies, and even contemplated procuring this pleasure for himself twice each week, by inviting certain men of letters to spend the evening with Madame Bonaparte. Monsieur de Rémusat, who knew many men of letters in Paris, was empowered to gather them together at the château.

Some academicians and *littérateurs* were invited one evening. Bonaparte was in a genial humor; he talked well and freely; was animated and agreeable. I was charmed that he was seen to such advantage. I was extremely desirous that he should please these persons, who did not know him, and that, by showing himself more, he should destroy the prejudices which were gradually forming against him. Bonaparte's tact and wit were both unimpeachable when he chose to exercise them, and he entered into an argument with old Abbé Morellet, who was clear and decided, going always in logical sequence from proof to proof, and never admitting the power of the imagination in the progress of human events.

Bonaparte contradicted this. He allowed his imagination all the liberty it desired, and in this case her flights were far. He touched on all subjects, frequently lost himself, but was delighted to see that he was taxing the Abbé to keep up with him. He was really extremely interesting.

The next day he spoke with pleasure of this evening, and declared that he wished he could have many more like it. A similar reunion was then appointed about a week later, when some one, I do not know whom, expressed himself with some energy on the liberty of writing and thinking, and on their advantage to nations. This led to a discussion which was much less easy than that of the previous evening. The Consul relapsed into long silences which chilled the assembly. At a third *soirée* he made his appearance late, and was absent-minded, abstracted, and gloomy, and uttered only rare and disconnected sentences.

Everybody was weary, and the following day Bonaparte said that he saw nothing to like, after all, in these men of letters, that nothing was gained by admitting them to intimacy, and that he did not care to have them invited again.

He was never willing to submit to any restraint, and the necessity of showing himself in an agreeable mood at any fixed day and hour struck him as an intolerable restraint, which he shook off as speedily as possible.

By this time faint rumors arose of war with England. Secret correspondence, in regard to some attempts made in La Vendée were published. The English Government was accused of sustaining these attempts, and George Cadoudal was named as the agent between them and the Chouans. It was also said that Monsieur d'André had returned secretly to France after having again, before the 18th Fructidor, tried to serve the agents of royalty.

The Corps Législatif were assembled. The report that was rendered of the state of the *republic* was remarkable, and was remarked. At peace with all nations; the *conclusum* given at Ratisbon on the new division of Germany, and recognized by all the sovereigns; the constitution accepted by the Swiss; the Concordat; the system of public instruction; the formation of the Institute; justice better dispensed; financial improvement; the Code Civil, of which a portion was submitted to this Assembly; the different military works begun along our frontiers and in France; the projects for Anvers, the Mont Cenis, the shores of the Rhine, and the canal de l'Ourey; *the acquisition of the island of Elba*; Saint Domingo, which was still ours; projects of numerous laws for indirect taxation, for the formation of a chamber of commerce, for the practice of medicine, and for manufactures—all offered an honorable and satisfactory picture of the Government.

At the end of this report, a few words were slipped in regarding a possible rupture with England, and on the necessity of increasing the army. The Corps Législatif and the Tribunat made no opposition, and entire approval, which at this time was unquestionably merited, was bestowed on so many labors so well begun.

Early in March bitter complaints appeared in our journals on the publication by the English press of certain libels against Bonaparte. It was preposterous to complain of this, since the English press has absolute liberty, but these complaints were mere pretexts: the occupation of Malta and our interference in the Government of Switzerland were the real causes of the rupture. On March 8, 1803, a letter addressed by the King of England to the British Parliament

announced that important discussions were pending between the two governments, and complained of the armament then preparing in the ports of Holland. At the same time we were witnesses of the scene where Bonaparte feigned, or where he allowed himself to be carried away by, a violent rage in the presence of the ambassadors. Shortly after this he left Paris and established himself at Saint-Cloud.

He was not so absorbed at this time by public affairs that he neglected to order one of his *préfets du palais* to write a complimentary letter to the celebrated musician, Paisiello, on the opera of "Proserpine," which he wished brought out in Paris. Bonaparte was very eager to draw thither distinguished people from all countries, paying them liberally. Not long after this, the rupture between France and England burst out, and the English ambassador, before whose door a crowd had daily assembled to rejoice or mourn over his preparations for departure which they saw in his courtyard, suddenly departed. Monsieur de Talleyrand carried to the Senate a communication of the motives which forced the war. The Senate replied that they could only applaud the moderation and firmness of the First Consul, and sent a deputation to Saint-Cloud to carry the assurances of their gratitude and devotion.

Monsieur de Vaublanc, addressing the Corps Législatif, said with enthusiasm:

"What chief of a nation ever demonstrated a greater love of peace? If it were possible to separate the history of the negotiations of the First Consul from that of his exploits, one would fancy one's self reading the life of a peaceful magistrate who occupies himself with trying every method to insure peace."

The Tribunat added the hope that energetic measures would be taken, and, after these different expressions of admiration and submission, the session of the Corps Législatif terminated.

It was then that we, for the first time, saw in "The Moniteur" the acrimonious and violent charges against the English Government, which were endlessly multiplied, and which only too carefully replied to the articles freely and constantly appearing each day in London. Bonaparte often dictated these paragraphs, which Monsieur Maret afterward corrected. It was most unfortunate that the sovereign of a great empire should enter, as it were, into a personal contest with these journalists, and it was certainly undignified to show such irascibility, and to be so moved by attacks which it would have been wiser to disdain.

English journalists had no difficulty in discovering to what degree the First Consul and afterward the Emperor of France was wounded by the jests they permitted themselves in regard

to him, and, as soon as they made this discovery, they redoubled the activity of their pursuit.

How often he came in the blackest of humors and told Madame Bonaparte that he had been reading articles in the "Sun" or the "Courier" against him! He did his best to excite a war of pens between the different English journals; he had men in his pay in London, spent much money, and deceived no one either in England or in France.

I stated that he often dictated articles in the "Moniteur." Bonaparte had a singular manner of dictating. He never wrote anything with his own hand. His writing was unformed and absolutely undecipherable, to others as well as to himself. He was totally lacking in the patience demanded by any manual labor, no matter what it might be; and the extreme activity of his mind, combined with his strict punctuality, never permitted any of those occupations where one part of himself was under the control of the other.

Those people who wrote for him, Monsieur Bourienne first, then Monsieur Maret, and his private secretary Menneval, had each adopted a style of abbreviation by which their pens went as fast as his thoughts. He dictated as he walked up and down his cabinet. If he were at all animated, his language became very violent, and was even at times intermingled with oaths, which, of course, were suppressed by the writers, and which had the advantage of giving them a little more time. He never repeated what he said, even when he had not been heard, and, unfortunately for the secretary, he remembered what he had said and detected any omissions.

One day he had just read a manuscript tragedy which had been sent to him; he was so struck by it, that he took it into his head to make some changes in it.

"Take pen and ink," he said to Monsieur de Rémusat, "and write down what I am going to say."

And, almost without giving my husband time to establish himself at his table, he began to dictate with such rapidity that Monsieur de Rémusat, accustomed as he was to writing very quickly, was covered with drops of perspiration in his attempts to follow him. Bonaparte saw this perfectly well, and checked himself several times only to say:

"Come, now, try and understand me, for I shall not repeat a single word."

He always enjoyed any discomfort which he succeeded in inflicting upon any one. His great general principle, which he applied to small things as well as to large, was that people were energetic only when they were uncomfortable.

He fortunately forgot to ask for the sheets he had dictated—I say fortunately, for we two, Mon-

sieur de Rémusat and myself, have never been able to read one word of it, often as we have tried!

Monsieur Maret, Secretary of State, although a man of very mediocre abilities—Bonaparte did not dislike such persons, because he said he had enough talent to give them what they lacked—Monsieur Maret, I say, finished by acquiring quite a reputation because of his quickness in writing. He leaped at the meaning of Bonaparte's words, and, without hazarding an observation, set them down faithfully. This fact serves to show the cause of his success with his master in conjunction with the fact that he affected for him the greatest admiration and the most unbounded regard. Bonaparte could never resist flattery.

This gentleman was so adroit in his flattery that I have been told that, when starting on a journey with the Emperor, he left with his wife models of letters which she was to copy carefully, and in which she complained that her husband's devotion to his master was such that she was jealous of him; and, as during these journeys the couriers delivered the letters and dispatches only into the hands of the Emperor, who never hesitated to break a seal if the fancy took him, these adroit complaints produced precisely the effect he desired and anticipated.

When Monsieur Maret was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, he took care not to follow Monsieur de Talleyrand's example, who often said that in this position it was more especially with Bonaparte that it was necessary to negotiate. But, on the contrary, entering into all his passions, always ready to express surprise that foreign potentates dared to show irritation when they had been insulted, or ventured to offer any opposition to their own ruin, he often strengthened his own fortune at the expense of Europe, when a disinterested and skillful minister would have taken a more just and accurate view.

He had, so to speak, always a courier booted and spurred ready to bear to each sovereign the first angry words which escaped Bonaparte's lips when unpleasant intelligence exasperated him. This culpable complaisance did infinite harm to his master, and caused more than one rupture which was regretted after the first heat had passed. It contributed possibly to Bonaparte's fall, for, in the last year of his reign, while he at Dresden hesitated in regard to the steps he should take, Maret retarded the retreat which was so important to be made by his inability to summon courage enough to inform the Emperor of the defection of Bavaria, which he should have known at the earliest possible moment.

This is, perhaps, the place in which it will be appropriate to relate an anecdote *à propos* of Monsieur de Talleyrand, which proves how well

this skillful minister knew how to manage Bonaparte, and how thoroughly he was master of himself.

Peace was negotiated at Amiens between England and France in the spring of 1802. New questions arose nearly at the close of the negotiations between the plenipotentiaries, which gave considerable uneasiness to Bonaparte, who awaited the arrival of the courier with impatience. He came and brought to the Minister of Foreign Affairs the signature so much desired. Monsieur de Talleyrand put it in his pocket and went to the Consul, appearing before him with that impassive face which he preserved on all occasions. He was there an hour, going over with Bonaparte a number of affairs which it was necessary to complete, and when the work was finished he said with a smile:

"And now I am about to give you a very great pleasure. The treaty is signed, and here it is."

Bonaparte was literally stupefied at this way of making the announcement.

"And why, pray, did you not tell me at once?"

"Because," answered Monsieur de Talleyrand, "you would not have listened to anything else. When you are happy you are not approachable!"

"This power of silence struck the Consul so forcibly that he was not angry," added Monsieur de Talleyrand, "because he at once concluded that he could make this quality useful to himself."

Another man of this court devotedly attached to Bonaparte, whom he admired as well, was Marshal Berthier, Prince of Wagram. He had made the Egyptian campaign, and there learned to love his general. His friendship was so demonstrative that Bonaparte—although very indifferent to any sentiment which sprang from the heart—could not refrain from responding to it in some degree. But their feelings toward each other continued to be unequal, and gave to Bonaparte many occasions to exact all sacrifices which sprung from sincere affection.

One day Monsieur de Talleyrand was talking with Bonaparte before he became emperor:

"I really can not understand," he said, "how Berthier and I fell into relations which have a certain air of intimacy. I never trouble myself much about useless sentiments; and Berthier is so thoroughly commonplace that I am at a loss to know why I am amused by him or feel any interest in him, and yet it is true that I have a certain affection for him."

"If you love him," answered Monsieur de Talleyrand, "I can tell you why: it is because he believes in you."

These anecdotes, which I write down as they occur to me, were in reality unknown to me until later—not, in fact, until an intimate acquaintance with Monsieur de Talleyrand taught me to understand certain characteristics of Bonaparte.

In the beginning, I was profoundly deceived in him, and, at the same time, happy that that was so. I recognized his talents: I saw him disposed to repair the wrongs of which he was guilty toward his wife. I looked on with pleasure at this friendship with Berthier; he petted in my presence the boy—the little Napoleon—whom he appeared to love. I believed him to be accessible to all sweet and natural sentiments, and my youthful imagination adorned him with every good quality.

It is only just to say here that he was intoxicated by his excess of power, that his passions were exasperated by the facility with which he could satisfy them. Young, and uncertain of his future, he often hesitated at exhibiting certain vices, and less often at the affectation of certain virtues.

In the summer of this year a journey to Belgium was determined upon, which Bonaparte wished to be on a scale of great magnificence. He had little difficulty in persuading Madame Bonaparte to do everything in her power to impress the people to whom she was to show herself. Madame Talhouet and myself were selected to go with her, and the Consul gave me thirty thousand francs for our expenses. We left on June 24, 1803, with a *cortège* of several carriages, two generals of his Guard, his aides-de-camp, Duroc, two *préfets du palais*, Monsieur de Rémusat and a Piedmontese named Salmatons, and nothing was omitted to render this journey imposing.

We were to pass a day at Mortefontaine, which place had been purchased by Joseph Bonaparte; all the family were there assembled, and a very odd incident took place. We had spent the morning in the gardens, which were very beautiful. At dinner-time a question of precedence arose: Bonaparte's mother was at Mortefontaine. Joseph told his brother that on entering the dining-room he must place his mother on his right, while Madame Bonaparte sat on his left. The Consul was wounded by this ceremonial, which placed his wife in a secondary position, and ordered Joseph to change the programme. His brother refused, and nothing that was said would induce him to yield. When dinner was announced Joseph took his mother's hand, and Lucien led in Madame Bonaparte. The Consul, irritated by this perseverance on the part of his brother, crossed the *salon* hastily, seized his wife by the arm, preceded every one

into the dining-room, took his seat with his wife in the chair next him, and then called me to take the seat on his other side. The assembly were dumfounded—I, more than any one else; and Madame Joseph Bonaparte,* to whom we all naturally owed every courtesy, was left at the end of the table, as if she were not a member of the family. As may easily be imagined, this arrangement did not add ease or gayety to the repast. The brothers were out of temper, Madame Bonaparte sad, and I much disturbed by the prominence into which I was forced.

During dinner Bonaparte never once addressed a member of his family; he talked with his wife and with me—and even took that occasion to tell me that he had restored to my cousin, the Vicomte de Vergennes, that very morning, certain woods which had been sequestered in consequence of his emigration, but which had not been sold.

I was much touched by this kindness, but also excessively annoyed that he had chosen such a moment to convey to me this information, as the gratitude which at another time I would gladly have expressed to him, and the joy I felt, gave me an air of gayety and ease which I knew to be unbecoming under the circumstances, as well as strongly in contrast with the discomfort I experienced. The remainder of the day passed uneasily, and we left the following morning.

It was at Ghent that he found the daughters of the Duke de Villequier, one of the four First Gentlemen of the Chamber, who were nieces of the Bishop. To these ladies he restored the fine estate of Villequier with its considerable revenues. I had the pleasure of contributing to this restitution by urging it with all my power both with Bonaparte and with his wife.

The evening after this kind act I made some allusion to the gratitude felt by the two young ladies.

"Gratitude!" he exclaimed. "Ah, that is a beautiful word—a poetical word, but one that is void of sense in revolutionary times. And all that I have done would never prevent your two friends from rejoicing should some royal emissary succeed in assassinating me."

I started, but he continued:

"You are young—you know nothing of political hatred. You see, it is a sort of spectacles through which one sees individual opinions and sentiments. It follows, therefore, that nothing is either bad or good in itself, but only according to the way in which one views it. In reality this

is a very convenient fashion of seeing things by which we should all profit. We have our spectacles, and, if it is not through our passions that we look at things, it is at least through our interests."

"But," I said, in reply, "with such a system of action, where would you place all these evidences of approval which now gratify you? For what class of men would you employ your life? For whom would you undertake great and hazardous enterprises?"

"Oh, a man must follow out his destiny! He who feels himself called must not resist. And then human pride creates the public he desires in the ideal world which is called posterity. Let him come to believe that in a hundred years a poem will recall some great act, some noble picture consecrate its memory, etc., etc., then his imagination is stirred, the battle-field is without danger, the cannon roars in vain, he regards it only as the sound which will hand the name of a brave general down to his descendants."

"I can never understand," I answered, "how a man can risk his life for glory if he cherishes only contempt for the men of his time."

Here Bonaparte interrupted me hastily:

"I feel contempt for no man, madame; it is a word which should never be spoken. And I especially esteem Frenchmen."

I smiled at this abrupt declaration, and he, as if he divined the meaning of my smile, smiled in return, and, coming up to me, he pulled my ear, which was a gesture common to him when in good humor, and repeated:

"Understand, madame, if you please, it must not be said that I despise Frenchmen."

Our entry into Brussels was magnificent. Superb and numerous regiments surrounded the Consul, who mounted a horse.

Madame Bonaparte was presented by the town with a superb carriage; the city was decorated; cannons were heard and bells were ringing. The numerous clergy of each church stood on its steps in full ecclesiastical pomp. The crowd was immense and the weather delightful. I was enchanted. There was a succession of brilliant *fêtes* all the time we were in Brussels.

The French Minister, the Consul Lebrun, and the *attachés* of foreign courts which had matters to settle with us, crowded there. It was at Brussels that I heard Monsieur de Talleyrand reply in the most adroit and flattering manner to a question of Bonaparte's which was certainly a little sudden.

One evening the First Consul asked him abruptly how he had made his large fortune so quickly.

* Joseph Bonaparte married Mademoiselle Julie Clary, daughter of a merchant at Marseilles.

"In the simplest possible manner," answered Monsieur de Talleyrand. "I bought stocks on the 17th Brumaire and sold them on the 19th."

One Sunday it was decided to go to the cathedral at Brussels with all possible ceremony. Early in the morning Monsieur de Rémusat was dispatched to the church to superintend the arrangements. He received secret instructions to oppose none of the distinctions devised by the clergy for the occasion. As it was decided that the First Consul should be received with the canopy and the cross at the great door, the question was asked if Madame Bonaparte would share this honor. Bonaparte did not dare say yes, and make her thus conspicuous, and she had a chair in the gallery with the Second Consul.

At noon, the hour fixed upon, the clergy left the altar and arranged themselves in the vestibule. They waited for the sovereign, who did not appear. They were amazed and uneasy, when some one looking around suddenly discovered that he had entered the church and seated

himself on the throne which had been prepared for him. The priests, much troubled, returned to the choir to begin divine service.

The fact was, that just as he started Bonaparte had learned that on a similar occasion Charles-Quint had preferred to enter the Church of Sainte-Gudule by a small side-door, which ever after preserved his name, and he probably took it into his head that if he went in by that same door it would be called thenceforward the door of Charles-Quint and of Bonaparte.

I saw the Consul one morning—I should on this occasion call him the General—review the numerous and magnificent regiments summoned to Brussels. Nothing was ever more exhilarating than the manner in which he was received by these troops. He thoroughly understood how to address them, how to speak to them; he questioned them individually in regard to their campaigns and their wounds, distinguishing more especially those who had accompanied him to Egypt.

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IS POMP POPULAR?

THE personal simplicity of the President of the French Republic is discussed in European circles, a good many observers believing that M. Grévy's mode of life diminishes the dignity of his office, and weakens his popularity with the mass. It seems that he lives, as he always has lived, without ostentatious expense; that, while first magistrate of the republic, in social life he is no more than a citizen. He receives just as he did when President of the Chamber, dresses like an ordinary professional man, carefully avoiding the uniforms to which he would be entitled both by precedent and by his legal position as commander-in-chief of the army; avoids liveries for his servants, drives out and travels like any other gentleman—in short, he lives with as little official display as our own Presidents do. It is gravely feared by many persons, especially those wedded to the old court notions, that this plainness will bring him into contempt with the French people. The Bonapartes, it will be remembered, always believed in the influence, and even necessity, of display; they thought it important to dazzle the imagination of the masses by brilliant *cortèges*, and to amuse them by gorgeous pageants. Madame de Rémusat, in the memoirs of which we publish some extracts in these pages, refers to this conviction on the part of the first Napoleon. But, while this belief has been

very general, it does not appear to be founded upon wide experience. The effects of display have been witnessed—that is, the immediate and surface results have been observed—but no one seems to have thought the evidence incomplete until some one should try what M. Grévy is now trying—viz., the effect upon the multitude of simple and unostentatious living. It would be odd, now, if all the theories of European potentates in the past have been wrong; that at heart the people take the show and glitter of state displays at their real worth. The London "Standard," in discussing this subject, lays it down as a proposition that the majority of men like to see great expense and show. "The populace revel," it affirms, "in the mere apparatus and demonstration of opulence"; and the "Spectator" thinks this opinion almost universal in England, having a distinct effect upon the social habits of candidates for power. It questions wisely, however, whether it rests upon any solid foundation whatever, and declares that it is simply "an opinion based on an upper-class idea of what people would like, not upon evidence of what they do like." There is a great deal of this sort of misunderstanding in the world, and it is always amusing to see the confidence with which superior people proclaim their notions of inferior people, which is generally an estimate of the class as they prefer it to be rather than as it is. One difficulty is, that the utterance and conduct of a few are assumed to be the convictions and feelings of the

many. There are, no doubt, persons who are fond of pageantry and ostentatious living; and, as the "Spectator" says, "the rich like a chief of the state to be rich, just as cultivated people like him to be cultivated." But it is doubtful whether this is the feeling of the great body of the community. On the contrary, it may be questioned if the multitude "do not prefer him not to be divided too far from them by wealth, if a sense that he has, as they say, a fellow feeling with them is not a source of far deeper popularity. The poor exaggerate the separating influence of wealth, and, even when not envious of the things it will buy, believe in its hardening effect upon the sympathies." The "Spectator," in support of this view, cites instances in our history—Lincoln, who was urged upon the people for the presidency as a rail-splitter, and whose simplicity of manners was even made a factor in favor of his popularity. General Harrison, we are told, was elected for his roughness; but here the "Spectator" slips, and doubtless means General Taylor, whose *sobriquet* "Rough and Ready" was the war-cry of his party. English history is not without similar examples. "George III. beat the Whig oligarchs, with all their splendor, as 'Farmer George,' who ate mutton and turnips for dinner; and Pitt, who never had a penny, had far more of the confidence of the people than any duke. George IV., most expensive of mankind, was loathed. Nor is there the slightest evidence that the public taste has changed since George III. The two public men of our day with most influence over the people—Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield—are both comparatively poor men, leading simple lives, and utterly careless of that 'visible opulence' which is supposed so greatly to impress the multitude. The Queen keeps less state than half her nobles, and what little she does keep is not visible, and she is revered, by comparison with her Hanoverian predecessors, to adoration." The "Spectator" might have added that the Lord Mayor's official displays excite the derision more than the admiration of the London people.

It needs no argument to convince the majority of the American people of these facts, but there is an interesting significance in the discussion nevertheless. If M. Grévy succeeds in maintaining his popularity with the French people despite his plainness of living, a host of long-current notions in regard to French character will disappear, and numerous benefits arise therefrom. The notion that a dynasty in France is rendered secure only by intoxicating the people with military glory will vanish with the theory that the populace must be dazzled and amused with pageants in order to be kept in good humor. Confidence in the steadiness and earnestness of the French masses will necessarily lead to the strengthening of the republican idea in other particulars, and eventually a people sober enough to prefer authority without garniture will be thought steadfast enough to possess a free press. In ceasing to cultivate a war-spirit and in disregarding gilt and splendor, there will follow a marked decline in the cost of maintaining the government, and this fact

will aid in securing for republicanism a lasting hold in France. For these reasons it will be interesting to watch M. Grévy's experiment, for the results of which we, for our part, have no fears. He may for many reasons become unpopular, but never, we are convinced, for the reason that he disdains ostentation, and declines as the chief of a republic to imitate the pomp of a chief of a monarchy.

AN ANCIENT IMPOSTOR.

IN the September "Nineteenth Century" Mr. Froude gives, under the title of "A Cagliostro of the Second Century," an account of one of the most extraordinary impostures ever conceived and carried out. The ladies and gentlemen who are convinced of the truth of so-called spiritualism would find in this paper some things well worth their consideration; but, of course, they laugh at us for the suggestion. Credulous people are never so much disturbed as when evidence is adduced likely to impeach their delusions. "A superstition once established," says Mr. Froude, "is proof against commonplace evidence"—we should say proof against evidence of any kind. But, whatever may be the significance of the imposture to which we refer in regard to spiritualism, it at least shows how ready mankind are to believe when their hopes and imaginations are excited.

Alexander was a native of Abonotichus, a small town on the south shore of the Black Sea. He was educated by a doctor, who was learned in all the mystic arts of the period, and who set up for a magician, dealt in spells and love-charms, found treasures with a divining-rod, and performed other mysteries. Young Alexander was an apt pupil, and at twenty had learned all his master's traditional secrets. He was a youth of singular beauty, of light spirits, boundless confidence in himself, and of aspiring ambition. At the death of the old doctor he went to Byzantium and set up for himself. In Macedonia, and especially about Pella, at this time there were a number of large, harmless snakes that came into the houses, where they were useful in keeping down rats and mice; they let the children play with them; they crept into beds at night, and were never interfered with. Alexander saw that something could be made of one of these serpents. A handsome specimen was bought, and the adventurer prepared for work. Some brass plates bearing an inscription that Apollo and Æsculapius were about to visit Pontus, and that Æsculapius would appear at Abonotichus in bodily form, were buried, and in due time conveniently discovered. One here marvels whether Joe Smith had read the story of Alexander. The discovery of the brass plates excited all Asia Minor, and the delighted people of Abonotichus resolved to build a temple to receive the god at his coming. Alexander is described as having been tall, majestic, with eyes large and lustrous, hair flowing, voice sweet and limpid. In a purple tunic, with a white cloak thrown over it, bearing a falchion in his hand, and with rolling eyes and streaming locks, he presented himself to

the people of Abonotichus, declaring that it had been revealed to him by an oracle that Perseus was his mother's ancestor, and that a wonderful destiny was in store for him. The oracle was believed, and Alexander was received with an ovation. The temple for Æsculapius was meanwhile progressing, and the whole town watched eagerly for the coming god. The intending prophet now emptied the egg of a goose, placed inside a snake just born, and then concealed the egg in a water-filled hole in the foundations of the temple. The next morning he rushed into the market-place in a state of frenzy, almost naked, a girdle around his waist, and the falchion whirling about his head, proclaiming that the god had come. The people followed him to the temple; he scooped out the egg, broke it before the multitude, who, when they saw the living snake—that symbol of knowledge and immortality—coiling about his fingers, cried out in ecstasy, and believed without a question. Alexander carried the divinity home, followed by the excited crowd. The snake, which he had purchased at Pella, was by this time of enormous size, and very tame. It would coil around his body, and remain in any position he desired. He had made a human face for it out of linen ingeniously painted, with a mouth that opened and shut by an arrangement of horsehair. To this mysterious being the embryo found in the egg had developed, as Alexander told the people, in a few days! The excitement was tremendous, and people from all the neighboring cities flocked to see the god. In a tabernacle erected for the purpose, behind a rail, on a couch in a subdued light, the prophet sat, visible to every one, the snake wreathed about his neck, the coils glittering in the folds of his dress, the tail playing on the ground. The head was concealed; but occasionally the prophet raised his arm, and then appeared an awful face, the mouth moving, the tongue darting in and out. Everywhere now spread the intelligence. A god had been born at Abonotichus, with a serpent's body and the face of a man. Pictures were taken of him; images made in brass and silver were circulated in thousands. At length it was announced that the god had spoken. "I am Glycon, the sweet one," the creature had said, "the third blood of Zeus and the light of the world."

The temple now being finished, the god was installed within it, and announcement was made that the divinity for a proper consideration would answer any questions that might be put to him. Questions must be written on paper or parchment, which might be sealed up. The packets were received from the anxious inquirers, and after a day or two restored with the answers attached. The seals being apparently unbroken, the mere fact that an answer was given predisposed the people to be satisfied with it. "Either," says Mr. Froude, "a thin knife-blade made red-hot had been passed under the wax, or a cast of the impression was taken in collyrium, and a new seal was manufactured. The obvious explanation occurred to no one. People in search of the miraculous never like to be disappointed. Either they themselves betray their secrets, or they

ask questions so foolish that it can not be known whether the answer is true or false." Here is a thought for frequenters of modern spiritual *stances* to digest—not that they will do so, however. Whether we believe or not always depends upon whether we are inclined to believe. Evidence has very little to do with it. In the case of Alexander his audacity was splendidly rewarded. People came in thousands:

The gold ingots sent to Delphi were as nothing compared to the treasures which streamed into Abonotichus. Each question was separately paid for, and ten or fifteen were not enough for the curiosity of single visitors. The work soon outgrew the strength of a single man. The prophet had an army of disciples, who were munificently paid. They were employed some as servants, some as spies, oracle-manufacturers, secretaries, keepers of seals, or interpreters of the various Asiatic dialects. Each applicant received his answer in his own tongue, to his overwhelming admiration. Success brought fresh ambitions with it. Emissaries were dispersed through the empire spreading the fame of the new prophet, instigating fools to consult the oracle, and letting Alexander know who they were and what they wanted. If a slave had run away, if a will could not be found, if a treasure had been secreted, if a robbery was undiscovered, Alexander became the universal resource. The air was full of miracles. The sick were healed. The dead were raised to life, or were reported and were believed to have been raised, which came to the same thing. To believe was a duty, to doubt was a sin. A god had come on earth to save a world which was perishing in skepticism. Simple hearts were bounding with gratitude; and no devotion could be too extreme, and no expression of it in the form of offerings too extravagant. . . . His fame reached the imperial court, and to consult Alexander became the fashion in high Roman society. Ladies of rank, men of business, intriguing generals or senators, took into their counsels the prophet of Abonotichus. Some who had perilous political schemes on hand were rash enough to commit their secrets to paper, and to send them, under the protection of their seals, for the opinion of Æsculapius. The prophet, when he discovered matter of this kind, kept the packets by him without returning them. He thus held the writers in his power, and made them feel that their lives were in his hands.

There were men of a less credulous character who saw through the impostor's tricks, but they were not believed. "To doubt was a sin," and these blasphemers were even sometimes stoned for their pains. The impostor maintained himself to the last; he lived to be an old man, and died with the faith in him unabated, so difficult is it to overthrow a superstition. The people were wholly unfitted to deal with the problem, and very much like believers in mysteries of to-day, who, because they see things they can not understand or explain, immediately assume that they must be of preternatural origin. In this all ages are largely alike, and there is no more important lesson to be taught than that "men without scientific training who trust their own judgment in such matters are the natural prey of charlatans."

AMERICAN FICTION.

A FRENCH critic declares that the quality conspicuously deficient in American fiction is *taste*. Unfortunately, this defect is strikingly characteristic in the works of the more popular of our writers. The American story-tellers who cultivate taste, who exhibit fastidiousness and artistic finish, are commonly without large constituencies of readers. And yet, in singular contrast with this is the fact that English novelists of the first class are very widely read in America. This being true, the conclusion is inevitable that native authors of superior culture are not neglected because they aim too high. A public that devours tens of thousands of a new novel by George Eliot, or William Black, or Thomas Hardy, shows its capacity to rise to the level of the most fastidious of the Boston penmen. There is a rude, sentimental multitude that delight in the coarse and stirring romances of Southworth and Holmes, and another multitude in keen sympathy with the very best works of English writers, but only a comparatively small group of people that heartily appreciate the productions of home authors such as James and Howells. We in America present the singular spectacle of a public with decided literary tastes, one very much given to the perusal of books, without writers with a conspicuous hold on its sympathies. We are speaking here distinctly of novelists; we have two or three poets that are read in almost every household, and essayists and historians that Americans proudly acknowledge and sometimes study; but we have no novelist with anything like a genuine hold upon the people. It is asserted that the novels of Mrs. Holmes are very popular in the Southwest, but here they are read only by young people with very vainglorious tastes. The religious novels of Mr. Roe have many admirers among a class of the community that consider the ordinary secular novel improper reading for earnest-minded people, but they are scarcely known to the wider body of readers. Literary folk, and certain groups of people who always take a place by the side of literary leaders whether they understand or not, talk very zealously of Mr. Henry James, Jr., and measure other people's culture by their estimate of this writer's books. They are very good books indeed, very noticeable for keen insight into character, and for refined subtilty, but refinement and subtilty are never enough alone to command wide suffrages. The mountain-stream is clear, sparkling, and full of beauty, but it is the broad, deep sea that encompasses. Of pleasant and sparkling literary rivulets we have perhaps enough, and hence we now long for the majesty and power of the deep—for books that shall have finish and taste without losing the pulse of humanity, that shall stir our passions and our sympathies profoundly without transcending the bounds of nature or the laws of art. Our better writers seem to be frightened at the turbulence of actual life and the passions of earnest men and women; they play on the verge of the great expanses of life, dallying with trifles, analyzing queer specimens, asking us to admire them because they have

dissected a blade of grass, and lamenting because the world casts but a half glance at their pretty toys. It is simply impossible that these writers should find acceptance with the general public. There are English novelists that have all their refinement with a large measure of real power, with strong sympathies with deeper currents of feeling, and these writers must inevitably be preferred to our own writers so long as the latter prefer intellectual legerdemain to earnest purpose, and are content to address their tasteful nothings to each other and their little parlor circles rather than write for the great world at large.

MR. FROUDE ON ARISTOCRACY.

IN all nations which have achieved any kind of eminence, particular families have stood out conspicuously for generation after generation as representatives of political principles, as soldiers or statesmen, as ruling in their immediate neighborhoods with delegated authority, and receiving homage voluntarily offered. They have furnished the finer tissues in the corporate body of the national life, and have given to society its unity and coherence. . . .

Hitherto no nation has been able to sustain itself in a front place without an aristocracy of some kind maintained as the hereditary principle. So far the answer of history is uniform. The United States may inaugurate a new experience. With the one exception of the Adamsses, the great men who have shown as yet in American history have left no representatives to stand at present in the front political ranks. There are no Washingtons, no Franklins, no Jeffersons, no Clays or Randolphs now governing States or leading debates in Congress. How long this will continue, how long the determination that all men shall start equal in the race of life will prevail against the instinctive tendencies of successful men to perpetuate their names, is the most interesting of political problems. The American nationality is as yet too young for conclusions to be built on what it has done hitherto, or has forborne to do. We shall know better two centuries hence whether equality and the ballot-box provide better leaders for a people than the old methods of birth and training.

This is the language of Mr. Froude in an article in the September number of "Fraser." It would be curious to compare with this statement a history in detail of the aristocratic families of the European monarchies. If civilization has advanced, if legislation is wiser to-day than it was in the past, if justice is more uniformly administered, if as a whole right ideas of government have superseded wrong ideas of government, if life and property are more secure, if personal liberty is better guaranteed now than formerly, if despotic rule has yielded to the authority of law, if there are rights, privileges, protection, security, legal safeguards, religious liberty, social advancement—if in all these things the nations of to-day are better off than the nations of the past, how much of all these beneficent results do we owe to those aristocratic leaders whom Mr. Froude thinks so indispensable for our prosperity and eminence? We apprehend that a close examination of history would show that pretty nearly all the modern world

has accomplished in political advancement and reform has been won directly in the face of great hereditary families. It is no doubt true that the great families have produced a few statesmen who have struggled to arrest the exercise of despotic power on the part of sovereigns, but as a rule family leaders have not been leaders of the people beyond their own tenantry, have not identified themselves with necessary reforms, have done little to secure for the world those precious boons of religious and political liberty which England now enjoys. The great families have done some good, however. Their conservative influence has at times been useful; they have doubtless checked disorder and prevented unwise haste, and contributed a good deal to the social balance and well-being of society; but, when Mr. Froude declares them necessary to the achievement of national eminence, one can but wonder that before writing that sentence he did not cast his eyes backward. The aristocracy has contributed its share to

warlike eminence, but everything really great in Mr. Froude's beloved England has come of the commonalty: the grand energy that has carried its ships to every sea, that has peopled vast colonies, that has built up the greatest industries the world has ever seen; the resolute and turbulent spirit that has conquered the right of free government; the righteous forces that have made its jurisprudence respected and studied by all mankind; its superb and copious literature in every department of thought—all these things are products of energies that have found very little support in the hereditary influence of great families. If Mr. Froude argues that an hereditary aristocracy is indispensable to the conservative order and permanent welfare of nations, it may not be easy to gainsay him; but it seems to us obvious that the forces which give eminence to a community in all worthy things are the energies of the people rather than the restrictive tendencies of a cautious aristocracy.

Books of the Day.

A BETTER indication of the growing interest in politics as a science and as a subject of serious study could hardly be found than in the number and variety of the publications dealing with them that have lately appeared in such rapid succession. From Dr. Woolsey's profound and elaborate treatise down to the slenderest pamphlets and tracts, the literature of the subject is being multiplied, and every symptom seems to point to the conclusion that the turmoil and disasters of the period through which the country has recently passed have set the more intelligent portion of the people to thinking anew upon the nature, functions, and methods of government. Two books of the kind referred to appear simultaneously upon our table, and may conveniently be noticed together, not only because they deal with the same general subject, but because each throws light upon the special topics discussed in the other.

Mr. Johnston's "History of American Politics" * belongs to a series of handbooks designed for students and general readers, and aims to furnish a compendious outline of our political history from the formation of the first confederation of the colonies down to the accession of President Hayes. The very narrow limits as to space within which it was necessary for the author to confine himself have rendered it impossible for him to enter into details or to take cognizance of those minor eddies and currents which are perpetually forming within the main stream of politics; but quite as much is gained as is

lost by this restriction of the discussion, since he is thereby enabled to present a much clearer and more luminous view of the direction, force, and volume of the main stream itself. More comprehensive and detailed accounts of our political history have been written than Mr. Johnston has attempted, and the commentaries upon the Constitution are practically without number, but we doubt if there is any work available from which the general reader will obtain a more exact and trustworthy knowledge of the essential facts and lessons of American political history than from Mr. Johnston's little handbook.

It may be well to explain further that Mr. Johnston's plan does not include criticism of parties or exposition of principles, but aims at presenting a perspicuous narrative of leading events with just enough of explanation to indicate their meaning and significance. Beginning with a brief account of the relations of the several colonies to the mother-country, the author describes the structure of the first Confederation, points out in some detail the precise nature of the defects in the government then formed, tells with noteworthy skill the ever-interesting story of the formation and adoption of the Constitution of 1787, and expounds briefly but lucidly the leading features of the Constitution and of the amendments shortly afterward added to it. His work thenceforward is mainly in the form of a chronicle, a chapter being assigned to each Administration, and a summary being given of the work and discussions of each successive session of Congress. Now and then the somewhat monotonous account of legislation and debate is broken by a more general review of the state and character of parties and of the "issues" which from time to time have become para-

* Handbooks for Students and General Readers. History of American Politics. By Alexander Johnston, A. M. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 274.

mount in the politics of the country. The tone of the narrative is judicial in its impartiality, the author scarcely revealing the tendency of his own sympathies, and evidently feeling that the contests and changing sway of parties are signs of political health among the people. A series of appendices to the volume contain the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution, and tables showing the order of admission of the States, the popular and electoral votes in Presidential elections from 1789 to 1876, the population of the sections from 1790 to 1860, the Congressional representation of the sections from 1790 to 1860, and the population and representation of the sections in 1878.

Mr. Stickney's "*A True Republic*"* is very different from Mr. Johnston's handbook both in aim and in method of treatment. Mr. Johnston's object is to show what the Republic of the United States actually has been and is; Mr. Stickney's to show what it ought to be. Mr. Johnston contents himself with describing how the national Government and politics came to be what we now find them; Mr. Stickney endeavors to point out the original defects of the Constitution as a practical instrument of government, the mistakes that have been made in working it, and the nature of the reforms that are necessary in order that it may really and fully achieve the important purposes set forth in its preamble. It can not be denied that Mr. Stickney's work is of a type which the great majority of readers regard with a sort of impatience and distrust. Even as an intellectual exercise, few things are more barren than the construction of political Utopias; and at a time when the people seem to be really seeking for purer and more efficient methods of government it is simply substituting a stone for bread to offer them the speculations of an idealist or the word-fabrics of a logician. Mr. Stickney has not allowed himself to forget this for an instant, and the distinctive merit of his work is that from first to last it takes firm hold upon fact—that its criticism is directed to defects which are known and admitted, that it appeals to the experience of the race as recorded in history and not to reasoning from principles, and that the remedies it proposes are, if not always self-evident, at least specific and definite. No one can complain of Mr. Stickney on the ground that he is a "doctrinaire." He confines himself almost too closely to facts and the practical aspects of the various questions raised—for it is sometimes well to show that the lessons which seem to be taught by experience are also conformable to right reasoning—and the reforms which he urges are not designed to form an earthly paradise or to inaugurate the millennium, but simply to secure an honest and efficient working government. Moreover, the results aimed at are not such as presuppose a community consisting only of "the good," but are such as may be fairly and reasonably looked for among "the existing people of these United States."

Many details, of course, enter into Mr. Stickney's scheme of constitutional reform; but its main features, to which all others are totally subordinate, are the abolition of political parties and the destruction of politics as a profession. He thinks that nearly all the evils from which the country has suffered or is now suffering have come directly or indirectly from party contests and party government. He admits, of course, that there will necessarily and inevitably be serious differences of opinion among the people about the many vital questions which come before government for adjustment, but he denies that these either require or justify permanent hostile associations, and especially that they require the complex machinery of party as we know it. He holds further that this complex and costly machinery could never have been constructed and would not now hold together for a month but for "the cohesive attraction of public plunder"—in other words, but for the use of public offices as rewards for winning elections. Make the tenure of office permanent during good behavior (that is, as long as the service rendered is honest and efficient), conduct the public business exactly as private business is conducted, abolish all "terms" and "rotation" in office, make competency and efficiency the sole condition of appointment and promotion, and Mr. Stickney thinks that, while the people will continue to divide and combine on essential and living questions as they arise, we shall see no more "campaigns" fought by rival dynasties of party hacks on factitious "issues" and with deceptive "war-cries."

Through the greater part of his argument Mr. Stickney easily carries the reader with him; yet it requires but a slight knowledge of political history to see that he greatly underrates the vitality of those differences of opinion and temperament which lie at the root of party divisions. Our own history suffices to prove that he is mistaken in declaring the desire to possess the offices to have been the sole originating cause of our party antagonisms, past and present. The idea of using the government offices as rewards for political services was scarcely heard of until Jackson's Administration, and was not put thoroughly in practice until that of Van Buren; yet the spirit of party has seldom run higher than in those early years of the Union, even Washington complaining (in a letter to Jefferson) that he was assailed "in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, to a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket." The truth is, that, as Mr. Johnston points out, the question of a "strict" or "loose" construction of the Constitution has always been at the root of legitimate national party differences in the United States. As soon as the Constitution was adopted, the Federalists, comprising all those who wanted a "strong" government, endeavored to have it interpreted loosely or broadly, so as to give the Federal Government increased power in various matters of national importance; opposed to them were the Anti-Federalists, comprising all who saw in a strong central government an enemy to liberty, and who insisted that

* *A True Republic*. By Albert Stickney. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 271.

the Constitution should be construed strictly according to its terms, and that ingenious interpretations of its provisions should not give the Federal Government any further stretch of power. Precisely this conflict has lasted, amid many fluctuations, to our own day, and the succession of parties is complete from Federalists through Whigs to Republicans, and from Anti-Federalists through Democratic-Republicans to Democrats.

This mistake, as it seems to us, in one of his premises, goes but a little way toward invalidating Mr. Stickney's conclusions, and he is undoubtedly right in thinking that the "machine," as it is called, which has done so much to obscure legitimate party differences, would be irretrievably "smashed" by a permanent tenure of office and appointments solely for competency. It should be said, furthermore, that the interest and instructiveness of Mr. Stickney's book are not conditioned upon the reader's accepting its argument and conclusions in every part. Whether one agrees with him or not, the book can hardly fail to prove both suggestive and helpful; and in these days of political pessimism it is pleasant to find one who, after a sufficiently discouraging survey of popular mistakes and follies, can write as a concluding and culminating conviction: "If these views are sound, men will be convinced by them. If they are not sound, no one will heed them. That is the only question we have to examine—whether these views here urged are sound. If they are, the people will put them in practice."

In our review a year ago of De Amicis's "Constantinople," we remarked that that book sufficed to place its author in the very foremost rank of descriptive writers; and the impression then received is confirmed and deepened by the recently published "Studies of Paris."* This latter work is the result of a visit to Paris during the Exposition of 1878, and, if much less elaborate than the "Constantinople," furnishes even more striking evidence of the author's versatility of talent. For conveying a vivid and realistic idea of the impression made by Paris upon the mind of the newly arrived stranger, we doubt if anything more effective has even been written than the opening chapter of the volume, entitled "The First Day in Paris." The reader is enabled not merely to divine but to see the varied and splendid spectacle of the most spectacular city in the world; and, with all its apparent confusion and infinite multiplicity of details, the whole composition forms a harmonious and proportioned picture which will be a long time in fading from the reader's imagination. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the great majority of persons would get from a perusal of this chapter a far better conception of what the sights of Paris really are than they would from an actual visit to the city. Equally vivid and realistic, and still

more brilliant is "A Glance at the Exposition," in dealing with which the author has a better opportunity for displaying the fertility of his imagination and the extent of his knowledge. As a mere description of the Exhibition, this chapter is well worth reading, but perhaps its most valuable feature is the lesson which it teaches of the way in which such a show should be viewed by one who goes to it simply as a sight-seer, and not for practical instruction. We doubt very greatly whether the author carried away with him a solitary item of practically useful knowledge, or could have enumerated the contents of a single department; but he gives an incomparably graphic and picturesque idea of the fantastically brilliant *ensemble*, of the curious contrasts of the juxtaposed exhibits, and of the way in which the several exhibits summarize the life and character of the peoples that send them. At the end of the volume is another general chapter on Paris, in which the author leaves off description and analyzes with much subtlety and skill the successive states of feeling which Paris generates in the mind of the visitor who stays in the city long enough to throw off the enchantment which comes from the mere novelty and splendor of its spectacles.

Besides these descriptive chapters the volume contains two papers which may be classed as literary or critical—one on Victor Hugo, and the other on Emile Zola, the novelist. The chapter on Zola narrates circumstantially the incidents of a visit paid to him by the author, and is composed largely of personal and biographical details; but it also contains in brief space quite the best analysis of Zola's qualities and characteristics as a writer that we have seen. To appreciate this criticism at its full value it must be read entire, but a few passages almost compel quotation:

You feel the same pleasure [in reading Zola's novels] that you would have in hearing a very blunt man talk, even if he were brutal; a man who expresses, as Othello says, his worst ideas in his worst language, who describes what he sees, repeats what he hears, says what he thinks, and tells what he is, without any regard for any one's feelings, and just as if he were talking to himself—*à la bonne heure!* From the very first lines you know with whom you are dealing. The delicate persons retire—that is an understood matter; he does not conceal or embellish anything, either sentiments, thoughts, conversations, acts, or places. . . . In the moral order, he unveils in his characters those deepest feelings which are generally profound secrets, and are tremblingly whispered through the window of the confessional. In the material order, he makes us perceive every odor, every flavor, and every contact. In language, he scarcely refrains from those few unpronounceable words which wicked boys stealthily seek in the dictionary. . . . Among the myriads of characters in novels whom we remember, his remain crowded on one side, and are the largest and most tangible of all. We have not only seen them pass and heard them talk, but have jostled against them, felt their breath, and perceived the odor of their flesh and garments. We have seen the blood circulating under their skins; know in what positions they sleep, what they eat, how they dress and undress; we understand the differences between their temperaments and ours,

* Studies of Paris. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by W. W. C. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 276.

their most secret appetites, the most passionate anger of their language; their gestures, grimaces, the spots on their linen, the dirt in their nails, etc. And, like the characters, he impresses upon our minds the places, because he looks at everything with the keen glance which embraces all, and which nothing escapes. In a room already drawn and painted, the light is moved, and he interrupts the story to tell us where it glides, upon what it breaks in the new direction, the ray of the flame, and how the legs of a chair and the hinges of a door gleam in a dark corner. From the description of a shop, he makes us understand that it has just struck twelve, or lacks nearly an hour of sunset. He notes all the shadows, all the spots on the sun, all the shades of color which succeed each other from hour to hour upon the wall; and presents everything with such a marvelous distinctness that, five years after reading, we remember the appearance the upholstery presented about five o'clock in the evening, when the curtains had been drawn, and the effect the appearance produced upon the mind of a person who was seated in the corner of that particular room. He never forgets anything, and gives life to everything, and there is nothing before which his omnipotent pencil stops, neither soiled linen, the appearance of drunken men, dirty flesh, or decayed bodies. . . .

Among all these, in all these places, the air of which we breathe and in which we see and touch everything, moves a varied crowd of women, corrupt to the marrow, foul-mouthed shopkeepers, cunning bankers, knavish priests, prostitutes, dandies, ruffians, and filth of every kind and shape (among which sometimes appears, like a *rare avis*, a good man); and between them they all do a little of everything, from the crime of incest (circulating between the penal code and the hospital, and the pawn-shops and tavern), through all the passions and brutish tastes, sunk in the mire up to the chin, in a thick and heavy atmosphere, hardly freshened from time to time by the breath of a lovely affection, and stirred alternately by plebeian sickness and the heart-rending cries of the famished and dying. Yet, despite this, he is a moral writer; one can affirm this resolutely—Emile Zola is one of the most moral novelists of France, and it is really astonishing that any one can doubt this. He makes us perceive the smell of vice, not the perfume; his nude figures are those of the anatomical table, which do not inspire the slightest immoral thought; there is not one of his books, not even the crudest, that does not leave in the soul, pure, firm, and immutable, aversion or scorn for the base passions of which he treats. He is not, like Dumas *filis*, bound by an unconquerable sympathy to his hideous women, to whom he says "Infamous creatures!" in a loud voice, and "Dear ones" just above his breath. Brutally, pitilessly, and without hypocrisy, he exposes vice, nude, and holds it up to ridicule, standing so far off from it that he does not graze it with his garments. Forced by his hand, it is Vice itself that says, "Detest me and pass by!" His novels, he himself says, are really "moral in action." The scandal which comes from them is only for the eyes and ears. And as he holds back, as a man, from the mire mixed by his pen, so completely does he, as a writer, keep aloof from the characters which he has created.—(Page 180.)

The chapter on Victor Hugo also describes a personal visit, and gives many interesting personal details; but, in spite of numerous passages of acute and penetrating criticism, it is so fulsome in its adulation and so rhapsodical in style that the reader will hardly go through it patiently. Such extrava-

gance of homage is about equally discreditable to him who offers and to him who invites and accepts it; and this is entirely apart from the question whether the Continental or the English estimate of Victor Hugo is the correct one.

THAT Mr. Mallock's "Is Life worth Living?" should provoke controversy was naturally to be expected, and probably the readers who were most impressed by the power of its dialectics are the very ones who would be most pleased with an adequate and equally skillful rejoinder to it. To answer it, however, in such a way as to break the force of its impression, might well have been constituted the work of some one of the able and influential writers whom Science has at her command, and it is greatly to be regretted that the task was assumed by one who is apparently so little capable of appreciating what the occasion demanded of him as the author of "The Value of Life."* This book is put forth avowedly as "A Reply to 'Is Life worth Living?'" and its author, though refusing to disclose himself, is evidently a Positivist, not in the general sense in which Mr. Mallock uses the term, but in the more restricted one in which it is commonly understood. It is divided into three sections, in the first of which, after some desultory remarks not very relevant to the subject, the author gives what he calls a summary of Mr. Mallock's argument—a summary of which we are compelled to say that it is not only not a fair or adequate summary, but that the reader will not obtain from it even a faint idea of what Mr. Mallock's argument really is. This would be bad enough if it merely signified the incompetency of the author, for he who can not even state an argument correctly, can hardly be expected to controvert it; but one has to read but a very few pages to be convinced that the author had no intention or desire to make a fair summary, and that the object of his book is not so much to refute Mr. Mallock as to discredit him. This purpose is still more evident in the second section, which is almost entirely devoted to showing that Mr. Mallock is a Catholic propagandist in disguise, that if not actually a Jesuit he possesses three out of the four distinctive characteristics of Jesuits, that he wants to subject the world again to the blight of ecclesiastical despotism, that he is a perverter of the truth and not a seeker after it, and that he "prostrates himself at the feet of a tinsel and plaster Madonna." The entire effort of the author in this portion of his book is to stir up the smoldering fires of Protestant antagonism to Papal pretensions, and to direct against Mr. Mallock whatever may remain of the *odium theologicum*—an effort which would be explicable if not excusable in an avowedly Protestant writer, but which is in the highest degree discreditable to one who does not hesitate to let it be seen later that he holds Protestantism and Catholicism in about equal scorn.

* The Value of Life. A Reply to Mr. Mallock's Essay "Is Life worth Living?" New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 253.

It is only in the third and concluding section of the work that the author really attempts to grapple with his opponent's arguments. Here he makes some undeniably strong points, and in several instances convicts Mr. Mallock of inadequate knowledge of subjects which he treats as if he were perfectly familiar with them; but even here the argument is so confused, so incoherent, and occasionally so obscure, that the most attentive reader finds it difficult to follow it, and almost impossible to estimate its cumulative force. One thing among many others which the author might have learned from Mr. Mallock is the art of orderly arrangement and clear and precise expression. Whatever may be Mr. Mallock's other faults, no reader has the slightest difficulty in following his argument and catching his meaning, while in even the best portions of "The Value of Life" the reader is inclined to doubt whether the worth of the ore is sufficient to repay the labor of extracting it.

To the faults for which the author is alone responsible the printer has added a copious and ingenious assortment of typographical errors, some of which are so remarkable that one is compelled to wonder, first, how they could have been made by the compositor, and, second, how they could have been overlooked by the proof-reader. Some fatality, indeed, seems to have attended the production of the book; and we may say of it in conclusion that nothing would more contribute to deepen the already profound impression made by Mr. Mallock's essay than the idea that this is the only "reply" that can be made to it.

If we were asked to select from recent literature its very best example of the way in which to study a great man and interpret him to the people, we should without hesitation name the monograph on Burke which Mr. Morley has contributed to the series of "English Men of Letters."* In it are combined breadth of information, keenness of insight, and nobility of feeling, with something that is less knowledge than wisdom; and the whole finds expression in a style so weighty, opulent, and appropriate, and yet so unobtrusive, that the reader will hardly become aware how much of the charm of the book aside from its instructiveness, comes from the author's mastery as "an artist in words." Even before writing this monograph Mr. Morley had vindicated his right to deal with its subject. A dozen years ago he published a study on Burke which has ever since been a guide and a landmark for students; and his article on Burke in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has been selected by competent judges as the best of its kind that has appeared thus far in that vast *omnium gatherum*.

His first essay was, as he says, "almost entirely critical, and in no sense a narrative"; the present volume differs from it in being biographical rather

than critical, though the author has not lost sight of the fact that his task is not merely to tell what Burke did and how he lived, but to interpret his character and define the nature, quality, and value of his work. And, indeed, it is this latter part of his task which Mr. Morley has performed most satisfactorily. Viewed as a succession of external incidents, Burke's life was singularly uneventful; but his character and his works pique the curiosity and baffle the judgment as well as arouse the keenest admiration and interest. His combination of calm judgment and the broadest philosophic ideas with an impetuosity of feeling and a violence of temper which at times seemed like insanity has been regarded simply as one of those inexplicable freaks which Nature sometimes perpetrates in compounding a genius; and the difficulty of explaining why one who stood forth as the champion and advocate of liberty during the American Revolution should, when the French Revolution confronted him, have become its deadliest foe, has been so great that most biographers have solved the problem by assuming that the death of his son had broken down the thin partitions which are supposed to divide great wit from madness. Mr. Morley is the first who has been able to harmonize the apparent contradictions, and to make plain the essential consistency of Burke's character and conduct; and he does this by no strained ingenuity of analysis, but in accordance with our profoundest knowledge of human nature, and by the aid of a more searching and sympathetic study of Burke's writings and speeches than has hitherto been undertaken.

The attempt to quote a characteristic passage from the volume is apt to be baffled by the numbers which clamor for admission, but here is one which is especially worthy of reproduction because it is perhaps the frankest admission that has yet come from a leading English writer of what our own statesmen and historians have always claimed:

It is, however, almost demonstrably certain that the vindication of the supremacy of popular interests over all other considerations would have been bootless toil, and that the great constitutional struggle of 1760 to 1783 [in England] would have ended otherwise than it did, but for the failure of the war against the insurgent colonies, and the final establishment of American independence. It was this portentous transaction which finally routed the arbitrary and despotic pretensions of the House of Commons over the people, and which put an end to the hopes entertained by the sovereign of making his will supreme in the Chambers. Fox might well talk of an early Loyalist victory in the war as the terrible news from Long Island. The struggle which began at Brentford, in Middlesex, was continued at Boston, in Massachusetts. The scene had changed, but the conflicting principles were the same. The War of Independence was virtually a second English civil war. The ruin of the American cause would have been also the ruin of the constitutional cause in England; and a patriotic Englishman may revere the memory of Patrick Henry and George Washington not less justly than the patriotic American. Burke's attitude in this great contest is that part of his history about the majestic and noble wisdom of which there can be least dispute.—(P. 59.)

* English Men of Letters. Edmund Burke. By John Morley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 214.

The absence of an index, which has been all along the greatest defect of the series, is particularly felt in the case of this volume, which contains so many passages to which one would like to be able readily to refer.

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the recent war between Russia and Turkey, Lieutenant F. V. Greene, of the Corps of Engineers, was selected by our War Department to go to the seat of war for the purpose of observing the military operations from the Russian side, and, the better to accomplish this object, was assigned to duty as Military Attaché to the United States Legation at St. Petersburg. Proceeding to St. Petersburg, he readily obtained permission to join the Army of the Danube, whose headquarters he reached on the 5th of August, 1877, and with which he remained throughout the campaign, and until peace was definitively concluded by the treaty of Berlin, in July, 1878. Returning then to his post at the legation in St. Petersburg, he collected the official war reports, and gathered materials for an authoritative description of the Russian military system; and, finally, supplementing the information thus obtained with his own experiences and observations during the campaign, made his official report to the War Department on the conduct of the war. By permission of the Department he now publishes this report in a volume entitled "*The Russian Army and its Campaigns in Turkey in 1877-1878*";* the text, which makes a large book, being accompanied by an atlas, separately bound and containing twenty-six plates, most of them colored, and all very handsomely engraved.

Defining the scope of the work in his preface, Lieutenant Greene says: "This report aims to give, first, a concise but accurate description of the Russian Army; second, a narrative of the course of the campaigns in Europe and Asia Minor; and, third, a brief discussion of the use of temporary field fortifications in connection with the modern breech-loading musket." That portion of the volume describing the campaign in Bulgaria is much more extensive than either of the other divisions, and is also decidedly more interesting. The author makes very slight literary use of his personal observations, his work being, as he says, a strictly military report addressed to his military superiors; but the advantage of having been actually on the ground is very great even when the technical details of a battle are to be described, and it is doubtless owing to his presence with the army during the Bulgarian campaign that the portion of his work describing that campaign is so much more vivid and real than any other portion. The account of the operations in Asia Minor is an intelligent and instructive compilation from the Russian official reports; but, though it is carefully and clearly written, there is nothing in it that equals in

vividness of interest the descriptions of the battles in the Shipka Pass, of the terrible repulse of the Russians at Plevna on September 11, 1877, of the capture of Osman Pasha's army, of the passage of the Balkans in winter by Gourko's column, of the battles near Philippopolis, which shattered Suleiman Pasha's army and drove it into the Rhodope Mountains, and, lastly, of the advance on Constantinople.

Lieutenant Greene writes in a clear, direct, and soldierly style, with few attempts at literary ornamentation, and with no straining after effects. His sole aim is evidently to make his meaning clearly understood, and in this he very rarely fails. Military students, in particular, are to be congratulated on having the report disinterested from the public archives.

WHETHER "*Haworth's*"* is a better or a worse novel than "*That Lass o' Lowrie's*" is a question with which criticism, properly speaking, has nothing to do, but it is a question which is certain to be asked, the more particularly as the scene and circumstances of the two stories are very similar, and the same class of people is dealt with in both. We may say, therefore, that, to our mind, "*Haworth's*" is in certain respects a marked improvement upon the earlier story, while in others it is as distinctly inferior. Some one has acutely said that a novel is in general pleasing or otherwise in exact proportion to the attractiveness of its leading female character; and it is when judged by this standard that "*Haworth's*" is most defective. There was something very fascinating about the robust womanhood and the fine nobility of character of the lass of Lowrie's, but Miss French, who fills the same relative place in the later story, is decidedly repellent, besides being not very intelligible, while Christian Murdoch is merely a skeleton, which the author has not taken the pains to clothe with flesh and blood. The male characters are about equally well drawn in both stories, but the contrasts and divergences of type are more dramatic and more adroitly managed in "*Haworth's*" than in its predecessor. The minor characters are also about equally good (and they are very good) in both, though the humor of Mr. Briarly in "*Haworth's*" is both coarser and far less genuine and amusing than that of "Owd Sammy Crowther." The features in which "*Haworth's*" is superior to "*That Lass o' Lowrie's*" are those which pertain to what we may call the structure of the story. The author has made a distinct advance in the artistic quality of her work, and in "*Haworth's*" the plot is better imagined, the incidents are more skillfully varied and interlinked, the part of the several characters is more clearly defined, and the interest of the story is more continuous and sustained. There is also a gain of self-confidence on the part of the author, and the strokes are laid on with the vigor and rapidity and precision which come from the con-

* *The Russian Army and its Campaigns in Turkey in 1877-1878*. By F. V. Greene, First Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 471. Atlas with 26 Plates.

* *Haworth's*. By Frances Hodgson-Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, illustrated, pp. 374.

sciousness of power and of past success. Altogether, "Haworth's" is a stronger and more matured work than "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and it will certainly not tend to abate the enthusiasm of Mrs. Burnett's admirers. The dialect which was so obtrusive in the former story is here used more sparingly, and the reader will probably not regret it; but it seems also to have lost some of its raciness, though this may come from the fact that it is more familiar to us.

OF all the innumerable speeches and orations that have been delivered in the English language, scarcely any others except those of Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster have taken a high and apparently permanent place in the literatures of their respective countries. Those of Burke have so definitively taken their place that, as Mr. Whipple says, for an educated man to confess ignorance of them "would be a serious bar to his claim to be considered an English scholar." Those of Webster are not so universally acknowledged as literature, but more than any other speeches ever made in America they have exhibited a capacity for living beyond the occasion which called them forth, and are probably as much read and referred to to-day as at any time since they were delivered. This being so, the publishers have done well by Mr. Webster and the public in issuing in a single convenient and inexpensive volume a selection of the most famous and characteristic speeches, orations, and state papers, contained in the six-volume edition of Webster's works, as edited by Mr. Everett.* The selection includes forty-nine titles, and comprises all the great orations by which Webster laid the first foundations of his fame, the best known of the speeches which he delivered in the Senate of the United States, carefully chosen specimens of his legal arguments and state papers, and quite a number of the most famous occasional addresses which he delivered at various periods of his life. Prefixed to the collection is a somewhat extensive essay by Mr. Edwin P. Whipple on "Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style," which is rather over-refined and complicated in its analysis, but which is full of suggestion for the student of literature in general, as well as for the student of Webster's special contributions to it. Taken as a whole, the volume is a fair presentation of the character, variety, and quality, of Webster's work, and, though of course it is not an adequate substitute for the complete edition of his writings, it ought to reach a far wider audience.

... It is necessary to keep resolutely in mind all De Amicis's fine phrases in order to repress a feeling of unspeakable disgust in reading M. Zola's "Rougon-Macquart Family"† and "The Conquest

of Plassans."* These were the first experiments in that series which the author has since worked out with such deadly persistency, and, with all the unflinching "realism" of "L'Assommoir," possess very little of its piercing insight and vivid intensity of characterization. There is a sense in which "L'Assommoir" might truly be called a temperance story, since debauchery is certainly rendered revolting enough in it; but it is idle to pretend that there is any moral motive or lesson of any kind in these earlier tales. If they have any meaning at all, except an instinctive affinity for filth, they mean that the author has accepted as a genuine "working hypothesis" the old theological doctrine of the total depravity of human nature, and is determined to vindicate it by appropriate pictures of life. Complaint is often made of the severe judgments passed by foreigners upon French social life; but if M. Zola's pictures of it are even approximately true, then the restraints of decency would prevent any one except a Frenchman who had been perverted by it from putting his opinion of it into words.

... Many and various are the biographies of Abraham Lincoln that have been written, but we know of none which, as a narrative, is more vigorous, animated, and pleasing, than that of Mr. Charles G. Leland.‡ Indeed, the strictly narrative portion is so good that one is tempted to regard it as a misfortune that the author's subject led him over the still-smoking embers of the civil war. In this portion of his work he forgets his proper function as a biographer, and assumes that of historian, and seldom has a writer gratuitously undertaken a task for the right performance of which he shows himself to be so utterly incompetent. Mr. Leland is one of those irreconcilables in whose bosoms the fiercest passions of the civil war still rage as tumultuously as when the conflict was at its height; and his book, gathering up anew the worst garbage of the worst period of hate and exasperation, is of the kind which, excusable and intelligible enough fifteen years ago, must be regarded now by all sane and right-minded people with a sort of horror. Happily, the history thus concocted by Mr. Leland is too grotesque to mislead any one in his own country, but, as his book was written chiefly for the English market, it may be well on this account to interpose a word of caution. Englishmen, who might be tempted to draw the inference from Mr. Leland's book that we are a people of whom about one half are savages, while a considerable proportion of the other half are traitors, are invited to consider the fact that Mr. Leland is known to us only as the rather clever manufacturer of dialect ballads, and that no one except himself would ever have imagined that he was entitled to construct (and invent) history for us, or to "deal damnation round the land" on all who happen to differ with him in opinion.

* The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster. With an Essay on Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† The Rougon-Macquart Family. By Emile Zola. Translated by John Stirling. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 16mo.

* The Conquest of Plassans. By Emile Zola. Translated by John Stirling. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 378.

‡ Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery in the United States. By Charles Godfrey Leland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 246.